



ANCIENT GODLY MONARCH

BOOK 05

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Ancient Godly Monarch

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Synopsis

Within the Province of the Nine Skies, far above the heavens, there exists nine galaxies of astral rivers. Each of these astral rivers is made up of the combination of countless constellations interwoven together. These nine galaxies can also be collectively known as the Nine Layers of Heaven.

Legend has it that the strongest cultivators in the Province of the Nine Skies were beings that could open an astral gate every time they advanced into a new realm. Their talent in cultivation was such that they could even establish innate links with constellations that existed on a higher layer than the Nine Layers of Heaven, eventually transforming into the heaven-defying and earth-shattering powers known as the War Gods within the Nine Layers of Heaven.

Qin Wentian is the MC of this story. How can a guy, who has a broken set of meridians, successfully cultivate? There are countless Stellar Martial Cultivators, the same as there are countless constellations within the vast starry skies. Yet, what he wants to be, is the brightest constellation of all, the one which shines the most dazzlingly within the vast and starry skies.

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AGM 401 – Legend Of The Demon Sword

At this moment, Qin Wentian felt slightly depressed. He'd just been acquainted with Zong Qian and yet he was being treated as someone hired by the Zong Clan. And now there were even people who wanted to deal with him. What utter nonsense.

His gaze swept ahead over to Zong Qian, only to see him similarly blast forth with his palms as resplendent sword rays shone, materializing into many terrifying sharp swords floating before him. He then turned and spoke to Qin Wentian, "Brother Qin, this matter has nothing to do with you. You leave first, they wouldn't really dare do anything to me."

"You want to leave? Do you think you will be able to succeed?" The female in the middle snorted coldly, as a sharp sword appeared in her hand. Among the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City, almost everyone focused their cultivation on swords.

Qin Wentian felt the tip of the sharp sword pointing at him, feeling its sharpness boring down against him. He sighed in his heart, these opponents were all at the ninth level of Yuanfu and were pretty strong. But sadly, opponents at the ninth level of Yuanfu weren't even worthy of mention.

"You better move your sword away." Qin Wentian glanced at the female as he emotionlessly spoke. "I, Qin, have just arrived at the Sword Reverence City, and I am not willing to fight against anyone."

“Hmph.”

That female evidently didn't appreciate his words. Killing intent gathered at the center of her brows as she icily retorted, “Since you are hired by the Zong Clan, you should be very clear on the rules. Why do you have to pretend to be a beginner, lying to others? What purpose does that serve? And since you've already been embroiled in this matter, you should already be prepared for death.”

“Li Nian, stop being so barbaric.” Zong Qian's sword-type Astral Soul erupted forth as he hovered in the air, radiating battle intent.

“I'd rather kill someone unjustly, than spare an innocent that might be guilty.” Li Nian's voice contained a deathly chill within.

“Oh, are you bullying people from my Zong Clan just because you win in numbers?” A cold snort drifted over from afar. Sword-light flashed as the whistling of flying swords slicing the air apart with great speed could be heard. In that moment, several people descended around the area beside Zong Qian, coldly regarding the three from the Li Clan.

“Nian`er.”

Yet another voice resounded in the air. All of them inclined their heads, and their countenances changed. A character around the

age of thirty stood atop a flying sword, projecting an extraordinary aura while staring down at all of them.

“Li Ran.” The expressions of those from Zong Clan grew incredibly unsightly when they noticed the arrival of this person. Li Ran’s status in the Li Clan was ranked quite highly. He’d stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm at the age of thirty and his combat prowess was astonishing. He could be considered one of the rare elites with outstanding talent, the strongest among the younger generation. His sword was like graceful lightning, killing people so quickly that they died even before their blood stained his swords.

In the near future, the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City intended to vie for the ten-year rights of extraction around the flatlands of the sword precipice. This was an extremely important issue, enough for them to bare their teeth with daggers drawn in a state of mutual hostility. This was especially true for members of the younger generation, as they were the focal point of this whole event. Hence, when these people from the Li Clan discovered Qin Wentian was ‘hired’ by the Zong Clan, they readied themselves to deal with him.

Li Ran’s sharp gaze swept over everyone, before finally landing on Qin Wentian. The intensity of his eyes seemed capable of piercing through Qin Wentian, yet his gaze merely lingered for a moment before turning to Li Nian. “Nian`er, what’s going on?”

“This person was the rumored beginner sword cultivator that was practicing in the Sword Reverence Precipice. But we found out that it was all a lie—he was already proficient in swordplay and is

someone hired by the Zong Clan,” Li Nian calmly spoke.

Li Ran’s eyes turned back to Qin Wentian as he stated detachedly, “In this, I won’t bully you. Fight against Li Nian and if you win, you are free to go.”

“What if I lose?” Qin Wentian’s countenance looked extremely indifferent. A recent Heavenly Dipper Sovereign? That was basically the same level as him, he didn’t fear Li Ran at all.

“In the future when you represent the Zong Clan to fight on the platform, defeat means death. Since that’s the case, then if you lose here today, you should already know what will happen,” Li Ran casually spoke, as though he was speaking of a matter of no significance.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed. If he won he can go, but if he lost, it meant death?

Flicking his sleeves, Qin Wentian took a step forwards, prepared to act.

“Li Ran, don’t go too overboard.”

At this moment, Zong Qian’s voice rang out. A ruthless light flashed in his eyes, and with an intention of his will, a small resplendent sword appeared in front of him. The keening of this sword made the entire space shudder from the intensity of sword intent gushing forth from it.

“This sword was bestowed on me by an elder in my clan. Don’t push me too far or I will definitely take Li Nian’s life as compensation.”

Zong Qian’s expression was ice-cold.

Li Nian’s countenance changed, becoming exceptionally unsightly. She could feel the sword locking down on her.

She rapidly stepped back, only to see the small sword instantly zooming forwards, hovering before her as the sword keen increased in intensity.

“If I choose to kill you, then you cannot escape.” Zong Qian’s voice was filled with a strong sense of threat.

“If you kill her, all of you will die here by my hands.” Li Ran stepped forth, and the instant he did so, the entire sky seemed to be swallowed whole by a towering sword-might. Those from the Zong Clan felt as if their bodies were about to be lacerated into pieces. This was the oppressiveness from a second level Mandate of Swords.

“One breath, and I will reap her life.” Zong Qian’s voice was ice-cold. He then stared at Qin Wentian and spoke, “Brother Qin, let’s go.”

Initially, Qin Wentian was already prepared to act. But seeing

how Zong Qian was treating him as a friend, he didn't want to stir up any trouble from the Zong Clan and thus, refrained from doing so.

His temperament now was already different from the past. Even Li Ran wasn't worthy of mention in front of his eyes. To kill or not to kill him, it was just a matter of whether he wanted to do so or not.

These few opponents didn't have the qualifications to stir up his anger.

Nodding slightly, Qin Wentian left with Zong Qian. That keening of the small sword was still tightly locked on to Li Nian, causing her countenance to pale as she trembled with impotent anger. Several moments after Zong Qian and the others disappeared, only then did the small sword fly through the air, returning back to Zong Qian.

"If I meet them again, I will definitely slay them," Li Nian icily stated.

"You will have the opportunity to do so soon enough, there's no need to be so hasty about it," Li Ran calmly spoke, before their group departed as well.

Right now, Qin Wentian and Zong Qian were heading towards the Zong Clan. Zong Qian bitterly shook his head as he smiled, "How dangerous. Li Ran is truly powerful and could be considered one of the strongest in our generation. He has already stepped into

Heavenly Dipper and if it weren't for my sword treasure, we might all have suffered badly today. I'm truly sorry to have implicated Brother Qin in this, and humbly seek your forgiveness."

"It's a small matter," Qin Wentian casually replied.

"Brother Qin is a magnanimous man indeed." Zong Qian laughed. "This matter arose because of the existence of that range of swords. In the depths of the Reverence Sword Precipice, there is an ancient demon sword embedded within. It was rumored to have descended from the Heavens, while others also said that this sword was left behind from powers who warred against each other during the primordial era. The precipice itself was sliced apart by that very sword, and right now in this age, it still remains deep within the depths. It is able to absorb demonic light from demon-aligned astral constellations within the Nine Heavenly Layers. Eventually, this formed a range of swords below, occasionally causing terrifying demonic beasts to manifest."

"Is this true?" A sharp light flashed in Qin Wentian's eyes. He had witnessed the exalted majesty the Reverence Sword Precipice exuded. Could it really be birthed from the terrifying sword slash of a sword that had sundered the earth? If that was true, how powerful would that sword be?

"Yes. And many precious swords were also unearthed from that sword range, hence, every ten years, the three major powers each select three people to contest for the rights of excavation. They mistakenly assumed that Brother Qin is someone our Zong Clan hired and hence tried to make a move against you."

Zong Qian slowly explained, as Qin Wentian nodded in understanding. So this was what was going on. The three powers could enlist the help of an outsider for the sake of the contest. No wonder they had reacted so sensitively and wanted to remove him.

“Experts are as common as clouds in the three powers, but why has no one seized the demon sword for themselves yet?” Qin Wentian puzzledly inquired.

Zong Qian had a wry smile on his face, “This sword is too demonic, capable of absorbing the blood of others. Previously, there were indeed people who wanted to acquire it, but the instant they touched it, all the blood in their bodies drained out, and they turned into a dry husk. The sword is simply too terrifying, and no one dares to even think of obtaining it.”

“Truly, it does live up to its name as a demon sword,” Qin Wentian mused.

“There’s something even more bizarre. Once every year, the demon sword lets out wails filled with sadness, as though it yearns for an owner. Every time the wailing starts, an abundance of demonic energy descends from the demonic constellations above in the Nine Heavenly Layers, vibrating and immersing the sword range. I know it sounds unbelievable, but any swords unearthed from the sword range after that are all demonic swords. They’re able to absorb demonic-aligned astral energy, resembling the shape of a demon, and even has the potential to evolve further.”

Zong Qian shook his head as he spoke. Were it not for him personally witnessing all this, he wouldn’t have believed it

himself.

He would often wonder, would there be a character in the future that could master the demon sword?

At this moment, Qin Wentian and the others had already arrived at the sword clan. Outside the entrance to the Zong Clan, nine gigantic swords could be seen embedded in the earth, with each reaching a height of twenty metres. A terrifying sword intent pervaded the air, so strong that it made people breathless.

“Indeed, as befitting a major power that focuses on swords.” Qin Wentian stared at the nine swords as he laughed.

“Brother Qin is too nice.” Zong Qian smiled, only to hear Qin Wentian inquiring, “The roots of the Zong Clan are too deep, how powerful is your clan exactly?”

Zong Qian was slightly bewildered, and he stared at Qin Wentian as he replied, “Truth be told, I’m not sure how strong my clan is exactly. But I’ve once heard my clan lord stating that disciples of our Zong Clan, should all be as low profile as possible, taking pride in being reserved rather than revealing their brilliance to the world. Hence, our Zong Clan refrains from recklessly offending others. But that’s only applicable during normal times. For sword cultivators, when they truly explode forth with their brilliance, they have to do so overwhelmingly, ensuring that all will be dazzled by their performance. With a sword in their hands, nothing in Heaven and Earth can stop them. If there’s anyone who dares to step on our heads just because we maintain a low profile, we shall retaliate in kind.”

Qin Wentian's countenance froze slightly, before he nodded. The clan lord of the Zong Clan had such strength of character. With the amount of hidden reserves they possessed, in terms of resources and talents, the Zong Clan had no need to fear either of the two other major powers.

"Your clan lord's principles strike the chords in my heart. Will Brother Zong introduce me to him?" Qin Wentian smiled, his words causing Zong Qian to regard Qin Wentian curiously. "You wish to meet with the clan lord?"

"Mhm." Qin Wentian nodded lightly. "You will know of this in the future, it's not appropriate for me to talk too much now."

A bright light flashed in Zong Qian's eyes before he laughed, "Seems like even if I didn't invite Brother Qin over, Brother Qin would have taken the initiative to visit my Zong Clan. But no matter, since Brother Qin desires a meeting with my clan lord, I will do the initial introductions and pave the way for you."

"Many thanks." Qin Wentian clasped his hands. He hoped that the Zong Clan wouldn't disappoint him.

Everyone knew that in Grand Xia, there were several places one could go to to cultivate in the sword. The Yan Continent was one of the best locations, even stronger compared to Sword Reverence City. However, Qin Wentian chose to come here because other than cultivating the path of swords, he had another purpose in mind.

“But before all that, Brother Qin must still accompany me to drink till we’re both satisfied,” Zong Qian replied, irreverently straightforward. Qin Wentian answered him with a smile. “Sure, with excellent wine, how can I reject such an invitation?”

AGM 402 – Sword Son Of Zong Clan

In a study room inside the Zong Clan, a middle-aged man quietly sat, studying a scroll with his head lowered.

Not far away from him, the silhouette of a young man standing patiently could be seen. This young man was none other than Qin Wentian. Zong Qian made good on his promise and did the primary introductions, acquiring the chance for a meeting between Qin Wentian and the clan lord of the Zong Clan.

After several moments, the middle-aged man slowly inclined his head. There were streaks of white mixed with black in the hair on both sides of his temples. He exuded a reserved aura, yet within that tranquil and calm bearing, Qin Wentian could sense a terrifying sharpness hidden within.

A single glance from him seemed to be able to penetrate to the very depths of Qin Wentian's soul.

“Zong Qian mentioned that you'd garnered some fame in Sword Reverence City recently. Comprehending the first level of the Mandate of Swords to the Perfection Boundary in just three months?” The clan lord of the Zong Clan was named Zong Yi. He calmly inquired, as he gazed casually at Qin Wentian.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly, as a strange glow flashed past the clan lord's eyes. “To be able to comprehend the Perfection Boundary of a first level Mandate in three months... Strange. Could it be that this is your fourth Astral Soul?”

“Senior is wise.” Qin Wentian smiled. As the sound of his voice faded, Zong Yi’s eyes flashed with sharpness. “You are already at the Heavenly Dipper Realm, what’s your name?”

“Qin Wentian.”

Qin Wentian calmly stated, and an instant later, the sharpness in Zong Yi’s gaze heightened even further, resembling sword beams directed straight at Qin Wentian.

“A year ago, Qin Wentian, the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Ranking, was still trapped within the Vermilion Bird Formation in Ginkou.” Zong Yi glared at Qin Wentian.

“I came to the Sword Reverence City around three months ago. By that time, I had already exited the formation world,” Qin Wentian calmly continued. Zong Yi suddenly stood up, his sharp gaze now filled with heaviness. Why had the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings come to his Zong Clan?

“Since you are Qin Wentian, do you not know the number of people who want your life? Are you not afraid that I will capture you instead?” Zong Yi stared at Qin Wentian intently, as a terrifying sword-might enveloped the study room.

“Sword users should follow their heart, and do what they want to do, holding their heads up high as they laugh arrogantly at the nine heavens. Clan lord has the entire Zong Clan keeping a low profile, not exhibiting their true power. I wonder, has the hot

blood within your veins run cold?” Qin Wentian didn’t answer but instead chose to reply with another question. Zong Yi’s brows furrowed deeply. “What are you trying to say? What is your purpose here?”

“To take control of the sword that is the Zong Clan.” Qin Wentian looked straight into the eyes of the clan lord as a terrifying light glimmered within his own. He stretched his arms out, only to see an authority token clutched in his palms.

In that instant, Zong Yi’s body violently trembled, as though countless thunderbolts had struck down in his mind. The fearsome sword-might pressed down on Qin Wentian, yet Qin Wentian calmly continued to survey him, his face a mask of resolution.

“Bzzz!” A sword wind gusted, as the door to the study room slammed shut.

Zong Yi took a step forwards, his eyes glued to the authority token in Qin Wentian’s hands.

“And what if I kill you now?” Zong Yi’s aura surged upwards. Right now, if he truly held any malicious intentions, then Qin Wentian would die without a doubt.

“Does Clan Lord know the reason why I chose to participate in the Heavenly Fate Rankings?” Qin Wentian asked.

“No,” Zong Yi replied.

“Your clan isn’t the first hidden faction I came to. Before the Zong Clan, the first faction I found had the same thinking as Clan Lord. But afterward, we came to an agreement—as long as I obtained the third ranking in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, they would follow me unconditionally and listen to my every command. In fact, I was ranked first.”

Qin Wentian slowly spoke while Zong Yi’s gaze flickered, many thoughts appearing in his mind.

Although the Zong Clan resided in the Sword Reverence City, they still paid attention to the major events of Grand Xia. The scroll that he’d been reading contained the information report on the Heavenly Fate Rankings held a year ago. He knew that the recent ranking battle had one of the strongest batches of contestants. There was even the emergence of a mysterious power that had tried to slay some of the rankers of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

After reading that scroll, Zong Yi sighed. If their Zong Clan had such a character, then even if it meant their collective deaths, they would still go all-out to support that person, aiding him to conquer Grand Xia.

And right now, that person was standing right in front of his eyes with the Azure Emperor Token in his hands.

Grand words indeed, had the hot blood in him run cold? Grand words indeed, to take control of the sword that was the Zong Clan.

“The Zong Clan has no need for your control.” A terrifying ancient sword appeared in Zong Yi’s hands and with a burst of movement, he closed the distance and pointed the tip of the sword directly at the center of Qin Wentian’s brows. Qin Wentian was an inch away from death yet the resoluteness etched on his face never wavered.

“Are you not afraid that I will kill you?” Zong Yi coldly stated.

“Does Clan Lord know of the Celestial Lake Palace?” Qin Wentian unperturbedly spoke.

“Fairy Qingmei.” Zong Yi’s countenance faltered for a moment. There were too many rumors about Fairy Qingmei and the Azure Emperor.

“If I die while inside the Zong Clan, the Zong Clan will definitely suffer an all-out annihilation.” Qin Wentian didn’t waste words. Zong Yi stared at him. “Are you saying that Fairy Qingmei is the protector of the successor?”

Qin Wentian didn’t comment; his eyes flickered as all three of his Astral Novas burst forth into being, trembling the void with their might.

“What powerful Astral Novas.” Zong Yi stared at the three Novas with a thunderstruck expression on his face. Following which, he saw Qin Wentian’s fourth astral soul appearing above Qin Wentian’s head. That terrifying pure golden corona surrounded a

pitch dark sword, exuding an aura that made those who saw it immediately wish to submit.

“6th Heavenly Layer.” Zong Yi’s heart clenched. Such talent was almost unbelievable.

“If Clan Lord doesn’t want me to be the one to wield the Zong Clan, there are two more choices. First, you kill me, which will result in unknown consequences. Second, you let me go. And if I survive and unite the rest of the hidden factions in the future, I will definitely come back to clean the Zong Clan up.” Qin Wentian spoke slowly, the determination behind his words caused Zong Yi’s countenance to waver.

This was the first time he trembled when coming face to face with someone from the junior generation.

Zong Yi had never imagined that a young man would be capable of giving him such pressure.

“Bzz!” The sword was retracted as the sword-might enveloping the room dissipated completely.

Zong Yi stared at Qin Wentian, and a smile could be seen on his face. “Seems like the Azure Emperor has a true successor. Only... Wentian, although you have outstanding talent, but with your current prowess, to clash directly with the various powers would be like using an egg to smash a stone.”

“Does Clan Lord think that I am the hot-headed and reckless type?” Seeing the warm smile on Zong Yi’s face as well as sensing the dissolution of tension, Qin Wentian also laughed, as though he hadn’t been bothered by Zong Yi’s earlier actions.

In Zong Yi’s shoes, he probably would have done the same thing as well.

As the head of a clan, one had to shoulder the heavy responsibility of the member’s well-being. How could he let a mere authority token dictate the lives and fate of those under him? At the very least, the successor must have talent at a level high enough that he would be able to rest assured.

And if earlier, Qin Wentian had cowered before the face of death, how could Zong Yi even have the slightest amount of confidence in him?

Zong Yi waved his hands, and momentarily, a small sword floated in front of Qin Wentian. The ancient character of the word ‘Zong’ was engraved upon the body of the sword.

“Since the Azure Emperor has a successor, my Zong Clan will definitely aid in paving your path ahead. This sword is the symbol of a Sword Son of my Zong Clan. Other than elder-level characters, all members will have to follow your orders. Wentian, are you willing to accept it?” Zong Yi slowly spoke. Qin Wentian received the sword, as he nodded his head.

“I am.” Qin Wentian smiled. Zong Yi relaxed as he laughed,

“Wentian, this matter must not be divulged until the time is right. In the future, you can just address me as Uncle Zong when we are out in the open, but if there’s no one around us, you can just refer to me as Zong Yi.”

“Uncle Zong must be joking. As a junior how could there be an incident whereby I refer to my seniors directly by their names?” Qin Wentian naturally understood how to act, and he retracted his Astral Soul and Astral Novas together with the small sword Zong Yi gave him.

“Good.” Zong Yi patted Qin Wentian on his shoulders before seriously replying, “Sword users should follow their heart, doing what they want to do, holding their heads up high as they laugh arrogantly at the nine heavens. The blood of the Zong Clan still runs hot!”

“Let’s go; I will accompany you around.” Zong Yi stepped out. Qin Wentian nodded with a smile on his face.

The Zong Clan was different from the White Deer Institute. According to Zong Qian, the clan lord Zong Yi was able to dictate all matters without the need to consult the other elders. Since the clan lord supported him, this meant that Qin Wentian’s mission at the Sword Reverence City was successful. At the very least, it was much smoother sailing compared to back then when he went to the White Deer Institute.

With the White Deer Institute, he currently had two factions under his control. However, although these two clans had hidden themselves well and were pretty powerful in their own right, they

still needed to be nurtured for a period of time. If not, it was basically impossible to stand against the other transcendent powers in Grand Xia.

Afterward, the Zong Clan released the news that the clan lord had personally selected a candidate to become the Sword Son of Zong Clan. This person was named Qin Wentian.

The previous generation's Sword Son had already become an elder-level character. For this generation, the clan lord initially still hadn't made a decision, with seven members of the younger generation contesting for it. But now, he had chosen Qin Wentian.

This matter spread quickly throughout the Zong Clan, causing a huge wave of commotion. In the history of the Zong Clan, this was the first time the title of 'Sword Son' had gone to an outsider. This was no small matter.

Many wanted to see what sort of person this Qin Wentian was, and there were several from the younger generation that wanted to challenge him. How had this person managed to gain this title?

But strangely, not one elder-level figure went ahead to seek out Qin Wentian. Most likely after the clan lord selected Qin Wentian, he'd conveyed special instructions to the elders. After all, the matter of the Azure Emperor was extremely important, and even though Zong Yi could dictate what happened in the Zong Clan and the future direction they should take, he still needed the silent cooperation of the other elders.

After Zong Qian knew of this matter, he was left dumbstruck. At this moment, the gaze he used to stare at Qin Wentian with, was filled with bizarreness. “Brother Qin, you used merely three months to comprehend the Mandate of Sword. Your comprehension level is off the charts, but I never imagined that you would become the Sword Son of my Zong Clan. I truly envy you.”

Zong Qian was merely one of the seven nominees fighting to gain the title of ‘Sword Son’. Sadly, the seven of them still hadn’t managed to gain the approval of the clan lord.

Currently, Zong Qian was extremely curious, and he wondered what had happened during the meeting with Qin Wentian and the clan lord.

“What did you and the clan lord talk about?” Zong Qian involuntarily inquired.

“About the matters of obtaining the rights to the sword range.” Qin Wentian laughed. The matter of the Azure Emperor was too confidential, and naturally, he would refrain from mouthing off to others.

“Seems like the clan lord wants to use your power to aid us, so he must be quite confident in your abilities. However, in the contest between the three powers, each of them will be represented by three members. Since the clan lord personally selected you to be one of the three, I believe you have the capability of winning your own battle. However, I have no confidence we will win the other two, especially for the Heavenly Dipper-level battle—that fight will

most likely end in our loss.. I don't hold much hope that we'll come out victorious this time."

Zong Qian sighed. He didn't feel too good about the Zong Clan's prospects in gaining the rights to the sword range.

The two of them walked around the Zong Residence, but right at that moment, several people headed over, advancing towards their direction as a surge of sharpness bore down on Qin Wentian.

Zong Qian's gaze abruptly shifted over to these people. He frowned as he stated, "Zong Hong, what are you guys trying to do?"

"Not long ago, I heard that those from the Li Clan were saying that you brought an outsider back here, wanting to invite him to fight for our clan. But this person was so cowardly that he didn't even dare to accept Li Nian's challenge, and yet today, he has been conferred the title of 'Sword Son'. I, Zong Hong, would really like to see how talented this guy is to gain the qualifications to become a Sword Son of my Zong Clan."

As the sound of Zong Hong's voice faded, he stepped out and pointed his sword straight at Qin Wentian.

"Zong Hong, Brother Qin is a Sword Son selected by the clan lord himself," Zong Qian berated.

"So what of it? If he doesn't dare to battle, he isn't qualified to be

a Sword Son.” Zong Hong tyrannically snorted, staring at Qin Wentian with disdain. “Don’t worry, since the clan lord himself has personally selected you, I won’t take your life.”

AGM 403 – Wails Of The Demon Sword

Qin Wentian swept a glance at Zong Hong, instantly discerning his cultivation base—ninth level of Yuanfu.

If Qin Wentian were to make a move against him, it would undoubtedly be a case of the strong squashing the weak. He really wasn't too comfortable doing that.

Zong Qian glanced bewilderedly at Qin Wentian. The longer he was acquainted with Qin Wentian, the more he felt he couldn't see through him. Regardless of when he'd faced Li Ran and Li Nian, or against Zong Hong, Qin Wentian was still as calm as water, his heart unwavering. Humans with such a temperament were extremely scarce, and those were the people that would find it easy to focus wholeheartedly in their cultivation.

However, maybe Zong Qian didn't know that Qin Wentian had never once regarded these people as his opponent. In that case, why should he be angered by them?

“Indeed, he acts the same way as when Li Nian challenged him. A person with such a character, how is he fit to be the Sword Son of my Zong Clan?” Zong Hong coldly snorted, as others around him laughed along coldly. Evidently, they were all unhappy regarding the clan lord's decision to select an outsider with a different surname.

Many found it difficult to accept.

“Bzzz!” Abruptly, a buzzing sound could be heard as a sword appeared in front of Zong Hong. Zong Hong froze, the sword was merely an inch away from his eyes, and a terrifying sword intent gushed forth from the sword locking down on him.

“Since you know my identity as the Sword Son, if you still insist on showing disrespect, don’t blame me for being heartless.”

Qin Wentian spoke coldly, before making a movement that caused the unsheathed sword to fly back to him. He then slowly walked away, totally disregarding Zong Hong and the rest who stood there in a stunned state.

“Kacha!” Zong Hong tightly clenched his fist as a terrifying sharpness flashed in his eyes. “I don’t believe you can hide in your shell forever.”

Qin Wentian acted as if he hadn’t heard that remark, walking away as intended. A few days later, another rumor spread out.

Qin Wentian, an outsider who became the Sword Son, might be selected to participate in the sword range battle. This news was circulated around the Zong Clan and there were some saying that he was as cowardly as a rat, all because he hadn’t dared to accept Zong Hong’s challenge. Not only that, he’d once retreated in the face of Li Nian. There were just too many rumors involving Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian knew that this commotion was caused by him taking on the identity of Sword Son. So what if he defeated Zong

Hong? There would be another, ten others, a hundred other Zong Hongs appearing to challenge him. If he wanted the members of Zong Clan's younger generation to shut up, the only option for him was to display a might and talent so far above their levels, thereby stunning them into silence.

Qin Wentian was currently sitting cross-legged in the library of Zong Clan, reading.

The scrolls in the library contained sword techniques engraved by previous generation experts, or a history of what they faced when they cultivated.

Qin Wentian was trying to figure out the Mandate of Swords. The first level was the foundation, universally the same with others. But the second level had to depend on one's luck and destiny. Hence, he wanted to broaden his horizons by reading through the experiences of cultivators in the past.

"There was once a sword expert that sat seven years in meditation. He merged his heart together with his sword, and eventually comprehended a second level insight named Sword Heart," Qin Wentian quietly remarked as he read the scroll.

There was no difference between the first level insights, but the power of second level insight of the same Mandate varied immensely in their degree of power.

Sword Heart uses one's heart to resonate with the sword, causing sword intent to resonate with the hearts of others, lacerating the

hearts of opponents in a single instant. How terrifying was that? The will from second level insight: Sword Heart alone, would be superior to his Heartbreak Echo.

“There was another sword expert that comprehended the second level insight, Sword Shadow. Everytime he slashed out with his sword, the sword light would turn illusory, while the sword shadows of his sword would turn into reality, achieving an incredible level of unfathomable attacks. With the comprehension of this second level insight, the way one killed others would be formless.”

Qin Wentian continued reading as he marvelled at the profoundness of different types of second level insights. During battles between cultivators at the same realm, a sword would be sufficient to instantly steal the life of one’s opponent.

Swords, were the king among weapons, using only a single instant to reap lives. Fighting against powerful sword experts required one to be exceedingly careful.

“It seems like I need to temper myself further before I can comprehend it. Just sitting here and poring over books can only guide me so far. Damn, I don’t have much time left.”

Qin Wentian mused, before placing the scroll back and exiting the library.

Right now, it was already late at night. Qin Wentian soared up to the skies as a sword formed from astral energy appeared beneath

his feet. He continued soaring ahead, speeding away in a certain direction.

There were many who flew on flying swords in the Sword Reverence City, so Qin Wentian wouldn't look too conspicuous.

After several moments, Qin Wentian arrived at the precipice outside Sword Reverence City. Qin Wentian flew down towards the precipice, where the sword range beneath it was bathed in cold moonlight.

A monstrous sword intent gushed forth and pushed against him, but the astral sword beneath his feet unceasingly resisted its power.

Finally, by virtue of the moonlight, Qin Wentian saw a gigantic sword of approximately one thousand metres in length buried deep inside the earth. An exceedingly fearsome sword-might emanated forth from the sword, causing the surrounding mountains to be contorted into the shape of a sword underneath that mighty pressure.

Nearby, there were several cultivators standing on guard. When they noticed Qin Wentian approaching, somebody called out, "The sword range is off-limits. You are forbidden to go any nearer."

Qin Wentian once heard Zong Qian mentioning that in the past ten years, the sword range was under the control of the Heavenly Sword Sect. Hence, these guards on duty should be members hailing from that group.

“This sword is too terrifying.” Qin Wentian felt his heart trembling. The body of the sword alone was one thousand metres in length, and it was almost as tall as a mountain. There seemed to be some truth to the rumors, that the precipice was created from a sword blow using this sword.

In fact, although Qin Wentian could clearly see the body of the sword at this moment, there was still an extremely vast distance between him and that gigantic sword. If this place wasn't underneath the precipice, but was on flatland instead, this sword would be visible even from several hundred miles away.

“No wonder no one could pull out this sword despite the passage of so many years.” Qin Wentian mused.

How heavy was this sword exactly?

Even if a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign could pull the sword out, how could he use it in combat? It was too unwieldy, and basically impossible. It was already a feat of immense difficulty for ordinary humans to even hold this sword.

Above the dome of heavens, the starlight cascading downwards was absorbed by the demon sword, causing the demonic qi in the area to become even greater in intensity.

“Demon sword, gigantic sword. Can a slash from this sword truly sunder the earth?”

Qin Wentian turned back, carving out a cave in the mountains nearby and sat there in a cross-legged position. He didn't believe that he was capable enough to acquire the demon sword. He was merely curious after hearing Zong Qian's tale and wanted to personally feel the energy fluctuations from the demon sword.

He then closed his eyes and immersed himself in his meditation. As long as he didn't step foot inside the sword range, those members from the Heavenly Sword Sect wouldn't bother him.

Qin Wentian meditated there in silence. In the depths of the night, a demonic wind gusted by, containing a slight wailing noise, like a cry... a cry of death!

This sound was extremely minute, and if it weren't for Qin Wentian's powerful perception, he wouldn't have heard it.

This sorrowful wail gradually transformed into the miserable howl of a demon. Within such wretched cries, a hint of sword keening could be heard, and yet somehow the sound only kept growing clearer to him.

His perception was too strong, and his sensitivity to demonic beings was extremely high as well.

“ROAR...!”

Abruptly a terrifying demonic howl resounded in his ears, and

Qin Wentian felt a beam of sword intent gushing towards him. He instantly retreated with a speed as fast as lightning, and when he was a distance away, Qin Wentian touched his fingers to his neck, only to feel a wet sensation on his finger tips, startling him severely.

His heart pounded violently—that illusory sword intent, as well as that sorrowful wail, both vanished completely as though they were never there.

His neck had almost been sliced apart in that instant.

Such an eerie scene shook Qin Wentian's heart and he couldn't understand what had happened.

“Hu...” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath as he resumed his sitting position once more. Sending out tendrils of his perception, he realised that the demonic wailing had begun again. Not only that, the sound was getting louder, transmitted by that demonic wind as it pervaded the entire region.

It was as though Qin Wentian could see a dragon-shaped sword shadow, a vermilion bird-shaped sword shadow, a white tiger-shaped sword shadow and a Xuanwu-shaped sword shadow. All varieties of sword shadows appeared before him as they transformed into reality, clearly showing up in his perception scan.

These sword shadows originated from the bedrock the demon sword was embedded in. The bedrock itself contained a powerful

sword intent and after so many years, if the sword shadows could break out from the ground into the light, they would gain sentience and become demonic swords.

“Seems like everything I’ve heard about the demonic swords in this sword range is real.”

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, when suddenly the roar-like keening of an angry demonic dragon sword echoed out. Qin Wentian felt a strong surge of pressure gushing towards him, wanting to strike him dead from where he stood.

Qin Wentian immediately retracted his perception and an instant later, the sword intent vanished completely. As did that overwhelming pressure, and that sword keening.

“Indeed, as expected.”

Qin Wentian’s heart pounded. What a terrifying energy. What if he could use this to aid him in comprehending his second level insight in the Mandate of Swords? What sort of insight would he gain then?

Qin Wentian’s heart palpitated with eagerness as he immersed himself completely in his meditation.

The sun and moon waned as time flowed by. Qin Wentian had already been in the cave for seven days.

As it was situated so close to the sword range, more and more people could be seen appearing in this region, all because the battle for the rights would soon commence.

In these few days, the Sword Son of the Zong Clan, Qin Wentian had disappeared completely, drawing speculation all around. Wasn't this too bizarre? Was Qin Wentian hiding because he knew he couldn't be compared to the opponents from the two other major powers?

It seemed as though the day after Zong Hong had challenged him, Qin Wentian had never appeared again.

Currently, at an area in the Zong Clan's residence, two groups of people were in a confrontation with each other. The leaders of these two groups were none other than Zong Hong and Zong Qian. Zong Hong sarcastically remarked, "The good friend you invited, where the hell did he hide to this time around?"

"Brother Qin naturally has his own matters to settle, he has no need to report his whereabouts to the likes of you." Zong Qian replied. Yet, Zong Hong coldly laughed, and his supporters all wore mocking expressions on their faces. They were totally unconvinced and were unwilling to accept Qin Wentian.

Especially one among them, Zong Peng. This person was a 'nominee' Sword Son that had been chosen to participate at the Heavenly Dipper level in the battle of the sword range. This battle was considered as the most crucial of the three—if he won, it would secure their victory 100%. The only exception would be if one of the three major powers won two consecutive battles at the

Yuanfu Realm before the third and final showdown.

Zong Peng had always thought that after the battle, the title of Sword Son would fall to him. To think that it had now been given to an outsider.

“After the battle at the sword range, I shall strip him of his position.” Zong Peng gazed at Zong Qian as he calmly stated this. His words caused the others nearby to break out in cold, mocking laughter, as they turned their eyes towards Zong Qian.

AGM 404 – Sword's Keen

Underneath the precipice, outside the region of the sword range, Qin Wentian continued to sit quietly while immersed in a world of his own.

One of his objectives for coming to the Sword Reverence City had already been accomplished. Next, he needed to concentrate and further deepen his insight into the Mandate of Swords, and afterward condense an Astral Nova, officially stepping into Heavenly Dipper with a total of four Yuanfu.

The night was as still as water, with the light from the stars illuminating the entire region. Qin Wentian abruptly frowned, and as he stretched out his perception, he could 'see' an extremely powerful sword cultivator about 30 years of age in the area. The cultivator was guarded by members of the Heavenly Sword Sect, who was also currently using this place to aid in his comprehension of the Mandate of Swords.

The sword intent from the demon sword was extremely domineering. However, the insights one gleaned from it ultimately depended on a variety of factors and would be different for every cultivator.

The perception of the other party was akin to a sword firing off sword beams straight at him. Qin Wentian's countenance remained unchanged and he remained sitting in the cross-legged position. When those sword beams pierced into Qin Wentian's sea of consciousness, his eyes abruptly opened as the light of enlightenment dawned within them. It was as though he had

comprehended something.

“It seems like I have you to thank for this,” Qin Wentian murmured. After which, he walked out of the cave and soared into the skies with his eyes closed.

With an intention of his will, the ancient sword strapped to his back floated onto his hands.

Slicing the sword through the skies, a sword beam was slashed out from it. Yet, that sword beam contained no hints of power nor ferociousness. It felt as though that slash wasn't a stance from any particular sword art or sword technique.

However, Qin Wentian continued swinging out sword slashes, paying no mind to standard sword stances. Neither did he conform to any sword rules nor sword laws. Yet the sword itself was the law. Each and every sword contained a unique sword rhythm, giving people a marvelous sensation. But it was merely that—a marvelous sensation. There was no feeling of might to it.

From afar, at the sword range, several silhouettes flew over in the direction of Qin Wentian. Upon seeing Qin Wentian foolishly waving his sword about, a comical expression involuntarily appeared on their faces.

“That sword technique seems clumsy beyond comparison? What a joke, I'm sure any sword technique from our sect would be able to defeat it.” A tall and lanky female stared at Qin Wentian as contempt filled her voice.

“Seems like he’s nothing but an ordinary sword cultivator. He truly doesn’t know how high the heavens are. At his level, coming here to comprehend the sword is naught but a waste of time, and he even disturbed senior brother Jian Feng’s cultivation.” Someone among the group coldly laughed.

The female earlier had an expression of worship when the name ‘Jian Feng’ had been mentioned. Their Senior Brother Jian Feng was one of the three Sword Sons from the Heavenly Sword Sect. Be it talent or power, he was extremely outstanding in both fields.

“Earlier, Senior Brother Jian Feng felt a disturbance when he was comprehending the sword; hence he sent us out to investigate.”

Qin Wentian finally halted his movements and opened his eyes, glancing at this group of people. He was currently feeling extremely joyful, and the corners of his lips were curled up in a smile. His handsome countenance was imbued with hints of regality underneath the starlight and was extremely striking, especially to those of the opposite sex.

The expression on the female changed when she looked at Qin Wentian. However, she then coldly laughed, “A handsome appearance, yet totally useless in a fight. What use is that?”

Qin Wentian had a bizarre expression on his face when he heard the words of the female. He shifted his eyes over to her, and as their gazes met, the female felt as though a surge of electricity had entered her brain, causing her to shiver from an unknown

emotion. She then stated, “This place isn’t somewhere you can stay, leave here quickly.”

“I’m pretty far away from the boundaries set by your Heavenly Sword Sect,” Qin Wentian coldly replied.

“How dare you talk back.” The girl coldly snorted, the Heavenly Sword Sect in the Sword Reverence City enjoyed a status far up in the heavens. Nobody dared to disrespect them, and the disciples of the Heavenly Sword Sect were superior to others. Even when they were out walking in the city, people would also hold them with reverence and respect.

“Your clumsy sword techniques are an eyesore, desecrating our eyes with filth.” The female stated with an overwhelming sense of arrogance. Since this was the command given to them by their Senior Brother Jian Feng, she naturally had to ensure it was carried out. If this cultivator was going to be this dense and recalcitrant, she wouldn’t mind teaching him a lesson.

“My sword techniques are an eyesore, desecrating your eyes?”

Qin Wentian smiled wryly as he faintly added, “It’s not that my sword techniques are clumsy, it’s just that some people have eyes but are blind, unable to see through its profoundness.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian turned and walked away from the area.

“You...” That female pointed a trembling finger at Qin Wentian’s back, choking on her words. Although she’d been merely sent here as a guardian to protect the sword range from intruders, she was at the very least, someone at the eighth level of Yuanfu whose Mandate of Swords was already at the Transformation Boundary of the first level. Yet, she was now being mocked by Qin Wentian, saying that she had eyes but was blind. How could she stand for it?

“Arrogant.”

“Ignorant.”

“Junior Sister, just ignore him,” remarked someone at the side.

“How laughable, this fellow is so weak with swords yet he dares to be so brazen,” another person consoled. That female continued staring at the departing back of Qin Wentian, before gritting her teeth and turning away, as the whole lot of them flew back to the location they came from.

That female then shifted her eyes towards a cavern in a random direction where Jian Feng was currently cultivating in.

Jian Feng had the strongest sword talent in the entire Heavenly Sword Sect, and he was the only one selected to be the Sword Son. Although he currently wasn’t the strongest, no one doubted his future achievements. There was even a very high probability that he would end up as the leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect.

Qin Wentian left the area, but he didn't immediately depart from the precipice. He chose another location and cultivated there for three days before returning to the Sword Reverence City.

When Qin Wentian returned to the Zong Clan, his return caused many to notice which kicked up another storm of discussion about him.

During the few days when he'd 'disappeared', the majority of discussion topics were focused on him.

Currently, Zong Peng had already let out news that after the battle at the sword range, he would strip Qin Wentian of his Sword Son title.

And now, Qin Wentian had returned.

Qin Wentian could sense the others' eyes on him, but he paid no heed to them. Right now, he wanted to find clan lord Zong Yi since he needed some Yuan Meteor Stones.

As Qin Wentian passed by a training field, several glanced at him as a voice sounded out, "Qin Wen!"

When he shifted his gaze over, his eyes landed on Zong Qian. "Zong Qian, can you bring me to the clan lord?"

"Sure." Zong Qian nodded, flying up. Those below all had cold smiles on their faces, with Zong Hong interjecting, "Brother Qin,

when are you going to turtle until?”

Qin Wentian glanced at Zong Hong, shaking his head. “Zong Hong, your purpose should be to improve your sword skills and comprehend your second level insight in the Mandate of Swords rather than trying to provoke me.”

Seeing how Qin Wentian’s tone sounded like an elder lecturing an ignorant junior, Zong Hong’s countenance turned chilly as he retorted, “Comprehending a second level insight isn’t something that can be done in a day. And what’s more, do you even have the qualifications to lecture me? You dodged the fight when I challenged you previously, and now you’re back after several days hiding in some god-knows-where location. Are you back to seek shelter from our clan lord?”

The others all had their eyes fixated on Qin Wentian. Several of them had mocking looks reflected on their faces. Upon seeing this, Qin Wentian sighed and continued walking forward.

“Such a coward isn’t fit to be a Sword Son of my Zong Clan. How about you hand over the Sword Son’s Sword to me?” Zong Hong’s tone grew increasingly arrogant, and the provocation within it was evident. The others standing around were all regarding Qin Wentian with derision.

“You guys. Wait for me here.”

Qin Wentian spoke faintly before leaving with Zong Qian. The sudden departure caught Zong Hong unawares, leaving him

stunned for a moment before he recovered with an icy smile on his face, “Fine, I’ll wait for you here.”

Expressions of excitement could be seen on the others, this news was swiftly circulated, and other members of the younger generations in the Zong Clan soon gathered over. Some of them looked down on Qin Wentian and felt that he wasn’t worthy of the title Sword Son, others merely wanted to take a look at how powerful the Sword Son selected by their clan lord was.

Qin Wentian and Zong Qian eventually met up with Zong Yi, who had a smile on his face when he noticed their arrival.

“Uncle Zong,” Qin Wentian called out, Zong Yi nodded in response as he inquired, “I heard that you weren’t in the Zong Clan for the past days. Why are you free to come visit your Uncle Zong today?”

“Not withholding the truth from Uncle Zong, I need several Yuan Meteor Stones. The meteor stones on me have since run dry, and I wonder if it’s possible to borrow some from Uncle Zong.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled. Although he was the successor of the Azure Emperor, he hadn’t accomplished anything in the Zong Clan and was already stretching his hands out asking for resources. Qin Wentian felt somewhat ashamed, this wasn’t his usual kind of behavior.

“Don’t worry about it, if you need them just let me know. Don’t even mention the word ‘borrow’.” Zong Yi flicked his sleeves, and momentarily, a huge amount of Yuan Meteor Stones appeared before Qin Wentian. There were even some from the 4th Heavenly

Layer, exuding an energy so terrifying that Zong Qian had an expression of shock on his face.

The clan lord really treated Qin Wentian too well.

“Still not sufficient.” Qin Wentian smile grew even more bitter. The Astral Nova he was condensing was different from most others; hence his consumption of energy would be even more astronomical in comparison.

Zong Yi froze, he glanced at Qin Wentian before seeming to understand something. He then smiled, “Fine, fine.”

After speaking, he waved his arms, and a miniature mountain of Yuan Meteor Stones stacked up to form a pile taller than even a human. The sight of this caused Zong Qian to suck in a breath of cold air.

Qin Wentian flicked his sleeves, collecting all the stones into his interspatial ring. His gaze landed on Zong Yi as he stated, “Uncle Zong, I will participate in the battle at the sword range.”

Zong Yi nodded his head, “With your presence, I am free of worries. It’s about time the rights of that sword range fell to our Zong Clan.”

“I’ll be leaving first.” Qin Wentian bid farewell as Zong Qian left with him. Zong Qian was somewhat speechless when he met Qin Wentian’s gaze. This fellow, what did he talk about with the clan

lord previously? The attitude the clan lord showered onto Qin Wentian didn't seem as simple as that of an elder towards a junior.

Qin Wentian returned to the training field from earlier. He stood in the air gazing down at Zong Hong as his countenance suddenly turned sharp. The Qin Wentian right now had an entirely different aura compared to before, no one dared to gaze at him with contempt.

“Those who aren't convinced of the reason I was selected as the Sword Son, you can all stand forward right now,” Qin Wentian stated detachedly. Quite a few of those from the Zong Clan let out cold snorts when they heard that. They stood together with Zong Hong; these people were all nominees for this generation's Sword Son's position before Qin Wentian's arrival.

“Come at me together,” Qin Wentian's voice drifted out as his long hair fluttered in the wind.

Zong Hong and the rest exchanged a look, both emanating forth a terrifying sharpness that gushed towards Qin Wentian. Since he wanted it so much, they would utterly waste Qin Wentian.

The cries of swords unsheathing echoed as cold light reflected from the metallic blades covering the entire skies. For a single moment, the entire space was silent.

“Feel this.” Qin Wentian took a step forwards, and instantly, the ancient sword strapped to his back propelled itself a distance out from its sheath, yet not fully unsheathed. A single note of sound

from the sword sealed the entirety of the sharpness emitting from that group.

“BZZZ!” Qin Wentian took another step forward as the ancient sword behind his back propelled out by another half an inch.

The sword keen sounded out again, and the cold light reflected off of it resembled blood. A terrifying sound note wavered in the air, Zong Hong and the rest felt their faces go cold as fresh blood dripped from their cheeks.

An instant later, their faces were all filled with terror when they gazed at Qin Wentian in the air. An inconceivably cold and sharp sword intent enveloped the entire region, exuding a sense of majesty resembling the king of swords.

“Are you guys even worthy of cultivating the sword?”

As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, he took another step forward. A light keening resounded as sounds of laceration echoed in the void. Zong Hong and the rest all fainted, falling onto the ground, with visible laceration marks on their clothes and throats. If the sword intent had sliced half an inch deeper against their throats, they would have died without a doubt.

Silence reigned in the training field. The thunderstruck gazes of everyone there were fixated on the person standing in the air.

Qin Wentian looked down with imperiousness in his gaze before

coldly snorting, flicking his sleeves and walking away. An instant later, that oppressive sword intent vanished into complete nothingness!

AGM 405 – Attitude

Zong Qian was also stunned by what he saw. He stood there dumbstruck, and even before he could recover, Qin Wentian was already walking away.

“How powerful.”

Zong Qian had an expression of awe on his face. And not just him, those present from the younger generation were all in a similar state of extreme shock.

It was too powerful—from the beginning to the end, Qin Wentian’s sword hadn’t even been completely unsheathed. He had only taken a few steps forwards, and somehow Zong Hong and the others ended up in such a pitiful state. They’d been unable to put up even the slightest bit of resistance, and could only wait to be slaughtered. If Qin Wentian had taken another step forward, propelling his sword out of its sheath by another half an inch, all of them would already be dead.

Both parties were on completely different levels.

Qin Wentian’s talent with swords was too monstrous—had he really comprehended the Perfection Boundary of the first level insight in a mere three months?

Zong Qian finally understood why the clan lord regarded Qin Wentian so highly, and why he’d selected him directly as the Sword Son of this generation.

“Hu...”

Drawing in a deep breath, Zong Qian’s gaze was directed at Zong Hong as he stated, “Now, you should understand why Brother Qin refrained from accepting your challenge. He isn’t a coward, it’s just that the both of you are basically not on the same level.”

After speaking, Zong Qian turned and followed after Qin Wentian.

Right now, he wore a bitter smile on his face. When he thought back to Li Nian’s provocation towards Qin Wentian as well as his own actions—standing in front of Qin Wentian and asking him to leave first—all of that was revealed to be completely unnecessary now that he’d witnessed Qin Wentian’s true might.

In fact, he was wondering what would have happened if Qin Wentian had really clashed with the Heavenly Dipper-level Sword Son of the Li Clan back then.

Qin Wentian should’ve already comprehended a second level insight in the Mandate of Swords. If not, the sword intent he’d produced earlier couldn’t possibly have manifested such a powerful sword-might. However, strangely enough, Qin Wentian’s cultivation level still seemed to be at the Yuanfu Realm.

“Yuan Meteor Stones.” Abruptly, Zong Qian recalled Qin Wentian asking the clan lord for the cultivation resources earlier. The clan lord didn’t even utter a word of protest before handing

over an astronomical amount of Yuan Meteor Stones over. Could it be...

Thinking of this, Zong Qian's heart pounded violently. Could it be that Qin Wentian wanted to condense an Astral Nova!

The battle between Qin Wentian and Zong Hong couldn't even be called a battle, it was simply Qin Wentian teaching them a lesson, showing them what it meant for someone to have the title 'Sword Son'.

Qin Wentian said that they weren't worthy to cultivate the sword, and under that set of circumstances, their Dao hearts were indeed affected. However, if they were really so weak-minded, then the whole lot of them wouldn't even be fit to be candidates for the Sword Son position. Now, the only thing left to see was whether they could untie the knot formed in their hearts, achieving greater proficiency in their sword techniques.

There were people already comparing Qin Wentian with the Zong Clan's 'nominee' Sword Son, Zong Peng, who was at the Heavenly Dipper Level. They were speculating who would win if Qin Wentian fought with Zong Peng.

Zong Peng's prowess was extremely powerful, and there weren't many Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns among the younger generations of the Zong Clan. Zong Peng was one of them, and with his remarkable proficiency in sword techniques, he was considered one of the stronger ones. He had also once said that after the ranking battle, he would strip Qin Wentian's of his Sword Son's title.

But now, after Qin Wentian's strength was revealed, nobody knew who would end up the victor between the two of them.

Those that had personally seen Qin Wentian's strength with their own eyes, they knew that he was undoubtedly well-qualified to be given the title 'Sword Son'.

There were also those who hadn't witnessed Qin Wentian's strength, and who were hoping for Zong Peng to strip Qin Wentian of this title. They felt that the prestigious title of 'Sword Son' should only be inherited by someone from within their clan.

Currently, in Zong Peng's courtyard, Zong Hong stood facing him. His face was contorted by a heavy trace of futility stemming from that defeat, it was as though he'd suffered from a great impact.

"Why? Is just a single defeat sufficient to cause you to be in this state?" Zong Peng gazed at Zong Hong as he smiled faintly.

Zong Hong looked at Zong Peng, shaking his head helplessly, "You don't understand, that battle... it was too much of a humiliation."

He would never be able to wipe that scene of Qin Wentian's dominance away from his mind. Back then, when Qin Wentian advanced step by step, Zong Hong couldn't even move under the mounting pressure. If Qin Wentian truly wanted him dead, he would have died right there and then.

Even his sword didn't need to be fully unsheathed. Qin Wentian could have killed him with a single thought.

That battle left him feeling extremely dispirited.

"He must have comprehended a second level insight in the Mandate of Swords, and it's one of the more powerful types. It's only normal for level one insights to be suppressed. What does he have to boast about?" Zong Peng smiled, as though trying to console Zong Hong.

"But the distance between us is too overwhelmingly great," Zong Hong continued, unable to forget that dominance Qin Wentian had exuded.

"I'll show you." Zong Peng stood up, his actions causing a bright light to flash in Zong Hong's eyes.

Ever since Zong Peng stepped into Heavenly Dipper, because the disparity was too great, Zong Hong couldn't continue sparring with Zong Peng. Now, he truly wanted to see how far the distance was between them.

"Watch this clearly." Zong Peng's silhouette flickered, vanishing from sight. Zong Hong's gaze stiffened, and he rapidly retreated but at that moment, he suddenly saw sword shadows covering the entire skies. He couldn't differentiate which of the sword shadows were real, and could only stand there and wait for death.

The sword shadows vanished, Zong Peng stood in front of him as he asked, “Do you understand now?”

“The disparity between the second and first level is truly great indeed.” Zong Hong nodded his head.

“Naturally, when dealing with you, my second level of insights in the Mandate of Sword could easily destroy you. Qin Wentian is the same, since he already comprehended a second level insight, it’s not strange that he was able to suppress you so easily. You were merely scared by his stance and aura back then. If I was the one facing him instead, do you think he can defeat me?”

Zong Peng laughed, as Zong Hong nodded his head in agreement. He could clearly sense the confidence exuding from Zong Peng. All of a sudden, Zong Hong’s conviction flared up intensely—he too wanted to comprehend a second level insight and maybe even break through to Heavenly Dipper. Only then would he be able to soar up the skies, only then would he have the capability to seize the title from Qin Wentian.

“I’ll give you a suggestion. Earlier, you should have felt my second level insight. Now, you can pay a visit to Qin Wentian and get him to show you his Mandate, then use your perception to sense his second level insight directly. After that, you can come and discuss with me your findings and I can explain things to you. This will aid in widening your knowledge and that might grant you a higher probability of breaking through.”

Zong Peng had a face full of smiles as he guided Zong Hong, causing traces of gratitude to bloom in Zong Hong's heart. Yet all of a sudden, he shook his head dejectedly. "I was always provoking him, so why would he help me?"

"Just say that you were wrong before. Since he holds the title of 'Sword Son', he can also be considered part of our Zong Clan. With such an important position, it's only natural that he'll feel responsible for the guidance of his juniors. And if you say that you had acted wrongly, and then treat him with courtesy and respect, how can he not agree to guide you? If he refuses, he truly isn't worthy to be a Sword Son of our Zong Clan." Zong Peng then continued, "In fact if you are unable to let go of your pride, I would be truly disappointed with you."

After speaking, Zong Hong bid his farewell and left.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was sitting crossed-legged inside a courtyard. Darkness has already descended, and he was preparing to condense his fourth Astral Nova.

However in that instant, sounds of footsteps could be heard. When Qin Wentian opened his eyes and glanced towards the entrance of the courtyard, a voice drifted over to him. "Zong Hong humbly requests an audience with Senior."

"Come in," Qin Wentian quietly spoke. A moment later, Zong Hong entered the courtyard, and Qin Wentian stared at him with puzzlement in his eyes.

“Qin Wen, I apologize for what has happened between us in the past. I’m here today to humbly learn the sword from you, and to seek your guidance. Could you allow me to feel your second level insight? I wish to draw some clues from it to comprehend my own,” Zong Hong explained, his words causing the expression on Qin Wentian’s face to warm up. It seemed like this guy wasn’t so bad, after all. He was able to see where his own mistakes lay and had the courage to apologize and correct them—the matters of the past could indeed be forgiven.

“First level insights are the base and foundation, so everyone enjoys the same effects. Second level insights will depend on the individual. My path may not suit yours.” Qin Wentian slowly spoke as he continued, “You can consult the ancient scrolls to have an idea of the different types of second level insights there are. It’ll give you a better idea on forming your own comprehensions. There’s no need to ‘feel’ another cultivator’s insight because their insights are their own path, formed by their own comprehensions.”

Zong Hong frowned, what Qin Wentian was saying was completely different to what Zong Peng had told him. Could it be that Qin Wentian was really so selfish? Was he completely unwilling to guide him?

“I understand, but I would still like to ‘feel’ your second level insight.” Zong Hong furrowed his brows as he stated. Yet, how could Qin Wentian be fooled? Earlier, he had seen the micro-expressions on Zong Hong’s countenance. He could only sigh in his heart and lament the fact that in the first place, Zong Hong hadn’t really put down the grudge in his heart, and wasn’t truthfully seeking him out for guidance.

“I’ve said what I wanted to say. You can leave now, but I really hope you will be able to snap out of it sooner or later.” Qin Wentian closed his eyes—if he hadn’t noticed the micro-expressions on Zong Hong’s face, he would have fulfilled Zong Hong’s request and allowed him to ‘feel’ his second level insight. But now, he could only hope that Zong Hong wouldn’t be consumed by his grudge. Qin Wentian wasn’t so magnanimous that he’d invest time trying to straighten Zong Hong from his thoughts.

Indeed, after hearing what Qin Wentian said, Zong Hong’s brows furrowed intensely, as a look of unhappiness flashed in his eyes. He coldly stated, “As a Sword Son, you truly disappoint me with your actions. Although you are powerful, I feel sad that my Zong Clan has chosen you.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Zong Hong flicked his sleeves and walked away.

Qin Wentian stared at him, and he shook his head slightly, abandoning all thoughts relating to this matter, clearing his heart of debris. Such a minor matter wouldn’t affect his state of heart.

As the night deepened, Qin Wentian inscribed a Divine Inscriptions Formation, causing his body to shimmer in and out of existence. After that, he closed his eyes as an astronomical amount of Yuan Meteor Stones appeared beside him.

Right now, he already had a total of three Astral Novas.

Regardless of whether he absorbed astral energy from the Nine Heavenly Layers or from the Yuan Meteor Stones, his speed of absorption was much faster compared to before.

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The incensed Zong Hong returned to Zong Peng's residence. After telling Zong Peng what happened, Zong Peng's eyes momentarily flickered with a cold burst of light before he quickly recovered with a smile. "Zong Hong, Qin Wentian's moral standing is abominable, but you don't have to take this to heart. What's important is that you should focus on your cultivation."

"Regretfully Qin Wentian is already the Sword Son. Such a character, aiii..." Zong Peng sighed. Zong Hong coldly snorted, "Zong Peng, you should get rid of him as soon as possible."

After speaking, Zong Hong turned and departed. And very swiftly, many rumors circulated throughout the Zong Clan. The majority of these rumors were all debasing Qin Wentian's moral character—Zong Hong had sincerely approached him to seek his guidance yet was received with a completely insincere attitude. He'd brushed him off, whereas Zong Peng was the complete opposite. For Qin Wentian to be holding onto the title of Sword Son, it was truly a tragedy for their Zong Clan.

Tonight, the starlight shining down on the region where the Zong Clan was located was extremely resplendent.

Clan lord Zong Yi's gaze rested on Qin Wentian as the hint of a

smile flashed past his eyes. “If this young man proves himself truly able to rise up, there’s a chance that the Azure Emperor’s resplendent glory from ages past may appear in Grand Xia once again.”

And while the members from the Zong Clan’s younger generation were vilifying Qin Wentian, their clan lord continued to place his trust in him. Zong Yi believed that in the future, Qin Wentian would be the one to lead their Zong Clan, reviving their faded glory!

AGM 406 – You, Are Unqualified

A lie that is repeated often enough, would be accepted as the truth. Now that several members in the Zong Clan had started discussing Qin Wentian's lousy character and conduct, gradually the others all started to believe it too.

Regarding Zong Hong, the others were all quite clear about his character. Although he might be somewhat arrogant, his character wasn't vile. Since he'd said that he'd paid a visit to the Sword Son Qin Wen, then it shouldn't be a lie.

Zong Hong went to pay Qin Wen a visit, seeking guidance while begging for forgiveness. Yet the Sword Son, Qin Wen, as the leading figure among the younger generation, had acted in such a manner, casually brushing him off with a few words of 'common sense' advice. Apparently, Qin Wen's character was truly unbecoming for a Sword Son.

And gradually, even some elder-level characters started to dislike Qin Wentian.

Especially one among them—Zong Hong's uncle. He had personally gone to speak with the clan lord requesting to strip Qin Wentian of his title of Sword Son, yet he was harshly rebuffed instead. He then went to speak to the Doyen-level figures of the clan, only to receive the same treatment from them as he did from the clan lord.

Qin Wentian naturally didn't know of all this. These past few

days, he was completely immersed in condensing his Astral Nova.

Another night passed, and the skies above the Zong Clan's location suddenly flashed with sword light, as columns of sword-shaped astral light cascaded down from the Heavens. Abruptly, an exceedingly terrifying sword-might enveloped the entire Zong Clan.

Several people in the Zong Clan stared at the resplendent astral light from the skies, their hearts all trembling with terror when they sensed the domineering sword-might.

"This sword intent actually contains a kingly aura within it," somebody murmured. Who exactly did this intent belong to?

Naturally, cultivators of the Zong Clan were extremely sensitive to sword intent. Many of them wondered who had produced such an intent—only clan lord Zong Yi knew that Qin Wentian's fourth Astral Nova had just been birthed.

Many stretched out their perception, causing their senses to follow the sword intent. Yet suddenly, that sword intent vanished completely. Their perception led them to a courtyard, and inside there, Qin Wentian sat on the ground, staring up at the heavens with a faint smile etched on his face.

"Hmm? What's going on?" At this moment, Qin Wentian spoke. Naturally, he could feel the perception of many currently being concentrated on him.

The streams of perception faded away like the ebbing tide, and they all felt extremely puzzled in their hearts. Why was Qin Wen here? Was he cultivating here earlier?

Earlier, that sword-might that contained within it a kingly aura, where did it originate from?

Sensing the streams of perception fading away, Qin Wentian closed his eyes again. There was now a sword-shaped Astral Nova sitting in his fourth Yuanfu. His fourth Yuanfu receptacle was gradually undergoing a transformation, expanding further in size as the quality of the astral energy within it substantially improved. This, was a qualitative evolution.

His four Yuanfu connected and the resplendent astral energy within each of them formed a bridge, as the astral energy circulated fiercely within his body, causing an exceedingly powerful aura to gush forth from him.

That, was the aura of a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

All four of his Astral Novas had been condensed. Finally, Qin Wentian had officially stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Not only that, he had four Yuanfu and was already a terrifying existence that had condensed four Astral Novas before stepping into the Heavenly Dipper Realm. For others, even if they had more Astral Novas, their novas would all be situated in a single Yuanfu. As a cultivator of the Art of the Nine Astrariums, he was markedly different from the others.

By then, darkness gradually faded away, and a ray of light shone from the eastern horizon—the people from the Zong Clan were starting a new day.

The night was for resting, for meditation, as well as for sleeping, while the morning was best for stretching one's limbs and tendons, cultivating one's innate arts and techniques or sparring against each other in terms of swordplay.

Qin Wentian stretched himself, before slowly walking out of the courtyard. He had fully concentrated on condensing his fourth Astral Nova these past few days, and never had a chance to properly relax. Right now the morning air was extremely cool and refreshing, and taking a stroll around the Zong Clan seemed like a pleasant activity.

Qin Wentian met quite a few people during his stroll. All of them intentionally averted their gazes when they glanced in his direction, causing Qin Wentian to wear a bitter smile on his face. Was it truly so hard for an outsider selected as the Sword Son to gain approval from the masses?

As he continued walking, Qin Wentian arrived at the training field in the Zong Clan, where many younger disciples were currently practicing their swordplay. The majority of these disciples were all at the Yuanfu Realm, with people ranging from the first level of Yuanfu to the ninth level. Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were all considered important characters to the Zong Clan. For Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the third level and above, they would be able to elevate their status, taking on the roles and

responsibilities of an elder. For Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the sixth level and above, they would be able to become Doyen-level characters.

A smile appeared on Qin Wentian's face as he gazed upon the various silhouettes brimming with youthful energy. Although he'd only spent a short span of five years in cultivation, he had been through countless trials and was tempered by his experiences. He currently exhibited a seriousness rarely seen from someone his age, projecting a presence totally different compared to the other cultivators from the younger generation.

Maybe it was a result of what he had personally experienced or maybe it was a result of his higher cultivation realm.

However, Qin Wentian's acute perception quickly told him that these youths from the Zong Clan all had feelings of animosity and unfriendliness towards him.

He might be someone with a different surname, but surely they didn't need to behave like that, right?

At this moment, a young girl of around 15 to 16 years of age walked up to Qin Wentian. This young girl had exquisite features that still contained hints of childishness in them. She walked to the side of Qin Wentian, adopting a pointedly reserved manner. To her, Qin Wentian felt extremely powerful, the exhibition of his might that day—even before his sword was totally unsheathed—Zong Hong and the others didn't even have a chance to fight back.

“Qin Wen, did you really brush Zong Hong away when he went to seek you out for guidance?” That young girl asked in a light tone of voice, her words causing Qin Wentian’s brows to furrow. He then puzzledly inquired, “Did Zong Hong say something?”

The young girl’s lips slightly twitched before looking at Qin Wentian and replied, “Qin Wen, although you are very powerful, as the Sword Son, you shouldn’t be doing this, oh. Since Zong Hong went to seek you out for guidance, that means he’d already intended to apologize. You should be guiding him properly, instead!”

Noting the clear gaze of the young girl before him, Qin Wentian could tell that the young girl before her had a simple and straightforward temperament. But the gazes of others in the training field all seemed to be silently cursing him in their hearts.

“Gossip is truly a fearful thing.” Qin Wentian silently mused. After which, he smiled at the young girl, “What’s your name?”

“Zong Lian,” the young girl replied lightly.

“Cultivation is a path that solely belongs to oneself. Everyone takes a different path, has different levels of talent, different experiences and naturally different comprehensions. When you cultivate in the future, do not ever blindly follow the path of others because you feel that he is strong. What you have to do is to find the path most suited to you. At most, you can take another’s comprehensions as a slight reference, but do not let it direct your path. Comprehend that which you’d like, and only then will the path you tread be the most suited for yourself.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he continued, "Cultivation has to follow one's heart. If your heart isn't even sure of the path you want, how can your cultivation be smooth? This is my understanding, so listen well. I won't explain in detail my comprehensions to you, imposing onto you a concept that might do more harm than good."

Zong Lian was deep in contemplation before she nodded her head lightly, a smile could be seen on her face. "In that case, it wasn't that you were unwilling to guide Zong Hong but rather, you wanted him not to be overly influenced by you?"

"Zong Lian, come here." At that moment a cold voice echoed out. Zong Lian inclined her head, staring in the direction of the voice. The owner of this voice was a young man who had an extremely cold look in his eyes.

Zong Lian stuck out her tongue before sneaking a glance back at Qin Wentian as she whispered, "I'm leaving first."

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze over in the man's direction, only to see the silhouettes of Zong Peng and Zong Hong appear behind that young man. They were also similarly staring in Qin Wentian's direction.

Zong Hong's countenance was cold as he spoke, "If I can defeat you, please strip yourself from the title of 'Sword Son'."

Qin Wentian stared at him as he shook his head in disappointment. He then sternly commented, "Sword users should

have an upright heart, only then can they master their sword. Earlier, you used language to provoke and humiliate me, yet I held no quarrel with you. When you came to me in apology, I told you to comprehend your own path yet you smeared my name behind my back in an attempt to destroy my reputation. With such a character, how can you be fit to cultivate the sword?”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian took a step forwards as a surge of sword-might gushed forth. His eyes were as sharp as swords and the instant their gazes locked, Zong Hong felt his body involuntarily trembling. Qin Wentian’s words struck him to his very soul, it felt as though Qin Wentian wanted to break his sword heart.

“As a sword cultivator, your heart should be fully committed to your sword. The stronger your sword heart, the stronger your sword Dao. The identity as a swordsman is not essential, so what’s the use of calling yourself one? You know what you are. But in your case, you’ve already sunk. Zong Hong, just ask yourself this, how can you be worthy of the sword you hold in your hands?” Qin Wentian coldly spoke, his gaze turning even sharper, and his words causing Zong Hong’s heart to tremble.

“Impudent.”

A sound of beratement echoed out, only to see sword intent gushing forth from a middle-aged figure towards Qin Wentian, enveloping him within.

That person’s anger surged upwards as he stared at Qin Wentian, stating in an icy voice, “As the Sword Son, do you feel proud

humiliating Zong Hong like this?”

“Elder.” The surrounding people gazed at the middle-aged figure who spoke, as they all dipped into a slight bow.

This elder was none other than Zong Hong’s uncle. It was precisely him who’d gone to complain to the clan lord, seeking to strip Qin Wentian of his Sword Son’s title.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto the speaker. The cultivation level of this person was at the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

“As the Sword Son, using your strength to bully the weak. When Zong Hong personally sought you out to consult you for advice, you brushed him off like a fool. How could the clan lord bestow the title of Sword Son to someone like you?” That elder slowly stepped out, as his terrifying sword intent whistled through the air, boring down upon Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian continued to stand there calmly, with no fluctuations to his expressions as he stared at the elder.

“The title ‘Sword Son?’” Qin Wentian shook his head. “How hopelessly idiotic can you be?”

“What did you say?” That elder’s voice turned even colder. Qin Wentian actually dared to throw back a rebuttal.

“Qin Wen, you have gone too far.” At this moment, Zong Peng,

who had remained silent up till now, finally spoke. His gaze was fixated on Qin Wentian as he coldly stated, “We can set aside you using your strength to bully the weak, but today, you even dared argue against an elder. You are unfit to be the Sword Son, your title incites public wrath. I, Zong Peng, initially wanted to strip you of your title after the sword range battle was over. But now, since you have proven to be so impudent, I have no choice but to act now.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Zong Peng stepped out. Sword intent similarly gushed forth from him as he stared right into Qin Wentian’s eyes. “I, Zong Peng, challenge you to a battle. If I win, I will not make things difficult for you, but you must hand over the position of Sword Son. You, are unqualified.”

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Zong Peng, before shifting it onto Zong Hong beside him.

Zong Hong’s gaze was flickering in deep contemplation, apparently the words spoken earlier by Qin Wentian had somewhat reached Zong Hong. Although this person was proud and arrogant, he didn’t seem like someone despicable.

Turning his gaze back onto Zong Peng, whose face was painted with false justice, Qin Wentian felt that he was looking at a hypocrite.

“You, are unqualified,” Qin Wentian softly spoke, his words causing everyone to be stunned.

What a brazen fellow. Before Qin Wentian appeared, Zong Peng was one of the few that truly had the power to fight for the title 'Sword Son'. Yet now, when he'd issued a challenge to him, Qin Wentian said that he wasn't qualified.

AGM 407 – Suppression By Sword Intent

Upon hearing Qin Wentian's words, the sword qi gushing forth from Zong Peng increased in intensity. A burst of astral light flashed as an ancient-sword Astral Soul manifested above his head.

A four-colored, Sword-type Astral Soul. In that moment, a surge of sword qi ravaged the entire skies and earth, carrying within it an aura that promised utter annihilation.

Qin Wentian said that Zong Peng, wasn't qualified?

"How powerful." The spectators trembled, a shiver running through their countenances. Before Qin Wentian, Zong Peng was the strongest nominee with the highest probability to become the Sword Son. His fourth Astral Soul originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer, and appeared to be a sword of shadows, without trace nor form, exuding a terrifying might.

Qin Wentian didn't seem to be concerned at all. In fact, he hadn't even glanced at Zong Peng.

Keeping his eyes fixed on Zong Hong, Qin Wentian took a step forward as an overwhelming oppressive surge of sword-might enveloped Zong Hong. The nature of this sword-might was neither tyrannical nor malicious, and it was filled with positive righteousness and an air of majesty, pressing down on Zong Hong's Sword Heart.

Qin Wentian looked at him directly, and in the centre of Qin

Wentian's brows, it seemed as though there was a third eye there, focusing its stare onto Zong Hong as well.

“That night, who was it that asked you to seek me out?”

As he spoke, he took another step forward. His powerful will gushed into Zong Hong's sea of consciousness, slowly eroding Zong Hong's will.

The stifling aura made him almost unable to breathe. He howled—Zong Peng!—as his body trembled under the throes of convulsions.

“Qin Wen, you've gone too far with your bullying.” Zong Peng roared in anger, stepping out. Qin Wentian swept his gaze over to him, as his terrifying will thundered into Zong Peng's sea of consciousness. The power of that fearsome third eye abruptly halted Zong Peng's steps.

Qin Wentian ignored him, glancing back at Zong Hong as he faintly spoke. “As a sword cultivator, your heart is not resolute enough, this is why others managed to make use of you. Go back and properly reflect upon this.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian pressed forward with his palms. In the same instant, Zong Hong's body flew backwards from the force generated and landed on a training platform far away.

Coughing out blood, Zong Hong's face was painted with a sudden

glimpse of enlightenment. To him, that short period of time felt like an eternity. When facing off against Qin Wentian, he had the feeling that Qin Wentian was an incomparably huge mountain that was impossible for him to exceed.

The disparity between him and Qin Wentian was actually too great.

However, the words said by Qin Wentian earlier caused alarm-bells to start ringing in his mind. His Sword Heart wasn't resolute enough, hence people were able to make use of him?

"You actually dared to bully the weaker ones in front of my presence?" The elder in the air spoke in a towering rage. The sword intent radiating from him grew increasingly terrifying.

Qin Wentian inclined his head to stare at him, with no fluctuations to his countenance. He was like an incomparably sharp sword as he directly matched the gaze of that elder.

"Elder, let me handle it. This person is too unruly." Zong Peng drew in a deep breath as the sound of swords keening filled the entire space. In the middle of the air, his fourth Astral Nova shone with resplendent sword light and in that instant, the entire space echoed with a cacophony of sword wails and keens. The other spectators all retreated, they were too afraid to go near it.

If one's sword intent was powerful enough, they could use it to kill their opponents from far away.

Zong Peng had already been in the Heavenly Dipper Realm for two years, and succeeded in condensing his fourth Astral Nova. As such, he was exceedingly powerful. The battle intent in his eyes surged in intensity, towering over the heavens as he stared at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's eyes slowly shifted upon Zong Peng.

Zong Hong's actions had been instigated by Zong Peng. If that was the case, the person standing before him was someone extremely devious. He wanted to steal the position of Sword Son away, yet didn't act openly. He chose to first destroy Qin Wentian's reputation, making it difficult for Qin Wentian to establish his footing in the Zong Clan.

Zong Peng's character could be described using a single word—despicable.

“Peng!”

Qin Wentian stepped out as the Heavens and Earth shuddered. A kingly sword-might burst forth and an instant later, the swords strapped on the spectators' backs began to react, vibrating violently without cease.

In a single moment, the hissing of hundreds upon hundreds of swords could be heard, forming an unending cacophony.

Zong Peng flicked a finger outwards, and instantly, his fourth

and most powerful Astral Nova flew forward with explosive speed. However in that same instant, Qin Wentian took another step forward as the ancient sword strap behind his back propelled slightly upwards. The kingly sword-might swept over everything, and even Zong Peng's Astral Nova was forcibly halted by an overwhelming forceful suppression. It trembled violently in mid-air, unable to advance a single inch forward.

Such a bizarre scene caused the eyes of everyone present to narrow, as great shock painted their faces.

“How is this possible?”

The scene before their eyes was completely unbelievable. Especially for Zong Peng, whose gaze stiffened as even the sword-might radiating from him actually turned sluggish.

His Astral Nova felt as though it was being impeded by a force. It couldn't advance forward.

“KILL!”

Zong Peng howled in rage, and continued pressing forward with his finger. An instant later, sword-might whistled, concentrating onto his Astral Nova, powering it, allowing it to forcibly advanced forward.

However at that moment, Qin Wentian took yet another step forward. That simple step caused the entirety of the sword qi

within that space to gather into a single body. He was the origin of this sword qi, he was the sovereign of this sword Dao.

“Rumble!”

An exceedingly fearsome sword intent, akin to the howling of demons, emanated forth from Qin Wentian. Zong Peng’s Astral Nova, that was forcefully advancing forward, slowed down once again.

Seeing this scene happening once again made Zong Peng lose all his face. He roared in anger as he soared up into the skies, arriving to stand before his Astral Nova. His will of the Mandate of Swords erupted out in a frenzy, powering his Nova.

With a wave of his hand, the will of his Mandate transformed into a curtain of swords that completely enveloped his Nova, bursting forth with brilliant rays of light as though capable of making the day even more resplendent.

“With your lowly character, you are not worthy for me to draw my sword.”

Qin Wentian spoke faintly, his calm voice shaking the void. The hearts of the spectators had already reached the extreme limits of shock, incapable of further increase.

Zong Peng, how powerful was he? Yet Qin Wentian actually announced that Zong Peng wasn’t worthy of him drawing his

sword, right to his face.

In that moment, Qin Wentian's aura erupted forth, allowing the others to view the truth for themselves. His cultivation was the same as Zong Peng—he was also in the first level of the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Yet from his body, a surge of kingly sword-might was emanating outwards. It was as though he was the king, the monarch of everything before him.

Qin Wentian took yet another step forward. The keening of the sword continued unabated as a crisp, crackling sound punctured the air. In the air, Zong Peng actually let out a groaning sound—he could sense that the Astral Nova he summoned was about to be shattered into pieces.

Astral Novas were the foundation of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Once their Astral Nova was shattered, even their Yuanfu would be damaged.

For Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns that only condensed a single Nova, once their Nova was shattered, their Yuanfu would be broken; but if a Sovereign had condensed a total of four Astral Novas, when one was shattered, huge cracks would be seen on the surface of their Yuanfu, dropping their combat prowess immensely. Yet if his fourth Astral Nova was shattered, the Yuanfu would be completely destroyed, and the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign would become nothing more than a cripple.

At this moment, Zong Peng was still facing off against Qin Wentian, and he could already feel that his Astral Novas were showing signs of cracking.

This was suppression, a suppression of Astral Nova. How strong was Qin Wentian's sword-type Astral Nova exactly?

A clear and sharp sound echoed from all around, and when Qin Wentian advanced forward, the swords strapped on the backs of the spectators all shattered into pieces.

The entire space, was filled with the sounds of wailing swords.

“Pu...”

Zong Peng felt something sweet rushing up his throat, and finally, he could hold back no longer and spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, his countenance turning pale-white.

“STAY YOUR HAND!”

The Elder in the air sensed that something was extremely wrong and attempted to stop Qin Wentian. But it was then that Qin Wentian stabbed out a finger, instantaneously causing a resplendent sword to burst forth, piercing towards Zong Peng's Astral Nova

“Kacha, Kacha...”

Shattering sounds endlessly rang out, and Zong Peng gave a blood-curdling screech as he coughed out several mouthfuls of fresh blood. In the end, the cracks appearing on the Astral Nova widened more and more, eventually shattering into pieces.

The powerful Zong Peng, his Astral Nova had been completely fractured into pieces.

BANG!

Zong Peng's body was ruthlessly slammed onto the ground. His countenance was as pale as paper and without a hint of color. From the aura fluctuations he was currently emitting, it seemed as though his life force could vanish at any moment.

His fourth Astral Nova had been annihilated—he had become a cripple.

Inclining his head, Zong Peng gazed at Qin Wentian with difficulty. His eyes were filled with towering hatred and incomparable venom.

He, Zong Peng, had cultivated bitterly for many years and eventually birthed a total of four Astral Novas. This should be the highlight of his years, the time for him to shine the most, and yet Qin Wentian had only been in the Zong Clan for a few days and shattered his Astral Nova in front of the other Zong Clan members.

“You are truly malicious.” Zong Peng’s voice held a chill that seemingly came from the abyss.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed, “Since you’ve been planning to act against me, destroying my reputation and even issuing a challenge to me. The ending you have now was all orchestrated by your own hands. You are unfit to be a member of the Zong Clan.”

Silence permeated the entire surroundings, while the hearts of everyone present pounded violently.

Even now, the spectators had yet to come back to their senses, they were all struck dumb when they looked at Zong Peng.

Zong Peng’s Astral Nova was shattered by Qin Wentian, and yet from the beginning of the battle until now, Qin Wentian’s sword hadn’t even left its sheath!

Qin Wentian dealt with Zong Peng with as much ease as dealing with Zong Hong, both were a piece of cake.

At this moment, Zong Hong was sitting on the ground, staring at the end result with disbelief etched on his face.

That day, Zong Peng’s words made him feel that Qin Wentian’s heart was narrow and petty-minded. His strength was far below Zong Peng’s and in the future, Zong Peng said that he would surely take the title of Sword Son away from Qin Wentian.

But today, when the truth came out, Zong Peng ended up as the one being completely suppressed in a fight.

This made Zong Hong reflect on his actions that day—had he truly done wrong?

Was Zong Peng really using him?

That day, Qin Wentian hadn't brushed him off in an arrogant manner. Right from the start, his exact words to him was telling him to study the ancient text more, gleaning more perspectives before embarking on his own path. Qin Wentian's tyrannical sword Dao, wasn't that a result of him walking his own path?

Now that he thought about it, when Zong Hong glanced at the young man again, he actually felt a deep sense of shame at his own inferiority. Qin Wentian even seemed younger than him.

Qin Wentian's attainment in the Dao of Swords had already convinced everyone present here today.

However, having strength was having strength, he'd actually crippled Zong Peng.

Zong Peng was still a member of their Zong Clan, while Qin Wentian was an outsider with a different surname.

What made people speechless was that earlier when the elder called for him to stop, Qin Wentian continued stabbing out with

his finger, destroying Zong Peng. And when that elder finally wanted to act, he had reacted too slowly and was late by a single step.

At this moment, he stood in front of Zong Peng's shattered Nova, as he stared down with fury at Qin Wentian. His gaze was akin to a sharp sword, wanting to penetrate through Qin Wentian, while an immense killing intent gushed forth from his body.

"You... Very well, it seems that I must clean up the garbage on behalf of the clan lord." That elder's body trembled slightly as his aura surged up; he was many times stronger compared to Zong Hong.

Qin Wentian's gaze was completely devoid of fear, as he matched gazes with that elder, stating in a cold voice, "I wonder if Elder would take action if Zong Peng was the one who crippled me earlier?"

"Hmph." The elder took a step forward, his killing intent causing the hearts of the crowd to tremble.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed, and with a flick of his wrist he produced the sword that was the symbol of the Sword Son, sending it soaring in the skies, before hovering in mid-air.

"I've angered Elder, hence Elder wants to kill me. But with my identity as the Sword Son, Zong Peng angered me, going against his superiors. What's wrong with me crippling him?" Qin Wentian continued laughing coldly as he continued, "And since this is the

case, with the symbolic sword of the Sword Son as proof, I really want to see how you'll kill me, the Sword Son of the Zong Clan.”

As the sound of his words faded, Qin Wentian advanced, soaring into the skies.

He actually wanted to fight against the elder!

This scene caused the pupils of the surrounding crowd to widen in disbelief. Once again, their hearts pounded violently without cease, utterly dumbfounded in their amazement!

AGM 408 – Contest Over The Sword Range's Control

In the middle of the air, where sword qi swept across the entire void, Qin Wentian's eyes were fixated onto that Zong Clan's elder as a terrifying battle intent radiated out from him.

This young man effortlessly crippled Zong Peng, someone at the same level of cultivation as him, and now, he actually wanted to face off against an elder.

That elder stared at Qin Wentian as he coldly stated, "Fine, I really want to see how capable you are."

As the sound of his voice faded, a terrifying Astral Nova manifested, floating above him in the air. This Astral Nova contained an extremely fearsome sword-might within; countless thin and fine sword threads could be seen revolving around it, so sharp it was as though just a single sword thread was sufficient to kill people.

Not only that, the speed of these sword threads were extremely terrifying, like light rays shuttling across space, emitting an intense and resplendent sword light.

That elder then took a step towards Qin Wentian as the entirety of the sword threads began revolving at an increased speed, being fired straight toward Qin Wentian's location. It seemed that he would be able to kill Qin Wentian with just a thought on his part.

Sounds of laceration sounded out within Qin Wentian's body. An instant later, the sound of a sword keening permeated the void as an incomparably dazzling manifestation of that kingly sword floated above his head.

At this moment, the glow surrounding that sword was completely beyond comparison, and just a single glance was sufficient to determine that it was on the level of the ultimate, supreme swords. It seemed as though every part of the sword's body was formed from the countless repeated condensation of sword essence—none of the spectators had ever sensed such a terrifying Astral Nova before.

In addition, this sword exuded an exalted, imposing aura of majesty, like it was the king of all swords, projecting a might as if it sought to destroy all other swords before it.

“Is this his Astral Nova? How is it so powerful?”

The hearts of the crowd trembled, and even the elder's Astral Nova didn't make them feel this way. Not only that, it seemed that the elder's Nova was being faintly suppressed by Qin Wentian's.

Qin Wentian's stare directly bore straight into the elder's eyes, his countenance emotionless, detached of all expression. The elder's Astral Nova started to tremble and vibrate lightly, letting out an incessant buzzing.

Such a scene caused the elder to turn ashen. With a wave of his

hands, the millions upon millions of sword threads transformed into an intense beam of sword light, shooting straight at Qin Wentian, aiming to envelop him within.

Qin Wentian's expression turned cold, and he similarly stretched his hand and flicked his finger outwards, causing his Astral Nova to shuttle through the air, as endless sounds of swords keening could be heard, resembling the crazed shrill cries of demonic beasts.

A burst of light flooded the area, forming a light screen. That intense sword beam made from countless sword threads were actually being blocked, forcibly suppressed by Qin Wentian's Astral Nova to the point where it couldn't advance forwards.

"I truly want to see how strong you really are, an elder that doesn't discriminate between right and wrong, wanting to punish people just because you see fit to do so." Qin Wentian snorted coldly. Gushing sounds could be heard within his body as demonic energy gurgled, manifesting his third Astral Nova.

This Astral Nova was in the shape of his Astral Soul as well, with a tall and mighty physique resembling an ancient demon from the primordial era. Towering amounts of demonic qi filled the air, and the tyranny of the energy it projected was so intense that even the surrounding space began to tremble.

"What a terrifying demonic qi!"

The expressions of the spectators turned sluggish. Qin Wentian

had just stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, yet both his Astral Novas were so domineering, the people were left with a feeling of overwhelming suppression. They were powerful enough to shatter the Astral Novas of others.

“Go.” Qin Wentian pointed out with his finger once more as the terrifying demonic Astral Nova unleash a roar resembling a dragon. That Astral Nova rumbled as it zoomed through the air, projecting a sense of tyranny, adding to the suppression effect produced by the kingly sword. The vibrations shuddering through the Astral Nova of that elder increased in intensity, emanating a sense of instability, like it could fall apart at any instant.

At this moment, he finally understood why even before Qin Wentian’s sword was unsheathed, Zong Peng’s Astral Nova had already shattered.

This was a suppression due to the quality of Astral Novas, the grade of Qin Wentian’s Astral Nova was one tier higher compared to the rest.

There were several disciples in the surroundings currently spectating this battle. That elder had said earlier that he wanted to kill Qin Wentian, clearing up the rubbish of the Zong Clan. He was already on the back of a mounted tiger unable to get off. No matter what, he had to win this battle or the the prestige of the elders would be lost, all thrown away by his hands.

A terrifying glint of light flickered in his eyes, the Astral Novas in the elder’s body manifested one by one as the will of his Mandates coated them all. The two of them were about to enter a heaven-

sundering battle.

“PRESUMPTUOUS!”

A powerful shout caused the blood and qi in the bodies of the spectators to circulate wildly, containing an impressive impact akin to a thunderbolt, even blurring the consciousness of some of the weaker spectators.

The battle intent of both Qin Wentian and the elder abruptly dissipated, that huge volume of concentrated shockwaves seemed to have vanished into nothingness by the might of that powerful shout.

“Clan lord.”

“I’ve already understood the entire process of why this has happened, there is no need for either of you to explain further. Zong Peng made use of Zong Hong, asking him to seek the Sword Son out for guidance. Qin Wentian didn’t deliberately make things difficult for him, yet Zong Hong intentionally besmeared the reputation of the Sword Son. Meanwhile, you, as an elder, without consulting me on the matter, you intended to strip away his title? I gave you face as you are an elder and remained silent, yet you have no appreciation of the gravity of things and actually wanted to clear the clan of garbage? Who are you clearing the garbage for?”

Normally, although Zong Yi was imposing, he had an extremely warm character when interacting with the others. Yet now, he was truly infuriated. Silence immediately descended upon the entire

surroundings—all were intimidated by the clan lord's aura.

Although that elder felt dissatisfied in his heart, he also lowered his head and dared not argue. After all, his status was different compared to Zong Yi. Zong Yi was the clan elder while he was merely an elder. Above him, there were still the Doyens.

“Zong Peng's heart went stray, which was why Qin Wen had to intervene. Furthermore, from now onwards, when the Sword Son Qin Wen takes actions, no one is to question him or even investigate his motives,” Zong Yi icily stated. After which, he turned his gaze onto Zong Hong as he spoke, “Zong Hong, I know your character isn't bad, yet your heart is not resolute enough. This is why others find it so easy to make use of you. I'm currently stripping you of your title as a Sword Son nominee. Go into seclusion and reflect on your actions.”

“Yes, clan lord.” Zong Hong bowed to Zong Yi. Earlier, his heart had been badly shaken when he witnessed Qin Wentian's display of power. He knew that right from the start, Qin Wentian couldn't even be bothered to argue with him. With such power, and with Qin Wentian's character, he wouldn't have intentionally made things difficult for an existence like Zong Hong.

If not, when he'd earlier provoked and challenged him a few times, Qin Wentian could have easily killed him just by casually throwing out a palm strike.

“The matter today shall conclude today, no one else is to pursue it further. In fact, go and prepare yourselves, the battle for control of the sword range will commence in five days time. When the

time comes, don't tell me you lot are only good for showing off to each other," Zong Yi stated before flicking his sleeves and departing. From the start till the end, he hadn't said a word to Qin Wentian, yet everyone understood that clan lord Zong Yi placed an immense amount of trust in Qin Wentian and was evidently favoring him.

But truthfully speaking, Qin Wentian's level of power did in fact broaden their horizons. To think that he even dared to fight against an elder.

At this moment, the spectators involuntarily thought that if Qin Wentian was participating in the battle for the sword range, maybe this time around, their Zong Clan had an opportunity to win.

For the disciples of this generation, both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan were all exceedingly powerful, whereas the disciples from the Zong Clan weren't outstanding enough. Although they often comforted themselves, everyone knew that they didn't have too much chance to win the sword range battle. Most likely, the victor would be the Heavenly Sword Sect.

But now, a ray of hope had appeared.

With a thought, Qin Wentian retracted his Astral Novas back into his Yuanfu, then he glanced at the elder before turning and departing the area. This matter wasn't able to shake his heart.

"Consider yourself lucky." That elder had a grim look on his face as he too retracted his Astral Nova. Yet he couldn't help but coldly

spit out the words, as though if it weren't for the appearance of the clan lord, Qin Wentian would definitely have died.

Qin Wentian continued walking away, totally disregarding him. In order to maintain the slightest shred of face, that elder had no choice but to say what he said. Yet if the both of them truly engaged in battle, the one to suffer a disadvantage definitely wouldn't be Qin Wentian.

The spectators all mused, if the clan lord hadn't appeared, who would have been the victor in the battle between Qin Wen and the elder?

Qin Wentian's Astral Nova was extremely terrifying, yet the elder held an advantage in terms of cultivation level. If they truly fought, the ending was unknown. But the probability of the elder winning the battle, who was two levels higher in terms of cultivation base, was slightly higher.

Naturally, this matter would always be a mystery, there wouldn't be an answer to it.

"Qin Wen is so powerful." The young girl Zong Leng stared at the departing back of Qin Wentian, with an amazed look in her eyes. The battle earlier had truly shocked her.

The clan lord truly had good judgement, no wonder he selected this person to be the Sword Son.

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This matter caused intense echoes to reverberate throughout the Zong Clan. Zong Peng's family members hated Qin Wentian with a passion in their hearts, but since the clan lord had spoken, none of them dared to take any action.

However, for those members of the younger generations who had witnessed the battle, they had long forgotten the matter of Zong Hong besmearing Qin Wentian's reputation. They only remembered how awe-inspiring Qin Wentian was when he battled. That tyrannical manner and the effortless victory he'd obtained had been deeply imprinted in their memories.

Crippling Zong Peng even without unsheathing his sword, facing against an elder with no hints of fear nor terror. Such a character was truly extraordinary.

In fact, several of the younger generations all felt worship in their hearts for Qin Wentian. They would frequent Qin Wentian's residence to seek him out for guidance. Qin Wentian didn't reject any of them and would patiently explain some of the matters they might come across in cultivation, immensely benefiting those youngsters. Those who received his guidance went back and informed their seniors and elders of this matter, and after a while, Qin Wentian's popularity and prestige among the younger generation in the Zong Clan was, for a short time, uncontested.

Qin Wentian probably hadn't imagined things would turn out like this as well.

In the blink of an eye, five days passed. Today, many silhouettes gathered in the training field of the Zong Clan. Atop a tall platform, clan lord Zong Yi stood gazing down at the disciples of the Zong Clan.

“The sword range battle will affect the control of the sword range for the next ten years. Let’s hope this time around, my Zong Clan will be the one victorious,” Zong Yi spoke, and with a gesture, an ancient sword appeared beneath his feet as he stood upon it.

“Those that wish to spectate can come along as well. Move out,” Zong Yi passively spoke, and an instant later, the sword he stood on soared up into the skies and zoomed towards the location of the sword range.

Everyone respectively stood on their swords, and moments later, sword qi pervaded the air at the training field as one silhouette after another flew through the skies, constituting an extremely spectacular sight.

The one in the lead was none other than Zong Yi, while the others beside him were Doyens of the Zong Clan. Next in line were the elders, Qin Wentian following closely behind as he lead the group of disciples forward.

Qin Wentian was standing on his ancient sword, with his arms crossed in front of his chest, exuding an incomparably calm aura. Several gazes all landed onto him, the weight of responsibility in winning the battle would depend heavily on the Sword Son.

The members of the Zong Clan moved out together, flying outside the Sword Reverence City. However, towering sword-might exuded in another direction, as another group of people appeared. When people from both sides matched their gazes, a formless sword intent clashed against each other in the middle of the air.

The other party was one of the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City, the Li Clan. They too, had arrived!

The leader of the younger generations from the Li Clan was naturally Li Ran. He would be their representative for the battle at the Heavenly Dipper level. Those members that followed behind his back all shifted their gaze onto the people from Zong Clan. Their eyes were filled with provocation as well as heavy disdain.

AGM 409 – Disregard

The one standing right in front of the other group was naturally the clan lord of Li Clan, [Li Zhentian](#). The gaze of this man was filled with extreme sharpness as he turned it in the direction of Zong Yi. His gaze also took in the doyens, the elders, as well as the person behind them, Qin Wentian. “Is this the Sword Son of your Zong Clan?”

李镇天 – Li Zhentian, Li(李) is a surname, Zhen(镇): subdue, tian(天): heavens. Li Subduing the Heavens

As the sound of his voice faded, the members from the younger generation of the Li Clan all shifted over to Qin Wentian.

Seeing how close this young man was standing next to Zong Yi, his status shouldn't be ordinary. There was a high possibility that he might be the Sword Son Zong Yi selected to participate in the battle to control the rights to the sword range.

Li Ran and Li Nian had already met Qin Wentian before. Li Nian then stated, “This man was the person rumored to spend a total of merely three months when he achieved the Perfection Boundary of the first level insight into the Mandate of Swords. Earlier, he still denied saying that he was invited by the Zong Clan, but now I see the reason why—he's afraid of death. Back then if it weren't for Zong Qian taking out his divine weapon, that man would have already died.

“Oh?” Li Zhentian had an expression of interest on his face. After which, he coldly laughed, “It seems like the more time passes, the more the Zong Clan deteriorates.”

Zong Yi merely casted a glance at him without issuing a rebuttal. The most imperative thing this time around was to gain control of the sword range.

Qin Wentian didn't even bother to glance at Li Nian. That day, if he hadn't just arrived at the city, and was unwilling to overly trouble himself over his opponent, Li Nian wouldn't even be here today. Yet to think that now, the moment this woman saw him, she still dared to be so arrogant.

"If we hadn't retreated back then, the person who would have died wouldn't be Brother Qin, but your genius Senior Brother Li Ran." Zong Qian coldly snorted, the Zong Clan was already fully aware of Qin Wentian's prowess. The younger members from the Zong Clan all had cold smiles on their faces as they mockingly stared at Li Nian.

"Who doesn't know how to brag? I hope when we meet you on the battlefield for the contest of the sword range, you will still be able to maintain such confidence," Li Nian retorted.

"You are right. It's just as you say, everyone knows how to brag. My members from the Zong Clan will not wage a war of tongues with you. When the time for battle comes, I want to see if you can still keep that smile on your face." Zong Qian wasn't willing to appear weak, as he countered Li Nian. In the Sword Reverence City, with the three major powers sharing control, as well as the appearance of the demonic sword range, their relationships were like water and fire, how could they lose out in forcefulness even when just comparing stances?

“Qin Wentian seems completely unperturbed.” Those from the Zong Clan glanced at Qin Wentian as they mused in their hearts—when the time for the sword range battle starts, Li Nian would definitely feel as though the words they exchanged today like a tight slap across her face.

The two groups of people made haste and soon after, they arrived at the precipice. They directly descended into the bottom of the ravine. Over at the surrounding area of the sword range, an actual battle arena platform could be seen. Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect stood at its edges, all cloaked in green with swords strapped behind their backs, exuding an extraordinary demeanor. Upon seeing the arrival of the Li and Zong Clan, a terrifying sword intent gushed upwards, radiating overwhelming sharpness. Even before the contest started, they were already revealing their battle intent.

The Li Clan and Zong Clan took their respective corners, and all three major powers lined up into a triangular formation.

Li Zhentian and Zong Yi both took a step forwards in the direction of the Heavenly Sword Sect. The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect leisurely stepped out, and when his gaze came into contact with the two of them, he stated, “I trust that the two clan lords have been well since last we met?”

Li Zhentian clasped his hands as he spoke, “Sect Leader Wuyou, let’s not reminisce about the past. The ten year period has ended and this contest shall later decide who among us will possess the rights to the sword range for the next ten years. Will the rules of

the battle be the same as before?”

The three major powers of the Sword Reverence City were all extremely powerful, yet not one of them could completely crush the other two. If not, that power would have long dominated the Sword Reverence City.

And because of this delicate balance, the three powers chose a somewhat gentler method, by allowing the disciples under them to be representatives in the fight to control the rights of the sword range. Nobody sought to disrupt the balance.

As for the rules of the battle, each of the powers would select a total of three candidates, with the criteria that all three must not be over thirty years of age. A total of two disciples at the Yuanfu Realm and one at the Heavenly Dipper Realm would be selected, and the usage of Divine Weapons was prohibited.

A total of three rounds would decide the victor. For each round, the candidates selected by the three powers would stand upon the stage, and the last man standing would be the victor.

Three battles, and if there was a case where a single power wins two battle, they would directly gain the rights to control the sword range for the next ten years. If all three powers won one match, then in that case, priority would go to the Heavenly Dipper level battle. Hence, the battle at the Heavenly Dipper Level was the most crucial.

But in this place, the three major powers weren't the only ones

present. On the edge of the precipice, several silhouettes appeared. Whether they were here alone or in a group, they'd all come here to spectate the battle.

The battle for the control rights of the sword range wasn't a small matter in the Sword Reverence City. Held once every ten years, the three major powers would do their best to nurture the younger talents of their clan so they would have a chance to win the battle. In other words, the battle here today would be a battle at the pinnacle among those from the younger generations.

"We will stick with the old rules, I suppose," Zong Yi calmly added. Those behind him all had smiles on their faces—as long as Qin Wentian was here, the battle at the Heavenly Dipper level was basically in their pockets, provided that one power didn't achieve a total of two victories in the first two battles.

"It seems like both the Li and Zong Clan are extremely confident."

Upon seeing how Zong Yi and Li Zhentian were acting, the spectators all started discussing intently. However, based on rumours, the strongest candidate this time around should be from the Heavenly Sword Sect by right.

The Heavenly Sword Sect had a few outstanding disciples, and all of them were extremely powerful.

"Fine, since both clan lords want it to be as such, we will stick with the old rules then. For the first battle, Jian Han, go," [Jian](#)

[Wuyou](#) casually spoke, as a young man that exuded an aura of coldness walked up to the stone platform situated in the center. Instantly, a cold and icy sharpness radiated forth, incomparably tyrannical.

剑无忧 – Jian Wuyou, Jian (剑): Sword, Wuyou(无忧): No worries. A sword with no worries/ A carefree sword.

“Li Nian, you are up.” stated Li Zhentian, the clan lord of the Li Clan. Li Nian’s silhouette flickered as she followed suit and stood on the platform.

“Zong Qian. You will fight the first round.” Zong Yi selected Zong Qian.

The three candidates stood atop the stone platform. This scene before them made many of the spectators feel puzzled, Jian Han was definitely more powerful compared to Li Nian of the Li Clan. Yet Li Zhentian actually chose her for the first battle? The selection seemed somewhat unwise.

It was even more strange when both Li Nian and Jian Han actually joined hands and made a move towards Zong Qian at the same time.

“You guys...” Zong Qian’s countenance turned cold as his Astral Souls erupted forth. Yet a surge of coldness had already enveloped him as a sword beam flashed past, containing the chill of death within it.

Li Nian used her movement techniques to get behind Zong Qian,

sealing off his path of retreat. Sword flowers bloomed, as pinpricks of light blossomed in the void.

Zong Qian wasn't a weakling either. He flicked his finger out, causing a gigantic sword containing the strength of a mountain to manifest. It slashed towards Jian Han, wanting to suppress him. At the same time, his left hand wavered and blasted forth a powerful palm imprint towards Li Nian.

“Puchi...” A crisp sound echoed out, the spectators saw Jian Han continue to rush forwards. He ignored Zong Qian's attack, allowing the sword to freely slash at his body in exchange for his own sword to slice apart Zong Qian's throat.

Zong Qian had to make a decision, choosing between life and death in a single instant.

He retracted his left palm, and used it to grab at Jian Han's sword. At the same time, a palm strike blasted on his body, instantly destroying his clothes as terrifying sword qi directly penetrated into his body. This scene caused the expressions of those from the Zong Clan to falter.

“DIE!” Jian Han was someone that had already comprehended a second level insight. A sword light that emulated the properties of flowing water swept out, completely unblockable. Zong Qian hurriedly retreated with explosive speed, jumping off the platform. Only then did he narrowly avoid the sweep of Jian Han's sword.

“Hu...” Taking a deep breath, Zong Qian turned ashen. Even if Jian Han suffered injuries in exchange, he still wanted to blast him off the platform.

After which, the spectators saw the injured Jian Han continue to enjoy a tremendous advantage as he easily suppressed Li Nian. Such a display filled the hearts of the spectators with bewilderment.

The Li Clan selected Li Nian to battle, yet Li Nian combined forces with Jian Han to defeat Zong Qian, before allowing herself to be defeated.

“The Li Clan must have formed an agreement with the Heavenly Sword Sect.”

The expressions on the faces of the crowd stiffened. Zong Yi had also predicted it, and indeed, for the next method, the Li Clan sent out a slightly more powerful candidate while the Heavenly Sword Sect sent out a weaker one. This already indicated that for the second battle, the Heavenly Sword Sect was allowing the Li Clan to win on purpose.

When the battle started, the candidate from Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect simultaneously struck out towards the candidate from the Zong Clan, and their combined forces drove him off the platform. After which, the Li Clan effortlessly obtained a victory for the second round.

The Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect had won one battle

each.

“Despicable.”

“What schemers, both the Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect. They actually opted to use such a disgraceful method.”

The members of the Zong Clan were all infuriated as they coldly stated this conclusion. Yet their clan lord Zong Yi remained unperturbed. He quietly gazed at the other party as he stated, “Clan lord Li and Sect leader Jian seem to be having a lot of fun.”

Jian Wuyou indifferently glanced at Zong Yi, and even before he spoke, a look of contempt could be seen on Li Zhentian’s face as he stated mockingly, “In this generation, the members of your Zong Clan are the weakest. They basically have no qualifications to even fight here for the control of the sword range. Let’s consider your Zong Clan to be eliminated from the contest directly so as to save your clan’s prestige. Zong Clan’s members have no right nor capability to participate in the next battle.”

One could infer from Li Zhentian’s words that he evidently looked down upon the entire younger generation of the Zong Clan. Him joining hands with the Heavenly Sword Sect wasn’t because he was afraid for the Zong Clan. But rather, it was because the Zong Clan didn’t even have the qualifications to compete against them. If that was the case, they might as well eliminate them first.

On the other hand, both the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect had the utmost confidence in their Heavenly Dipper Sword Son.

The chance to possess the control rights of the sword range, they were betting it all on the next battle.

As for the Zong Clan, they were being pushed to the side by the two major powers.

This manner of disregard made the Zong Clan's members boil with anger. The Li Clan had definitely crossed the line.

Zong Yi stared at the arrogant Li Zhentian, and the expression on his face was still as calm as before. The members of the younger generation were indeed slightly weaker in comparison.

Jian Feng from the Heavenly Sword Sect, Li Ran from the Li Clan were both exceedingly powerful. No wonder the two leaders were so confident, and wanted to leave the last battle to the both of them. And because of the presence of these two powerful candidates, none of the attention and focus of the spectators were directed at those from the Zong Clan. If not, during the past few days they would definitely have been able to find out that an unfathomably powerful Sword Son had just appeared in their Zong Clan during that time.

“Jian Feng, we will leave this in your good hands then.” Jian Wuyou stared at the person behind him. This person Jian Feng was none other than the one whom Qin Wentian's perception had sensed when he was meditating in the sword range.

Jian Feng, a disciple from the Heavenly Sword Sect, 29 years of age, someone with outstanding talent whose current cultivation

base was at the first level in the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

“Li Ran, you will fight against him to decide the battle today,” Li Zhentian calmly spoke. For the next ten years, the control rights to the sword range absolutely must not land in the hands of the Heavenly Sword Sect again.

Jian Feng and Li Ran both stepped onto the stone platform in the center. Although their auras were still contained, just standing there made people feel that they were radiating the incomparable might of extremely sharp swords.

As though, they were both swords themselves.

“Qin Wen, go.”

Zong Yi quietly spoke, Qin Wentian nodded his head in response as he advanced forwards. At this moment, the gazes of everyone from the Zong Clan were riveted on Qin Wentian.

Earlier, they had once vilified and contemptuously looked down on this young man. Yet today when they saw Qin Wentian stepping out, their hearts began to burn as the blood within their bodies grew hot.

They thought of how they'd been wronged, first by the Li Clan's humiliating words, and then from the utter disregard that the Heavenly Sword Sect had shown. Sword Son, Qin Wen, would definitely wash clean the slate for the sake of the Zong Clan!

AGM 410 – Sword Keening, Death

During his duel with Zong Peng, the members from the Zong Clan were already aware of how powerful Qin Wentian was.

Utterly tyrannical, these were the only words to describe him. Even without unsheathing his sword, Qin Wentian had shattered Zong Peng's Astral Nova.

Although Li Nian and Jian Feng might be stronger compared to Zong Peng, but would they be able to do what Qin Wentian did? Completely and overwhelmingly suppress Zong Peng, obtaining an effortless victory?

Currently, what the Zong Clan members were worrying about was that Li Nian and Jian Feng—the strongest in their respective power among the younger generations—might join forces to deal with Qin Wentian.

“Who is that person?”

Currently on the edges of the precipice, several of the spectators shifted their gazes onto Qin Wentian. They had never heard of Qin Wentian's name before. However, the eyes of those from the Zong Clan seemed to contain a blazing fire within.

It was as though they had immense confidence in this person, and they believed that he would surely be able to defeat both Li Ran and Jian Feng.

Currently, there were also some that recognized Qin Wentian. Back then when Qin Wentian cultivated his sword at the precipice, there were many that had crossed paths with him. Right now, they involuntarily started—so the guy they had met before was a helper that had been invited by the Zong Clan.

But even so, in front of Li Ran and Jian Feng, no matter how powerful this young man was, he would at most take the role as a spectator. There was nothing to do with him because to put it simply... he just couldn't be compared to either of the two.

“You actually dared to participate in the Heavenly Dipper level battle?”

At this moment in the direction of the Li Clan, a strange glow flashed past Li Nian's eyes as she spoke, feeling somewhat puzzled.

“Li Nian, if Brother Qin hadn't been unwilling to destroy you that day, do you think you would even be here today?” Zong Qian retorted.

Li Ran's eyes also shifted over to Qin Wentian. A look of disdain could be seen on his face as he spoke, “Just get off the platform.”

The next battle was a battle between him and Jian Feng. He had been anticipating this fight for a very long time, hence the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan came to an agreement, ousting the Zong Clan from the contest. Their victory would be decided by Li Ran and Jian Feng.

Jian Feng had an extremely serene look on his countenance, he glanced at Qin Wentian as a thought flashed past his mind. Wasn't this the cultivator that he sensed that night?

He only took a casual glance at Qin Wentian, before shifting his eyes back to Li Ran. Similar to what Li Ran thought, he felt that this battle had nothing to do with Qin Wentian.

It would be for the best if he got off the platform on his own initiative.

Qin Wentian quietly stood there. Although his opponents were Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, to him, battling against opponents at the same level didn't give him any pressure.

That day in the ancient kingdom, with all the geniuses at the pinnacle of Grand Xia gathering there, including the demon-level talents of the transcendent powers, didn't he also obtain the first ranking?

And now in the Sword Reverence City, if it weren't for the sake of helping clan lord Zong Yi to acquire the rights to the sword range, he wouldn't even have bothered participating in this battle.

To him, this was a battle that had no meaning to it.

The unperturbed Qin Wentian acted as though he hadn't heard Li Ran's words. Li Ran, who was currently focusing his attentions

on Jian Feng, frowned in displeasure as a glint of coldness flickered in his eyes. His eyes gradually narrowed into slits as he turned his focus towards Qin Wentian and with a whistling sound, the ancient sword on his back suddenly floated before him, pointing its sword tip straight at Qin Wentian.

“You shouldn’t participate in this battle. Your first mistake was to agree to help Zong Yi. Earlier I gave you a chance to retreat and you didn’t cherish it...that was your second mistake.”

Li Ran spoke indifferently, after which he added to Jian Feng, “We shouldn’t bully him too much. One sword move each, let’s see who can kill him first. How about it?”

After Jian Feng heard Li Ran’s words, he turned his eyes to Qin Wentian as he stated, “You won’t be our match, so you’d better get off the platform now while you still can.”

In the Sword Reverence City, Jian Feng didn’t believe there would be any opponent capable of defeating him if both of them were on the same level. The only exception was Li Ran from the Li Clan, it was said that Li Ran’s talent was extremely outstanding as well, and he was the only person that could make Jian Feng feel interest.

When he was still in Yuanfu, the Heavenly Sword Sect leader, Jian Wuyou had already selected him as the Sword Son. Not to mention now, after several years of cultivation, his Sword Heart had grown even more resolute. He firmly believed that in the Sword Reverence City, it was basically impossible for someone at the same level as him to be able to defeat him.

“Since you are unwilling to make a move, let me destroy him first before fighting against you.”

Li Ran could see that Jian Feng wanted to give Qin Wentian a chance. Yet, he had no patience left. His hands moved forwards, grabbing hold of his hovering sword as he advanced towards Qin Wentian step by step.

Rays of resplendent light shot out from the sword, so dazzling that the spectators couldn't even keep their eyes open. His entire sword was glimmering, so bright and eye-piercing that its glare was akin to that of a blazing sun.

The wind rose up, the glow brightened.

The crowd only saw Li Ran's body seemingly transformed into a beam of sword light. Those who were weaker had no choice but to raise their hands, placing them in front of their eyes.

Why was the light from Li Ran's sword so intense? It felt like the harsh rays from the blazing sun.

The dazzling light flashed, and in the next moment, Li Ran's sword slashed down and almost instantly, an intense beam of light appeared right in front of Qin Wentian. This beam of sword light flashed by, giving others a bone-chilling sensation.

Li Ran wanted to slice Qin Wentian's throat apart with a single

move.

It was rumoured that because of his pride, Li Ran rarely used his sword. But today at the battle of the sword range where countless people were spectating, and before his battle with Jian Feng, he decided to unleash his most showy and attention-grabbing strike to finish off Qin Wentian.

Using the life of the Zong Clan's Sword Son as an offering to his sword.

Even with the blinding glare, several in the crowd were still squinting their eyes. They all wanted to take a look at the life-stealing sword technique of Li Ran.

The members of the Li Clan all had the corners of their lips slightly curled up, as hints of arrogance and pride could be seen on their faces. As for Li Nian, a sneering expression could be seen painted on hers.

The moment the sword descended would be the moment when Qin Wentian would die.

The spectators only saw him closing his eyes. Qin Wentian's sword, that was strapped on his back, abruptly propelled out of its sheath at a speed akin to lightning, flying up in the air before landing into his outstretched palm. His actions seemed impossibly casual, and incredibly smooth. In addition to that, he didn't even try to dodge the sword slash by Li Ran.

Such an incredibly quick sword only needed the timespan of a blink of an eye to steal his life away.

But although Li Ran was fast, Qin Wentian's sword was faster.

His hand that held his sword trembled as the keening of a sword resounded out with its vibrations. However, the spectators could already envision Qin Wentian being killed by that intense sword beam of Li Ran's.

Even those from the Zong Clan were stunned, why wasn't Qin Wentian dodging?

But right now, with the attack speed of that sword, there was no longer a chance for Qin Wentian to dodge, even if he wanted to.

The sword beam descended, Qin Wentian's silhouette was slashed apart as the spectators watch on dumbfoundedly.

Those from the Zong Clan felt their hearts grow cold, while the others felt that it was only to be expected. The corners of Li Nian's lips curled up even higher as the sneer on her face grew even more prominent.

"Mhm?" Right at this moment, a bizarre occurrence took place. They saw a faint shadow gradually lengthening, before manifesting into a figure that eventually appeared two steps behind Li Ran. Li Ran directed the sword beam to slash the silhouette apart, only to see that the silhouette had completely

vanished, causing his slash to land on nothingness.

“This...How swift!” The spectators drew in a cold breath of air. Even with his blinding attack speed, Li Ran didn’t manage to hit his opponent?

The sword intent vanished, and with it, the sword beam dissipated. Yet Qin Wentian could be seen standing in his original spot, with his back facing that of Li Ran’s. The spectators all fixated their gazes onto him, they wanted to see if Qin Wentian had been injured by that strike.

Li Ran slowly turned, yet Qin Wentian remained motionless. This caused the spectators to sigh, Qin Wentian still hadn’t escaped from Li Ran’s attack.

“How is this possible?”

A hoarse voice broke the silence. Li Ran who turned his body, gasped. A bloody wound could be seen on his throat, as fresh blood flowed unceasingly from it.

In that instant, the gazes of everyone all focused over at him, as expressions of terror appeared on their countenances.

Li Ran slowly fell onto the ground, dead.

The sword keens, a person falls.

When sword cultivators crossed blows, the sword wind was the most dangerous. With but a misstep, the throat can be slashed.

Li Ran thought himself as someone superior, flaunting his mediocre skills ‘magnanimously’ and granting Qin Wentian the chance to give up on the battle of his own accord. Yet in the end, he was killed from a slash on his throat. The Sword Son of the Li Clan, has fallen.

An intense cold enveloped Li Nian’s body. Overwhelmed by horror, she stared at the scene in front of her with disbelief. Gazing at the fallen figure, her body involuntarily started to tremble.

Those from the Li Clan all had ashen expressions.

They came to an agreement with the Heavenly Sword Sect because they wanted to allow Li Ran a chance to fight against Jian Feng, to see who among them would be able to acquire the controlling rights to the sword range for the next ten years. But now, the Li Clan was actually eliminated from the contest and they even lost a Sword Son.

“Excellent.”

“Sword Son, Qin Wen.”

The eyes of those from Zong Clan all blazed with fanaticism. Earlier, they were still nervous, but now their disappointment

disappeared completely without a trace, leaving only hot blood surging through their hearts.

That sword attack was too magnificent, sweeping aside the entirety of Zong Clan's humiliation, transforming it into a hard smack across the faces of those from the Li Clan.

Earlier, the words that the Li Clan's clan lord, Li Zhentian had said, were still resounding in the air. Now, he was simply slapping himself in the face.

"Clan lord Li, do not count your chickens before they are hatched," Zong Yi indifferently spoke, his words causing a terrifying cold light to flicker in the eyes of Li Zhentian as he stared at Qin Wentian standing on the platform.

"Clean that up." Li Zhentian waved his hands as someone from his clan went up and took away Li Ran's corpse.

The three powers all agreed that life and death in the contest would be determined by their own fate. Li Ran wanted to kill Qin Wentian but was killed instead.

Over at this area, everyone had astonished expressions on their faces—it seems that the Zong Clan had long made their preparations.

Initially, the Li Clan had wanted to directly engage the Heavenly Sword Sect in the final battle to obtain the control rights of the

sword range for the next ten years, yet they hadn't anticipated that they would become the victims, paving the way for the Zong Clan instead.

For the next battle, as long as the Zong Clan was victorious, the control rights to the sword range would belong to the Zong Clan.

When the gazes of the crowd shifted to Qin Wentian once again, they only saw him inclining his head to stare at Jian Feng. "You might as well get down the platform while you still can."

Qin Wentian's tone of voice was extremely ordinary, without any fluctuations. Earlier Jian Feng had 'allowed' him to get down the platform and now, he was returning the words spoken back to Jian Feng.

But the situation now was different from before.

Before this, everyone thought that Jian Feng's words were reasonable, but now, their positions were reversed.

A single sword move had slayed Li Ran, and although Jian Feng was the candidate with the strongest talent in the Heavenly Sword Sect, was he strong enough to fight against the Sword Son of the Zong Clan?

That day in the flatlands underneath the precipice, that female who'd once mocked Qin Wentian's sword arts as incomparably clumsy felt a surge of surrealism assailing her senses. The one

whom she'd ridiculed before, was telling her esteemed Senior Brother Jian Feng to get off the platform of his own accord.

“Sword keening, manifesting sword shadows. What second level insight did you comprehend, exactly? Jian Feng asked. Such a sword intent even made him feel a chill in his heart.

“I have no idea what others call it. But I named it, Sword Melody,” Qin Wentian indifferently spoke. Jian Feng nodded his head, “Sword Keen, Sword Melody, it is an extremely apt name for it. I’m afraid if I fight against this intent, my ending will be the same as Li Ran. I admit my defeat.”

Jian Feng’s words resounded in the air. Taking no heed for the opinions of others and ignoring the prestige of the Sword Heavenly Sect, he turned and walked down the platform. He was conceding defeat.

Was this from fear of death? Or was his Sword Heart not resolute enough?

On the contrary, it was directly because Jian Feng’s Sword Heart was resolute enough that he could utter such words, with openness and honesty in that situation. If he were to cross swords with Qin Wentian, his death would surely be imminent, so he chose to get off the platform instead!

AGM 411 – Variable

The Sword Son of the Li Clan, Li Ran, had his throat slashed and fell in battle.

The Sword Son of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Feng, chose to voluntarily concede, walking down the arena platform.

Shock suffused the eyes of the spectators, they all felt the scene in front of them was cloaked in a sense of surrealism.

Today, the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect came to an agreement. The final battle was originally to be fought by Li Ran and Jian Feng. The victor of their battle would determine who the control rights of the sword range belonged to.

The Zong Clan, they who had been disregarded, had actually produced a new Sword Son for this generation. That Sword Son used the most tyrannical method to obtain victory in the third and final battle.

Not only that, from the beginning till the end, he had only used a single sword move.

A single move allowed him to become the victor, acquiring the control rights to the sword range.

The victor of this contest had determined that the sword range belonged to the Zong Clan for the next ten years.

The Li Clan, Zong Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect all won a battle each. Yet the battle won by the Zong Clan was the one at the Heavenly Dipper level. Hence, they were crowned as the final victor.

“After all your calculations and schemes, yet ultimately, you forgot to measure your potential losses,” Zong Yi faintly spoke, his words causing many to sigh in agreement.

If the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan hadn’t made that deal beforehand, and instead, fought truly with all their strength, maybe one of the powers would have obtained two consecutive victories in the first two battles. If that was the case, the winner would have obtained the control rights even before there was a need to fight the third battle.

But, because they had too much confidence in their Sword Sons, they had totally disregarded the Zong Clan and wanted to eliminate their party first. But finally, their actions paved the way for the Zong Clan, allowing them to gain the control rights of the sword range.

Nobody had ever imagined such an ending.

Qin Wentian’s sword returned back to its sheath as he slowly walked towards the direction of the Zong Clan’s crowd. The members of the Zong Clan all turned their gazes onto him, their eyes blazing with a flaming passion.

He was the Sword Son of their Zong Clan. At this moment, it was as though Qin Wentian's different surname was completely forgotten by them. He had brought glory to the Zong Clan, and the turbid breath that they suppressed in their hearts, was unleashed today in a most satisfying manner. In front of the spectators from the Sword Reverence City, this victory was akin to a resounding slap to the faces of both the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect.

However, at this moment Qin Wentian was exceptionally quiet, as though nothing had happened at all. To him, this battle wasn't a challenge at all. Even if he was victorious, there was nothing to be proud of. The matters following after this could all be handed over to Zong Yi to handle, there was no need for him to worry about that. But one good thing was that since the Zong Clan had already gained the control rights for the sword range, he could freely enter the region, and more accurately, comprehend the sword intent from that demon sword at a closer distance.

His second level of insight for the Mandate of Swords had been comprehended precisely from the demon sword.

"Isn't it time for the Heavenly Sword Sect to recall the guards you posted at the sword range?" Zong Yi calmly stated. According to the rules, since the Zong Clan was the victor, they would be the 'owner' of the sword range for the next ten years. In that case, those from the Heavenly Sword Sect naturally had to withdraw from here.

The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou unperturbedly stared at Zong Yi as his lips curled in a cold smile. Zong Yi furrowed his brows upon seeing this, was the Heavenly

Sword Sect going to break the balance between them?

The three major powers of the Sword Reverence City had maintained the delicate balance for several years, and not one of them dared to say that they were strong enough to devour the two other powers. This was because the individual strength of the three powers wasn't equal, and if two powers worked together and eliminated the third, the weaker of the two powers would soon be the next to fall.

Hence, the delicate balance was able to be preserved all these years.

“Brother Zong, let me just remind you. If this was in the past and the Zong Clan won the contest, the control rights would definitely have belonged to your Zong Clan for a period of ten years. But today, the contest was merely a formality, I urge Brother Zong to best not delude yourself into thinking that you can acquire the control rights of the sword range.”

Jian Wuyou stated with a sly smile, his words causing expressions of interest to appear on the faces of the crowd. By breaking the rules, the Heavenly Sword Sect was obviously provoking the Zong Clan.

“Does sect leader Jian think that the Heavenly Sword Sect has already grown to such an extent where it can disregard the existence of my Zong Clan?” Zong Yi's voice contained the hint of a chill, yet it seemed that Jian Wuyou wasn't bothered by it at all. He merely laughed coldly and replied, “Not my Heavenly Sword Sect, but there are others who wish to gain control of this sword

range. These people are now the esteemed guests of my Heavenly Sword Sect and I'm merely trying to persuade you out of pure goodwill. In fact, I'm doing this for Brother Zong's sake."

"Oh? Then I, Zong, really have to ask who is it exactly who wishes to control this demonic sword range?" Zong Yi's eyes bore into Jian Wuyou.

"Me."

At this moment, a person spoke from behind Jian Wuyou. Previously, this person stood all the way at the back, closing his eyes in meditation, appearing inconspicuous as the people in front blocked the sight of him. But now, the spectators discovered that this man was wearing robes that were completely different compared to the members of the Heavenly Sword Sect. The man was clad in a luxurious golden robe and an intense and heavy sense of pride was etched on his features, while his entire person radiated an aura of sharpness.

This man walked out and slowly raised his head, looking straight at Zong Yi before stating, "There was no need for that earlier battle, it was just that Wuyou wanted to abide by the previous rules, and hence I allowed it. But regardless of what the results might be, for the next ten years, the control rights to the sword range will still belong to the Heavenly Sword Sect. No one else may be involved in it."

The tone of the middle-aged man in the luxurious clothing carried a sense of undoubtable imperiousness. Regardless of whether it was the Zong Clan or the Li Clan, both of them had no

qualifications to refute his orders.

“If that’s the case, why was there still a need to act like you still followed the previous rules? How laughable,” Zong Yi coldly inquired, “Who are you exactly?”

“You have no need to know,” the middle-aged man indifferently spoke, “As for your earlier battle, Jian Wuyou was determined to send his disciples from the Heavenly Sword Sect to battle. If the disciple sent out was from my clan instead, how could your Sword Son have stood a chance of winning?”

“Oh?”

Zong Yi countered, “Since you’ve said that, I, Zong, would really like to take a look at how any first level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from your Clan would be able to defeat the Sword Son of my Zong Clan. If my representative is defeated, we will leave immediately and not spout another word in protest. Not only that, my Zong Clan will offer you ten thousand fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones for compensation. How about it?”

“Mhm?” Zong Yi words caused the expressions on the faces of the crowd to freeze slightly, what strong confidence he had. Zong Yi didn’t even inquire at the identity of the other party, yet he dared to speak such forceful words. Most probably, the middle-aged man also hailed from an impressive background that was most likely a major power. However, Zong Yi didn’t even ensure and directly rebutted challenging the middle-aged man’s words. He really wanted to see who the middle-aged man would send out and if they would be able to defeat the Sword Son of his Zong Clan.

The Zong Clan's members were all extremely shocked as well. Zong Yi actually had such overwhelming confidence in their Sword Son, Qin Wen.

If they knew that the Sword Son of their clan was the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, sweeping past all the demon-level talents in Grand Xia when he was at the ninth level of Yuanfu, they would be feeling as confident as Zong Yi. Since he was unrivalled in the same cultivation level when he fought in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, now that he was in the first level of Heavenly Dipper, who could possibly still be his match?

The middle-aged man frowned, he was the one who'd said that and now Zong Yi was using his own words against him, issuing a challenge while introducing such high stakes. If he rejected it, wouldn't that mean he was smacking his own face?

"Ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones? How generous of you." The middle-aged man laughed coldly. "Since you are so confident, I shall accept your bet."

"What if you are the one who loses?" Zong Yi inquired calmly, with no hints of anger in his tone.

"Lose?" The middle-aged man hadn't even considered that. In the Sword Reverence City, at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, how could there be anyone able to defeat the chosen of his Wang Clan, Wang Jue? Although Wang Jue didn't obtain a good position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, nobody could doubt his strength.

After his breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper, he was a character that the clan paid special attention to, nurturing him with their best resources. How could he be defeated by someone from a mere place like Sword Reverence City?

If the middle-aged man had personally witnessed the battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings back then, he might not have been so confident.

And now, the Grand Xia was in chaos. After the Venerate Heavens Sect divulged that the fate of Grand Xia was changing, his Wang Clan had to make sure that their preparations were being done well. Hence, they came to the nearby Sword Reverence City and wanted to gain control of the demonic sword range. At the same time, they would try their best to see if they could excavate the unique demon sword away for their own usage.

“If the person I sent out is defeated, we will shelve our plans for the sword range and leave immediately. Also, I will gift you a total of ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones as well.” The middle-aged man coldly laughed. Ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones was definitely an astronomical number. Since the Zong Clan wanted to offer it to him, why would he reject it?

Not only that, these ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones didn’t need to be handed over to his clan coffers. Hence, he accepted Zong Yi’s proposal. If not, he wouldn’t even be bothered about Zong Yi.

“Return to the Heavenly Sword Sect immediately, and inform my Wang Clan’s members to come over. We will move the plan of taking over the sword range forward,” the middle-aged man

commanded. Jian Wuyou nodded, as he instructed a cultivator to carry out the middle-aged man's instructions.

Upon seeing this scene, the spectators didn't depart but chose to wait there patiently instead. They wanted to see what background did this middle-aged man in luxurious robes belonged to exactly. Even the Heavenly Sword Sect had to be this servile to them.

Those from the Zong Clan were all extremely nervous. Ten thousand fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones, a whole ten thousand, this number was too terrifying. Clan lord Zong Yi actually betted all of it on the Sword Son, How could they not be breathless just from hearing the astronomical amount betted?

But still, if the Zong Clan retreated just like that, where would their prestige be then?

For the sake of their honor, for the sake of the sword range, clan lord Zong Yi had no choice but to make such a decision.

Now, they could only depend on Qin Wentian.

After a few moments of waiting, a whistling sound echoed in the air as a terrifying sharpness radiated over from the edge of the precipice. Inclining their heads, they saw a terrifying group of cultivators descending. Not all of them stood on swords, but they controlled and executed a variety of innate techniques, standing in the air as their sharp gazes bore down on those below. The sharpness of their gazes created an apprehensive feeling in the hearts of the crowd.

“Those youths have gazes as sharp as the edges of blades and sabres. They are definitely extraordinary characters, and each one of them exudes a terrifying presence while projecting an aura that makes people fear being their enemy. As for those elders, just a single look from them would be sufficient to pierce through the sea of consciousness of a weaker cultivator.”

The hearts of the crowd clenched as these people continued downwards. That middle-aged man in the luxurious clothings had a cold and arrogant expression on his face. “Daring to gamble against my Wang Clan? The Zong Clan of Sword Reverence City, I’m truly impressed by your bravery.”

“Wang Clan?” Looks of contemplation appeared on the faces of the spectators. Abruptly, a fearful light flashed past their eyes.

The Sword Reverence City was located in the central region of Grand Xia. And the nearest continent was none other than the War Continent.

Claiming themselves to be from the Wang Clan, in addition to their arrogant behaviour. Could it be that they were the Wang Clan of the War Continent?

“A transcendent power, and not only that, they are one of the strongest nine.” The hearts of the crowd trembled. No wonder, no wonder these people were so arrogant.

The Zong Clan against the Wang Clan, how could they not lose?

The members of Zong Clan all had thunderstruck expressions on their faces, the countenance of each of them turned somewhat pale white.

They inferred that maybe those who arrived was a major power from another region yet, they never expected that this newcomer would be someone that came from none other than the Wang Clan from the War Continent!

AGM 412 – Path Of Retreat

A year ago, in the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia in Ginkou, those from the Sword Reverence City hadn't participated in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. Yet they were still very clear on the end results, due to the news and rumors circulating around Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian, a genius with monstrous talent, shocked the entire world by defeating the strongest genius from the younger generation of the Chen Clan, Chen Wang, as well as the dark horse, Si Qiong. He tyrannically slayed the Heaven's Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall, Zhan Chen, solidifying his first ranker position. He offended several of the transcendent powers and even used the fame and prestige of his results in the ranking battle, announcing to the world his relationship with Mo Qingcheng.

The Heavenly Fate Rankings contenders of the past year were proclaimed as the strongest batch in a thousand years.

Wang Jue, who ranked sixth in the Heavenly Fate Rankings a batch ago, couldn't even get in the top ten for the recent one. Yet, that didn't mean Wang Jue was weak, but rather... the contestants were all just too powerful.

After the Heavenly Fate Rankings were concluded, those who were ranked in the top few positions all stepped into Heavenly Dipper. Naturally, Wang Jue of the War Continent did so as well. As a chosen of the Wang Clan, there was no need to doubt his combat prowess, and he would certainly be able to sweep through the Sword Reverence City unrivalled in comparison to cultivators

of the same cultivation level as him.

And what more, as a transcendent power, how powerful was the Wang Clan? Even if Wang Jue wasn't the one selected, how could any of their other Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns at the first level of Heavenly Dipper be weak?

And now, Zong Yi, the clan lord of the Zong Clan was actually challenging the Wang Clan of the War Continent to gamble the outcome of this next battle, with an additional stake of ten thousand fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones.

“Wang Jue.” The middle-aged man in luxurious robe glanced towards a young man standing in the air.

“Wang Jue, it's really him!” The countenances of those from the Zong Clan all turned incredibly unsightly. As for those from the Heavenly Sword Sect, all of them had cold smiles on their faces.

“The Zong Clan of the Sword Reverence City has immense confidence in their Sword Son and actually dares to propose a bet with our Wang Clan, with a stake of ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones. Wang Jue, go and show him the meaning of there will always be a sky beyond a sky, a mountain beyond a mountain,” the middle-aged man faintly spoke. Wang Jue's countenance was serene as he walked forwards. He heard the legends of the demon sword, and with his interest piqued, he joined this trip to the Sword Reverence City.

He engraved his failure and experiences of the Heavenly Fate

Rankings battle deep inside his heart, constantly reminding himself that he had to keep getting stronger.

And now, in this pathetic city, there was actually someone daring to challenge him. The audacity of this act caused a cold light to flash past his eyes.

“With Wang Jue present, I think Brother Zong would fare better if you just relinquished your claim on the sword range and leave here after handing over the Yuan Meteor Stones.” Jian Wuyou grinned maliciously. Yet Zong Yi seemed as calm as ever, he wasn’t worried about the results of this battle but rather, he was thinking that even if their Zong Clan won, would a transcendent power like the Wang Clan really give up the control rights of the sword range?

Most probably, it was impossible.

Looking at the forceful stance of the middle-aged man, it seemed that the Wang Clan wouldn’t give up until they obtained those control rights.

“I, Zong, am willing to take a step back. Let’s forget about this battle, and we will share the control rights together with the Wang Clan. In addition, for the Yuan Meteor Stones agreement, I’m willing to pay half of it to the Wang Clan. How about it?” Zong Yi contemplated for a moment before stating his terms, showing his willingness to compromise.

However, the middle-aged man evidently didn’t feel the same. He coldly laughed, and said, “Knowing your Zong Clan is no match for

us and only choosing to give in now? How laughable. WHERE is the Sword Son of your Zong Clan?”

Qin Wentian was mingled in with the Zong Clan’s members. After he departed the ancient kingdom, he came to the Sword Reverence City in secret because he wasn’t willing to leak traces of his whereabouts. Who would have imagined that he would meet people from the Wang Clan here.

But matters had come to this, and it was useless even if he wished to avoid it now.

Qin Wentian stepped out, his silhouette flickered and appeared an instant later on the platform. Upon seeing his figure up on the stage, the members of the Zong Clan couldn’t help but sigh in their hearts.

Although Qin Wentian defeated the Sword Son of the Heavenly Sword Sect, it wouldn’t be so easy if he fought against Wang Jue of the Wang Clan. It was basically impossible for him to win.

At this moment, Qin Wentian had his arms crossed behind his back as he slowly raised his head to look at Wang Jue who was in front of him. Instantly, an aura of incredible sharpness radiated out from Wang Jue, as well as Wang Xiao who was standing behind him.

“It’s him.” Wang Jue stiffened, he would never have expected to encounter Qin Wentian here. Hiding under the title of Sword Son of Zong Clan was a marvelous plan indeed.

A few months ago, news had spread that Ouyang Kuangsheng returned to the Ouyang Clan and Bai Qing returned to the Mystic Moon Sect, causing an immense stir to the other transcendent powers. People from the Chen Clan were still standing guard around the ancient kingdom, yet somehow Qin Wentian and the others had all already escaped in secret. This news was like a resounding slap on the faces of the Chen Clan. Hence, in a fit of fury, the Chen Clan sent out a missive to capture Qin Wentian, yet they could find no traces of him anywhere.

Wang Jue stood in his original position, he didn't step up onto the platform. Although he had confidence in himself, he wasn't so confident that he was strong enough to obtain a victory when facing against a monster like Qin Wentian. After all, Qin Wentian had been unrivalled in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, sweeping through the other demon-level geniuses with ease.

He had personally witnessed the battle of Qin Wentian fighting against Chen Wang and Si Qiong. Qin Wentian had no weaknesses, and how strong had he become now that he'd stepped into Heavenly Dipper? Most probably, just the astral warbeasts he summoned would already be sufficient to wipe out opponents at the same level as him.

"Wang Jue." The middle-aged man called out again, glancing impatiently at Wang Jue, who was still standing in the air.

Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Zong Clan all had looks of puzzlement on their faces. Wang Jue stood there unmoving and in his eyes, it was as though they could see an intense sense of fear

and terror.

“Just a mere Zong Clan from a lousy sword city, do they even have the qualifications to negotiate conditions with our Wang Clan? Let alone even wanting to challenge Wang Jue in a battle. Uncle, just tell them to scram.” To cover up for Wang Jue’s awkwardness, Wang Xiao immediately stepped up and spoke. The middle-aged man frowned as a lack of understanding appeared on his face. “A free gift of ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones, why do you want to give up on it?”

“That’s right, just take the free gift. The Zong Clan doesn’t understand how high up the Heavens are, why not let noble nephew Wang Jue help teach clan lord Zong Yi and those from the Zong Clan a lesson?” Jian Wuyou coldly laughed. Yet, he only saw Wang Jue icily shooting a glance at him, causing him to involuntarily take a step back. Had he said something wrong?

Wang Jue spoke coldly as he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian. “The Chen Clan are looking for you everywhere. What do you think they would do if they were to find out that you’ve been hiding here?”

“Huh?” The expressions of the crowd all faltered when they heard Wang Jue’s words. Was Wang Jue acquainted with the Sword Son of Zong Clan?

“Do we fight or not?” Qin Wentian inclined his head, his gaze akin to a sharp sword landing on Wang Jue. Just that simple gaze made Wang Jue’s heart tremble uncontrollably. Back then on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, Qin Wentian had this precise look

in his eyes when he killed Zhan Chen and defeated both Si Qiong and Chen Wang.

Wang Jue didn't reply. That middle-aged man frowned even deeper as he asked Wang Jue, "Who is this person exactly?"

"Qin Wentian!" Wang Jue glared at Qin Wentian as he spat the words out. Momentarily, a terrifying light gleamed in the eyes of the middle-aged man as the expression on his face stiffened for a moment.

The first ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian.

"Qin Wentian?" The countenances of members from the Zong Clan faltered. Wasn't their Sword Son named Qin Wen? He was Qin Wentian?

Among them, one of the more knowledgeable ones involuntarily exclaimed—"In the ancient kingdom last year, the contestant that defeated Chen Wang to obtain the position of the first ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, was Qin Wentian."

As the sound of that voice faded, the surrounding crowd all focused their attention onto the young man standing on the platform. Is this Qin Wentian, that Qin Wentian?

He was crowned king of the Heavenly Fate Rankings?

Wang Jue, at the instant he noticed Qin Wentian, didn't even

dare to take half a step forward.

Those from the Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect were all frozen in shock. No wonder Zong Yi was so confident, the Sword Son of his clan was none other than Qin Wentian! This young man dominated the Heavenly Fate Rankings and was unmatched when compared to cultivators of the same level.

The eyes of the Zong Clan members from the younger generation were all filled with blazing fervor as they stared at Qin Wentian's silhouette. He casually stood there on the platform, yet the chosen from a transcendent power didn't even dare to advance an inch forward.

So what if you are a Heaven's Chosen? You don't even have the courage to put up a fight.

"What? The top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings has actually been hiding in my clan? I had absolutely no idea about this." A young cultivator from the Zong Clan sighed, his face was filled with emotions. He found it unbelievable that he'd interacted with such a legend—the crowned king of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Qin Wentian's physique seemed to grow even taller and formidable. He stood there, like a fabled legend.

He was just the same as Hua Taixu of that year, standing at the pinnacle of Yuanfu Realm throughout the entire Grand Xia.

This person actually appeared in the Zong Clan and became it's Sword Son. Even so, he'd endured plenty of ridicule before this.

“Did you know of his identity from the start?” The middle-aged man stared at Zong Yi, his countenance ice-cold.

“Can I ask if we are still proceeding with the bet?” Zong Yi didn't reply. Since Qin Wentian had already stepped out, there would be no difference even if he answered that he didn't know of Qin Wentian's true identity. At this moment, he would rather adopt a forceful stance, his eyes boring back into the middle-aged man clad in luxurious robes.

“If I say yes, do you even dare accept?” The middle-aged man glared at Zong Yi.

“Sure,” Zong Yi calmly replied with a single word.

“Are you serious?” The middle-aged man asked again, his tone containing a deadly chill within.

“Why not?” Zong Yi's countenance was as calm as ever as he replied. In the next instant, the middle-aged man let out a laugh instead as he waved his hands. “Very well, since you dared to accept the bet, I shall give the control rights of the sword range to you. For the matter of the ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones, I will command my men back in the War Continent to prepare the sum before handing it over to you. Just you wait.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the silhouette of the middle-aged man vanished from sight as he departed the region.

The silhouettes of the Wang Clan's members all flickered as they left together with the middle-aged man. Jian Wuyou had a cold smile on his face as he turned and glanced at Zong Yi. "Brother Zong is truly decisive, but it seems that you've made a rather stupid decision. I truly hope the appetite of your Zong Clan is large enough to devour the control rights to the sword range."

Following which, those from the Heavenly Sword Sect departed as well.

The members of the Li Clan rejoiced in the misfortunes that would soon befall the Zong Clan. It seems like there would soon be a good show to watch for the citizens of the Sword Reverence City.

Very quickly, the flatland in the bottom of the precipice was left with only those from the Zong Clan. The Heavenly Sword Sect had pulled out their guards stationed at the sword range, leaving it for the Zong Clan. However, everyone understood this was merely temporary—how could a transcendent power give up so easily like this?

First off, without mentioning the control rights to the sword range and the ten thousand Yuan Meteor Stones, their entire Zong Clan might even be in great danger.

Qin Wentian's brows were tightly furrowed, the Wang Clan didn't dare to make a move because the members that were on this

trip weren't powerful enough. Also, the Wang Clan knew that the Divine Stele Remnant of the Wang Clan was in his hands as well, how could they give up so easily?

With the completed Divine Stele in his hands, who wouldn't be tempted by greed, not wanting to take it? That was the completed Divine Stele!

Yet, those from the Wang Clan directly departed without saying a word. Obviously, they were heading back to the War Continent to gather even stronger experts before making a trip back to the Sword Reverence City. This place wasn't safe anymore.

Qin Wentian himself hadn't expected that he would run into people from the Wang Clan over here.

Turning back, he walked to Zong Yi as he stated apologetically, "I've greatly implicated Uncle Zong."

"My heart is already determined, so there's nothing to fear," Zong Yi lightly replied, patting Qin Wentian on his shoulders as he smiled and continued, "The blood in my veins is still running hot."

Qin Wentian felt warm currents in his heart, as a smile appeared on his face. After which, Zong Yi turned and addressed the members of the Zong Clan, "Return to the clan immediately for an emergency meeting."

The Zong Clan definitely needed to ensure that their

preparations were done well in the face of what was coming.

The members of Zong Clan all nodded their heads as they stared intently at Qin Wentian, before their silhouettes flickered before departing from this place.

That day, the members of the younger generation of Zong Clan, as well as the weaker females and children, all left the Sword Reverence City by means of a Distance-Transference Array. Only now did the members of Zong Clan know that all this while, their clan had actually possessed such a powerful Array.

A crafty rabbit owns three burrows. As a hidden faction of the Azure Emperor, the Zong Clan would naturally leave a path of retreat for themselves. This Distance-Transference Array was obtained through spending an astronomical amount of wealth. They had to hire a Grandmaster that excelled in the concept of space to create this for them.

In the span of a day, only those with combat strength were left behind. At the same time, the Array was also destroyed for safety reasons. Following which, under cover of the night, they headed back to the flatland where the sword range was located.

Evidently, the Zong Clan had decided to forsake their status here in the Sword Reverence City—Qin Wentian observed their lightning quick actions, marveling at the decisiveness and spirit of Zong Yi!

AGM 413 – Clashing Of Swords At The Precipice

During the night, at the bottom of the precipice, silence pervaded the sword range's surroundings. A row of figures turned their gazes on the demon sword embedded deep within the earth, wondering when the time would come for someone to appear with the ability to pull out the demon sword.

“Let's get started, directly destroy the sword range and search for swords buried underneath the land,” Zong Yi commanded, he was someone with an extremely decisive character. Not only that, he had the most authority in the Zong Clan. Hence, when Qin Wentian sought him out previously, he only hesitated for a moment before acquiescing and agreeing to follow the successor of the Azure Emperor. He was filled with anticipation for the day when they could stand at the pinnacle of Grand Xia again.

Clan lord of Zong Clan, Zong Yi, had vision and boldness far surpassing those old men at the White Deer Institute.

Currently, there was no way for them to continue living in the Sword Reverence City. The Heavenly Sword Sect joined forces with the Wang Clan from the War Continent and might make a move against their Zong Clan. In that case, they needed to excavate the sword range even quicker in this short amount of time. There was no longer a need to care about the other powers.

Natural swords were birthed in the sword range, all due to the energy fluctuations from the demon sword. Once these ancient swords took form, sword intent would begin to emanate from

them. Previously, when the three powers excavated the ancient swords, they needed to take into consideration long term benefits and took care not to destroy the sword range because of a moment of greed. They would only excavate those fully formed swords that emanated sword intent.

But now, things were different. Since the Wang Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect had colluded together and wanted to force them out, why would they still be worried and afraid about damaging the sword range? They might as well destroy it, leaving nothing behind that would benefit the other powers.

Those from the Zong Clan all nodded their heads as they dispersed in all directions, carrying out the order. They unsheathed their swords and hacked the surroundings apart in their quest to gather all the ancient swords.

Zong Yi and Qin Wentian remained in their original positions from when Qin Wentian spoke out. “Uncle Zong, I’m afraid that the Heavenly Sword Sect might be able to deduce your intentions. If the Wang Clan really wants to make a move against the Zong Clan, they would surely make use of the Heavenly Sword Sect to monitor our movements.”

“I know.” Zong Yi nodded. “Hence, I sent all the weaker ones away in one day, and immediately carried out this plan with the swiftness of a thunderbolt. I only need a night of time, and if they truly were to appear here right now, we have no choice but to clash with them.”

“It seems like Uncle Zong has already considered all the various

situations.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head as he continued, “I’ll go take a look at the demon sword.”

“Wentian, that sword is really too demonic, so be extremely prudent when approaching it. Take note that you do not come into the slightest contact with the demon sword’s body, or allow the blood from your body to touch it,” Zong Yi warned. He and Qin Wentian walked forwards together as they neared the thousand-meter tall gigantic demon sword.

A terrifying surge of sword intent permeated the air. Qin Wentian’s perception extended outwards, he could hear the keening of the sword that was akin to the miserable howls of demons. The next instant, he felt a hail of swords zooming towards him. He immediately shut all six of his senses, no longer using his perception to hear the sword’s keening. If he’d continued for a second longer, he wouldn’t be able to withstand the sound of the sword keening in the void.

Finally, Zong Yi and Qin Wentian stood in the air atop the demon sword. Looking at that gigantic sword hilt, Qin Wentian asked, “Uncle Zong, this sword has already been here for so long, even those from the War Continent knew of its existence, but why has nobody been able to acquire it in the past even till today?”

“You can try it out, but don’t touch the sword’s body,” Zong Yi replied. Qin Wentian nodded his head slightly as he flew downwards, going nearer to the sword hilt. He wrapped both his hands around the hilt and used the entirety of his strength in trying to pull it out. Yet, the demon sword was still embedded within the ground as securely as before, not even moving a single

jot.

“You can’t imagine how deeply the sword has been entrenched into the ground. Experts from my Zong Clan, the Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect have all tried before, nobody could pull it out.” Zong Yi smiled, “Not only that, this sword behaves like a real demon, if you come into contact with the sword’s body, it will drain you of your blood completely. Hence, no matter what, do not come into contact with, or allow your blood to flow onto the sword’s body.”

Qin Wentian gave up after a while, stepping away from the demon sword. After hearing Zong Yi’s explanation, he understood what a difficult feat it would be.

At this moment, Zong Yi’s eyebrows twitched as he sighed. “I didn’t think they would respond this fast. I’m feeling quite reluctant about this.”

Zong Yi then called out, “Members of the Zong Clan, gather.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the Zong clan all over the sword range halted their excavation attempts. Their silhouettes flickered as they appeared by Zong Yi’s side.

Zong Yi took a step out as he slowly rose in the air. Moments later, the sounds of swords whistling echoed out as several silhouettes appeared, standing on both edges of the precipice.

Upon seeing the arrival of these people, the countenance of those from Zong Clan all grew exceptionally unsightly.

“The control rights of the sword range belongs to my Zong Clan, what are the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan here for? Are you planning something?” Zong Yi coldly stated.

So, the two groups of people were experts from both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan. They came jointly as a group, yet there were no hints of anyone from the Wang Clan.

Li Zhentian gazed down at the sword range as he spoke, “The Zong Clan isn’t excavating the sword range. You are trying to destroy it, right?”

Zong Yi’s countenance turned cold, “Does the Li Clan also wish to involve themselves in this matter?”

If both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan had joined forces, there was only one reason—the Wang Clan. They must have offered the Li Clan something so valuable that their gains far outweighed the risk of this action. In other words, to act against the Zong Clan, the Li Clan had to consider if they themselves would be the next victim.

Qin Wentian was also sighing, the Wang Clan moves fast indeed. They didn’t even give the Zong Clan a full 24 hours, and directly contacted the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan to monitor the Zong Clan’s movements.

As for why those the from Wang Clan weren't present, it was highly probable that they feared the strength of the completed Divine Stele and wanted to use the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan as cannon fodder to probe its capabilities. If the Divine Stele was still as powerful as it was a year ago, the Wang Clan would then wait for another opportunity to act instead.

Sadly, the ancient will of the Divine Stele wasn't that strong, even a year ago. And after that exhaustive battle, the ancient will was already severely weakened, and there was no way to use it to attack any more.

"Hehe, those from the Zong Clan can leave. But the Sword Son of the Zong Clan must remain behind," Jian Wuyou, the sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect stated, his words causing Qin Wentian's gaze to flicker.

The Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan directly stated his name, wanting to keep him in their grasp. Without a doubt, this must be an order passed down by the Wang Clan.

Zong Yi coldly swept his gaze onto Jian Wuyou as he icily stated, "So long as the Zong Clan lives, the Sword Son shall live."

"Zong Yi, the Zong Clan has a long history of many years, why would you allow your clan to be consigned to eternal damnation with no hope of reprieve, all for the sake of one person? I know all of your clan's elites are here today, and this holds true for the both of us. Currently, people from both our sides are already pursuing your other clan members. You'd better consider this carefully."

Jian Wuyou's aura grew increasingly colder as he threatened Zong Yi. Unless it was absolutely essential, he wasn't willing to start a battle.

If they fought, the Zong Clan would be exterminated, but both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan would suffer disastrous losses. This wasn't the ending he wanted. After all, although there were grudges between them and the Zong Clan, it wasn't serious enough to the point where they had to annihilate each other.

It was only that the Wang Clan was too ruthless—they commanded both the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan to act, yet they themselves hadn't made an appearance. They only made a verbal promise to lend a helping hand at the most crucial moment.

“Zong Yi, even if you don't care about yourselves, do you not care about the safety of the other members of your Zong Clan? Risking clan annihilation for a brat. Is it worth it?” Li Tianzhen also added.

Zong Yi coldly laughed. “Are you guys truly willing to go all out and fight with my clan to the death, suffering disastrous losses just because of a command from the Wang Clan? Even if my entire clan is annihilated, I will ensure that the deaths of each of my clan members will be paid back in your blood. After that, what would you get if the Wang Clan gained the control rights to the sword range? I'm afraid shortly after that, the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City will disappear, to be replaced by others. Have you all considered that carefully?”

Zong Yi's voice resounded throughout the sword range, his tone exceptionally cold, blatantly shoving the facts right in the faces of the members from the other two powers.

In truth, the three major powers weren't really willing to erupt in battle.

“We have to retain Qin Wentian. Zong Yi, if you refuse to give in, we have no choice but to battle.” The sect leader from the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou, stated. He didn't have Zong Yi's courage, he wouldn't pick the same choice Zong Yi did, abandoning the status and prestige of the Heavenly Sword Sect in Sword Reverence City and relocate to some godforsaken place.

Zong Yi then turned and spoke to his clan members. “The situation tonight is something I hadn't anticipated. I have implicated all of you. However, none of my clan members are those cowardly types that fear death. I, Zong Yi, vow that I will be the last person from our clan to leave this place. Now go, protect the Sword Son and retreat from here.”

As his command rang out, the experts of the Zong Clan all soared up in the skies, as a terrifying sword intent emitted a keening whistle through the surroundings, so powerful that it stifled the people's movements.

“KILL!”

Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan acted decisively with no hesitation.

Since matters had come to this, in that case, they could only conclude this with a battle.

The powerful glow from their swords lit up the night sky. Regardless of the Li Clan or the Heavenly Sword Sect, their elite experts combined forces as their sword energy condensed into a sword beam, slashing outwards with unquestionable might contained within.

Only to see that at this moment, those from Zong Clan soared up to the skies, they assembled themselves in a methodically arranged position. If one were to pay meticulous attention, they'd realize that a total of 81 cultivators were linking up their strength to manifest an immense ancient sword.

“Sword Formation!”

Upon seeing this sight, everyone understood that this was a sword formation.

The Zong Clan's members in the formation rotated about in ever-changing positions, as their Astral Souls and Astral Novas erupted into being. Abruptly ten rays of sword light slashed down from the skies, containing within them a fearsome will of destruction.

In a mere instant, several opponents were directly slashed apart, and a terrible sword scar sundered the void, as blood sprayed on the ground like rain from the skies.

“Zong Clan’s Singularity Sword Formation, using the Doyens as the core and gathering the strength of 81 cultivators, it condenses the entirety of their power into a single sword, thus achieving terrifying might with every strike.” Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan all thought of the rumored supreme sword formation of the Zong Clan. Before this, there were only rumors, but this was the first time they saw members of the Zong Clan executing it in public.

“Nine Swords linking the Heavens!”

Jian Wuyou hollered, only to see his left hand pointing up at the sky as his right hand held his left wrist. Abruptly, a powerful sword-might emanated forth from his body, as a Heavenly Dipper Sword broke apart the space. Behind him, another eight silhouettes appeared. Together they were known as the Nine Great Heavenly Swords of the Heavenly Sword Sect.

“Concentrate.” Jian Wuyou pointed to the dome of heavens, and momentarily, the keening of his sword filled the heavens. The other eight mimicked his actions as the nine swords flew up in the air, revolving in a circle, as formless and boundless sword-might mingled and bore down towards the sword formation consisting of the 81 cultivators from the Zong Clan.

Meanwhile, the Li Clan fought the other Zong Clan’s members one on one. Their combat prowess didn’t lose out in the slightest, but underneath the power exuded from the sword formation, their losses were extremely severe.

The three major powers had never once gone all out to battle, because they all feared each other—nobody among them dared to say that they had absolute advantage over the others, and they didn't know of each other's respective hidden trump cards as well.

This Singularity Sword Formation was one of the greatest secrets of the Zong Clan. Whenever they practised this, they had to do so in a hidden training ground located deep within the Zong Clan. Outsiders had only heard of the name of this formation before, but had never witnessed its actual might.

Qin Wentian soon discovered that around ten sword formations were revolving around him, with him at the center.

Although his solo combat prowess was unrivalled compared to people of the same level, nobody could predict what could happen in a large scale chaotic battle.

“No good.” At this moment, Qin Wentian saw Jian Wuyou using the nine linked swords to force a pathway into the sword formation in an attempt to destroy it. The Li Clan worked in perfect cooperation, they understood that to kill the Zong Clan's members, they couldn't allow the sword formation to continue outputting such power; they needed to disrupt it. Hence, the experts of the Li Clan all jointly rushed up as a group, not caring whether they lived or died.

Since the battle had already begun, it had devolved into a clash that could result in either survival or utter decimation!

AGM 414 – Blood Feeding The Demon Sword

In the sword range underneath the precipice, a boundless amount of sword qi emitted wailing keens, as a strong slaughtering intent pervaded the air.

Several ordinary cultivators, who were cultivating in the surrounding regions near the sword range, all felt their hearts involuntarily shuddering from fear. They had sensed the blood lust prevalent in the slaughtering intent emitted by the hundreds upon hundreds of swords.

Who would have thought that the delicate balance between the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City would all collapse, erupting into a frenzied battle on the day the Wang Clan arrived here?

The starlight cascaded downwards, onto the flat lands beneath the precipice. Several experts from the three powers fell, one after another, slain from the chaotic battle. Within that battlefield, only the gigantic demon sword embedded in the middle of the sword range seemed eternal, stuck deep in the earth, unwilling to be extracted.

There were people who once said that this sword was extremely demonic—it was a sword that had its own intelligence. It was unwilling to be pulled out because nobody had gained its approval. Otherwise, given that it was a sword that had its own intelligence, why else would it be willing to stay buried in the earth forever?

In the air space above the sword range, a group of people appeared in silence as they calmly regarded the battle below, so calm it was as though the frenzied clashing had nothing to do with them.

Naturally, they were cultivators from the Wang Clan. They were here now to merely act as spectators, nothing more and nothing less.

Those from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan were also feeling helpless. The help from the Wang Clan had obviously arrived, yet they did nothing to aid them. In the Wang Clan's eyes, both the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan were mere pawns for them to control as they wished, all to achieve their own purposes.

For pawns, naturally it didn't matter if a few were sacrificed.

“The Zong Clan's sword formation is truly profound. Even with the onslaught from the two clans, they are still able to depend on that sword formation to fiercely counter-attack to such an extent.” The middle-aged man from before stood in the midst of Wang Clan's members as he stated his observations.

“But, so what of it? Although their sword formation might be powerful and can kill many of their opponents, the losses that the Zong Clan will suffer will be just as disastrous. They've already broken a total of nine Zong Clan formations, and are already starting to reverse the situation.” A person in the crowd coldly continued, “Does Qin Wentian really wish to witness such a massacre? I'm sure there are many other secrets hidden on his person.”

“Stellar Martial Cultivators usually hide the majority of their secrets in their interspatial rings. After we kill him, we’ll be able to obtain all his secrets. If we risked capturing him alive, things might end up the same as the scene back then in the ancient kingdom—there might be unexpected variables in the outcome. We can’t underestimate him.”

“In that case, just kill him directly. Even now, he’s refraining from using the Divine Stele, and I wonder whether it’s because he wants to lure us into a trap or the Ancient Will of the Divine Stele has already dissipated.”

“We will know if we continue spectating. In any case, there’s no hurry for us to make our move.”

The members of the Wang Clan continued their casual discussion, appearing extremely at ease. Moments later, the large scale battle in the flatlands below had already erupted into total chaos.

Zong Clan’s clan leader, Zong Yi, was guarding Qin Wentian, alongside a few Doyens, yet Jian Wuyou and Li Zhentian slaughtered their way over to engage them directly in combat, giving Qin Wentian no choice but to retreat. The strength of these people were stronger by many times compared to him, so if they used this opportunity to sneak attack him, he would definitely not be able to survive. Hence, he had to maintain a certain distance away from them.

An extremely fearsome surge of demonic qi gushed forth from him as his Astral Soul and Astral Nova erupted into being. Far above the dome of heavens, an intense beam of astral light cascaded downwards. Qin Wentian gazed up towards the heavens and an instant later, after an innate connection was formed with the constellation, a gigantic Golden Primal Ape manifested before Qin Wentian. Not only that, this Golden Primal Ape was emanating an aura that was actually at the second level of Heavenly Dipper!

Even after stepping into Heavenly Dipper, Qin Wentian could still jump levels and summon astral warbeasts more powerful than himself.

After which, the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk, Silvery Roc as well as several other ancient demonic beasts all appeared in the region, with Qin Wentian standing in the center.

Many enemy experts started to move towards Qin Wentian's position with the intention of encircling him, as murderous intent flashed in their eyes.

The Wang Clan had clearly decreed that Qin Wentian must be killed. As long as Qin Wentian was killed, the mission this time around would be considered accomplished. The Wang Clan would then aid them in expanding their strength, as well as with the annihilation of the Zong Clan.

The demonic qi from Qin Wentian skyrocketed as wings took form behind his back. His eyes grew incredibly fiendish as he dashed ahead with the speed of lightning. In the center of his

brows, a single, terrifying demonic pupil could be seen, and when that eye opened, in an instant, cultivators from the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan that had a cultivation base below Heavenly Dipper all suddenly shuddered violently, as their concentration lapsed and they fell into a deep sleep.

After which, with a clap, the ancient sword strapped behind his back flew into his hands. The sword then swept out as the sound of sword keening pervaded the air.

“Puchi, puchi...” Immediately after, fresh blood splattered out from the sliced throats of his targets. These people were all members of the younger generation from the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan.

“This...!”

The expressions on those remaining from the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan all faltered—the Will of his second level Mandate, Sword Melody, was simply too terrifying. The instant the sound of his sword keen resounded out, anyone below Heavenly Dipper wouldn’t stand a chance.

“Bzzz!” A powerful sword intent locked down on Qin Wentian and a moment later, a young cultivator dashed out, breaking through all defenses as he rushed towards Qin Wentian.

This person was the strongest of the three Sword Sons from the Heavenly Sword Sect, [Jian Xie](#). He had a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper and could be considered a top-tier

character in the Heavenly Sword Sect.

剑邪 Jian Xie: Jian剑 stands for sword. Xie邪 stands for evil. Jian Xie = Evil Sword / A sword that's evil

Currently, he had transformed into a stream of light, manifesting several shadowy bodies, slaughtering his way towards Qin Wentian with a sword in his hands.

“Hmph.” Qin Wentian’s countenance was ice-cold. His third eye glimmered with light as the sword in his hand let out a keening sound once more. Instantly, the shadowy bodies were all destroyed but in that mere instant of distraction, Jian Xie had already caught up to Qin Wentian.

At the same time, to his left and right, another batch of experts from both the other powers also appeared. Although he was guarded by the Zong Clan, currently, his guardians were all overwhelmed by the opponents’ advantage in numbers.

Those from the Wang Clan still stood atop the precipice with cold laughter in their eyes as they surveyed this scene. If the Divine Stele was still as powerful as before, this would be the time for Qin Wentian to use it. He might not use it for the sake of saving the Zong Clan’s members, but now that he himself was in danger, how long could he still refrain from using it?

But right now, the experts realized that the direction Qin Wentian was heading towards to, was actually towards the demon sword.

In the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian disappeared from sight and reappeared again, standing on the demon sword's hilt. His entire body was enveloped completely in an armor formed from demonic scales.

The Sword Son of the Heavenly Sword Sect Jian Xie, rushed forwards. His eyes gleamed with a sinister light as he flew towards Qin Wentian. Looking at him, Qin Wentian could sense immense amounts of death qi being generated from Jian Xie's pupils, currently trying to crush his mind. However, Qin Wentian's will was too resolute, and Jian Xie's evil eye techniques had no effect on him.

“Bzzz!”

The Demon Sovereign Astral Nova, as well as the King of Swords Astral Nova, blitzed forth. The Demon Sovereign took the form of an ancient primordial demon, while the King of Swords Astral Nova manifested into a Supreme Divine Sword. The combined might of the two novas caused Jian Xie's Astral Nova to shudder from the pressure. This... was a suppression effect of higher-tiered Astral Novas.

“Go.”

Jian Xie stabbed out with his finger, his Astral Nova that resembled a Death God slammed towards both Qin Wentian's Demon Sovereign Nova, while his Sword-type Astral Nova, slammed into Qin Wentian's King of Swords Nova.

Jian Xie's advantage lay in his cultivation level. The higher one's cultivation was, the more energy one's Astral Nova would be able to output.

Qin Wentian's advantage lay in he himself. Each of his Astral Novas were all birthed from a separate Yuanfu that was specially attuned to them. Not only that, they were condensed by using Divine Energy. Adding to the fact that his Astral Souls came from a higher layer, he wasn't any weaker even when clashing head-on against an opponent like Jian Xie.

Especially for his King of Swords Astral Nova, every inch of its body was formed through using Sword-type Divine Yuan energy. Even the sword light it unleashed contained countless intricate combinations of sword-type runic Inscriptions, which augmented its power of destruction. As the two sword-type Astral Novas clashed, a thunderous sound echoed through the void, as cracks began to form on Jian Xie's Sword-type Astral Nova.

"Bzzz." A massive wind kicked up, Jian Xie's silhouette dashed through his Astral Nova as he sped towards Qin Wentian. His eyes were filled with an incomparable coldness, resembling the chill of death. With a single slash, a black-colored sword scar manifested as it descended onto Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian pierced out with his sword. The keening of his sword was like the shrill cry of a demonic dragon, forcibly blocking Jian Xue's sword head-on. At the instant of impact, an overwhelming aura of devastation destroyed their surrounding area.

“Chi, chi...”

The clanging of metal upon metal echoed in the air as the swords clashed against each other repeatedly. With an intention of his will, Qin Wentian caused the ancient sword in his hands to vibrate at an increasing tempo. An endless sword keen resounded out in the air and an instant later, Jian Xie’s countenance abruptly changed. He felt that his entire body was being enveloped by an unimaginable amount of swords.

“KILL!” Jian Xie was a Sword Son character. His sword was akin to the sword wielded by the Death God. The attack he slashed out manifested a fearsome death-attribute whirlpool, enveloping Qin Wentian within.

“BANG!”

A strong burst of astral light inundated the area as Qin Wentian’s silhouette vanished instantly from sight.

This movement technique was one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia—Stellar Transposition.

Jian Xie felt an intense feeling of a crisis assailing his senses and yet, how could he react in time? With the keening of the sword resounding out loudly by his ears, his body was instantly lacerated, causing fresh blood to spill out. With a wave of his hands, Qin Wentian directed Jian Xie’s blood over to the demon sword, supported by a burst of his astral energy.

“Pitter patter.”

An incredibly soft sound echoed out, so soft that it wasn't registered by the others. Yet, Jian Xie's countenance was completely filled with a gut-wrenching terror. He rapidly retreated, but how could he move fast enough? A crimson glow emanated forth from the demon sword and instantly, a bloodcurdling scream rang out from Jian Xie. The entirety of the blood in his body was madly drawn to the demon sword, and instantly absorbed. His body turned into a dried up husk in the blink of an eye as he fell from the air, smashing into the ground.

“Dead?” The other experts all had horror on their faces. They initially thought that there absolutely wouldn't be a problem for Jian Xie to slay Qin Wentian.

Yet, the reality was that the strongest Sword Son from the Heavenly Sword Sect died in Qin Wentian's hands.

Those from the Zong Clan all felt chills in their heart as they witnessed this. In their minds they were all thinking of that elder who'd almost fought with Qin Wentian back then. If the two of them had really fought, there was no doubt that the elder would be the loser.

The demon-level genius Qin Wentian, the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. His reputation was really well deserved, and apparently this was also the reason why clan lord Zong Yi placed so much trust in him. As long as he matured, he would definitely be able to lead the Zong Clan to greater heights of glory.

But right now, Qin Wentian was facing an even greater danger. In front of him, four other experts surrounded him, emitting a killing intent that swept over the sky and earth, caging Qin Wentian within.

Those from the Wang Clan, seeing how Qin Wentian still refrained from using the Divine Stele even in his greatest moment of danger, all concluded that the ancient might from the Divine Stele had already long dissipated away. There was only death for him now.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, surveying the four figures as a cold light flickered in his eyes.

The coldness, made those onlookers feel a chill in their bones.

His sword decisively sliced open the surface of his palm as a drop of blood sprinkled down onto the demon sword. This scene caused the countenance of countless people to drastically change. Even clan lord Zong Yi had an expression of great shock on his face when he saw what had happened.

“WENTIAN!”

Zong Yi’s countenance turned white. What was Qin Wentian doing?

“The demon blood that flows in my veins, do you want it?”

Qin Wentian's eyes were fixed on the gigantic demon sword below him. He drew in a deep breath as he made his preparations for the worst.

As to the reason why he dared to do this, it was only because whenever he heard the wails from the demon sword, the blood in his body actually resonated in response!

The demon sword devoured his blood, as the sword body began glowing resplendently, exuding astronomical amounts of demonic qi that covered the skies. A terrifying beam of light shot heavenwards, brightening the surroundings, instantly transforming night into day.

The wails of the demon sword filled the battlefield, the waves of sound echoing out without cease!

AGM 415 – Pulling Out The Sword, Blood Dying The Precipice Red

Underneath the precipice, at the sword range, the countenances of everyone was filled with incredulous shock as they stared at Qin Wentian.

This man, fed the demon sword with his blood.

How demonic the demon sword was, that the moment blood comes into contact with it, it would surely drain the source in its entirety, causing the victim to die of blood loss.

Qin Wentian was extremely cautious in nature, he'd only done this because he could feel his blood resonating to the wails of the demon sword. This was the reason why he chose to take such a gamble at this moment.

A mysterious perception descended onto Qin Wentian, it was as though he could feel the sadness and lamentation of the demon sword.

However, the demon sword had actually stopped draining him of his blood.

The wails of the demon sword reverberated the heavens and earth, continued forth unabated. Yet...it stopped draining Qin Wentian's blood!

Qin Wentian placed both his hands on the sword hilt as the demonic qi from his body towered up the heavens, using the entirety of his force to pull out the sword. An instant later, a terrifying rumbling sound thundered out as the sword range trembled violently. A massive, almost boundless sword-might radiated out from the sword, sweeping over everything.

“Chi, chi...”

A sharp and clear sound rang out, the demon sword trembled, and it was pulled out by about half a foot.

Although it was merely half a foot, the fact that Qin Wentian was able to pull it out, however slightly, was already sufficient to send waves of terror rocking the spectators’ hearts.

The sword had actually allowed itself to be extricated.

The origins of this demon sword seemed to be otherworldly, having the power to sunder the great earth, and thus creating the precipice. Embedded into the ground, birthing the sword range, remaining there from ages ago up till now. Nobody had been able to move it, not even slightly.

Yet today, Qin Wentian, someone at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, had actually pulled the sword out by half a foot.

This half foot was sufficient to amaze everyone in the Sword Reverence City.

“How can this be possible?”

The three major powers of the Sword Reverence City all had expressions of extreme shock and disbelief on their faces.

That massive sword-might pervaded the surroundings, enveloping everyone within.

“KILL HIM NOW!”

In the middle of the air, the faces of those from the Wang Clan instantly changed when they witnessed this scene. They were afraid that there might be other unpredicted occurrences, and hence immediately issued the order to kill Qin Wentian.

As the sound of their voices faded, those surrounding Qin Wentian stepped out, as they began to unleash their attacks.

Yet at that very moment, Qin Wentian stabbed out with a finger. In an instant, swirls of that boundless sword-might congregated around it before erupting forth, penetrating through the throat of one of his unfortunate opponents. The speed of his attack was at an unprecedented level, the fallen enemy's only reaction was to widen his eyes in disbelief, before his body unceremoniously fell down onto the ground.

A finger was sufficient to slay an expert whose cultivation base was higher than him.

“This...”

The three other opponents halted, not daring to advance. Their faces were all filled with terror, Qin Wentian was actually capable of borrowing the power of the demon sword's sword-might!

Qin Wentian continued on, trying to extricate the sword. Although the wails grew louder, the sword couldn't be pulled out further.

Suddenly, Qin Wentian placed his palm on the edge of the demon sword, slicing another wound on the surface of his palm, allowing his blood to flow into the demon sword, willing it to drink.

The sword-might grew even stronger, as the wails echoed throughout the Heavens and Earth.

In the middle of the air, the sad roars of dragons, the miserable cries of phoenixes, they all combined together causing a constellation to manifest. The constellation hung high in the sky, blazing with resplendent light, even changing the colors of the sky.

In the Sword Reverence City, countless eyes turned to look at the sky as their hearts trembled with an indescribable emotion.

The mournful wails of the demon sword had manifested a constellation.

In the flatlands beneath the precipice, the people there also inclined their heads, taking in this impossible scene.

Qin Wentian increased his efforts in extricating the sword. This time around, he managed to pull it out by another two feet.

“How much blood do you want to drink?”

Qin Wentian murmured as he stared at the demon sword. Inclining his head, he stared at those from the Wang Clan, his countenance ice-cold. A terrifying killing intent erupted forth from him, causing those from the Wang Clan to feel a spine-chilling terror deep in their hearts.

“The Wang Clan wishes to slay me. If I don’t reply in kind, then I am no longer Qin Wentian.”

Each of Qin Wentian’s words were spoken in a glacial tone. As the sound of his voice faded, he pierced forth with a single finger, causing a bloody hole to appear in Wang Xiao’s forehead. The next instant, Wang Xiao fell slamming down onto the ground, deader than dead.

The countenances of those from the Wang Clan turned incredibly unsightly, yet the next moment, they saw Qin Wentian turning his gaze onto Wang Jue. Similarly, with another stab of his finger, a dot of blood appeared on the centre of Wang Jue’s brows as his body fell through the air.

Wang Jue, a Heaven's Chosen from the Wang Clan had once obtained the prestigious position of number six on the Heavenly Fate Rankings and had managed to survive the recent rankings. Yet now, in the Sword Reverence City, he was felled by Qin Wentian.

All because the Wang Clan had targeted Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian decisively sliced his palm again using the edge of the demon sword, causing yet another wound to appear. The look in his eyes was as cold as ever.

“GO!” the middle-aged man roared. Those from the Wang Clan immediately soared up to the skies, trying to escape, yet how could they be faster than Qin Wentian's attacks? Rapidly stabbing his fingers through the air, immeasurably harsh rays of light shot forth, exterminating many of their experts.

“EVERYONE, RETREAT!” The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect bellowed out his order, not daring to stay here any longer.

“Leave—quickly leave now.” Those from the Li Clan were also seized with panic. They had to leave this area for if not, the only thing that awaited them would be death.

Qin Wentian's cold gaze shifted onto their bodies. Everywhere his eyes roamed, his sword intent, accompanied with the resonance of his blood, would borrow the sword-might of the demon sword, reaping their lives away.

Countless experts of the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan all fell, one after another, and the sight of this caused those from the Zong Clan to watch on in dumbfounded amazement.

Qin Wentian could actually borrow the strength of that demon sword.

“RUN QUICKLY!” Jian Wuyou screamed madly. Qin Wentian’s gaze turned onto the survivors that were frenziedly trying to escape, as his eyes began to flash uncontrollably.

Yet another wound appeared on his palms, as fresh blood poured out all over the demon sword’s body. The mournful wails skyrocketed in volume, as the constellation in the skies shone even brighter than before.

Qin Wentian tried extricating out the sword yet again. This time around, the sword was pulled out by another five feet. The earth rumbled as the surroundings of the sword range started exploding, and even the precipice began to shake violently. That daunting sword-might enveloped the entire world.

“The Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan wanted to kill me, yet now you are all hoping to escape with no injuries?”

A glacial voice echoed out, seemingly merged together with the mournful wails of the demon sword’s melody. This, was the voice of the demon sword. This, was the voice of Qin Wentian’s heart.

A cold wind gusted by, causing everyone to tremble involuntarily.

A cultivator from the Heavenly Sword Sect shrieked in terror as he fled upwards, trying to escape through the skies. However at this moment, he only felt a wave of incomparable coolness on his body. Stretching out his hand, touching the spot, a bloodcurdling scream echoed out of him as he realized that half his body was already slashed apart, leaving behind nothing but fresh blood.

One cultivator after another, they fell through the air, slamming onto the ground, dead. Jian Wuyou felt a strong sense of regret assailing his senses as his heart twisted. He regretted listening to the Wang Clan, as well as his actions and decisions today.

The Li Clan was in a similar state. In the blink of an eye, it was unknown how many experts from their side had fallen in this battle.

Those from the Wang Clan ran away the fastest. But similarly, they suffered a disastrous loss, more than half their numbers had died. At the moment they dashed out of the precipice, the sound of the mournful sword melody finally weakened, yet they didn't even dare to slow their steps in the slightest, immediately flying away at the highest limit of speed they could muster.

The remaining cultivators from both the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan had also finally arrived at this point. They soared through the air, returning to where they'd come from, with an ashen expression on their faces and heavy despair in their hearts.

The result of this battle, how could it be so disastrous?

Tonight, the elite experts of both powers had been sent out, yet right now, the majority of their forces had been completely decimated. From this moment onwards, the three major powers of the Sword Reverence City no longer existed.

Thinking of this, they felt an incomparable heaviness weighing down their hearts.

At this moment, the citizens of the Sword Reverence City rushed out in seemingly endless waves, with apprehension apparent on their faces as they witnessed this scene.

What had happened exactly?

The Wang and Li Clan, the Heavenly Sword Sect, all wore unmatched terror in their eyes when they gazed in the direction of the sword range, as though there was a devil living within it.

Above the dome of the heavens, they could still hear the sad roars of dragons and the miserable cries of phoenixes continue to echo out—that very constellation had been formed from the demon sword’s mournful wails. Had the experts been slain by that demon sword embedded in the sword range?

“Is everyone satisfied with the results of this battle?”

A voice that seemed to echo from beneath the precipice, yet also seemed to descend from the Heavens, merging together as one with the wails of the demon sword.

The hearts of the spectators shuddered even more the instant they heard the voice, and the remaining experts from the Wang Clan, Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan all immediately erupted forth into movement, retreating away with explosive speed, their hearts twisted by deep terror.

Why was just a voice so fearful to them?

Who did the voice belong to?

Who could pose such a strong threat to the experts from the three powers?

The spectators even saw the hands of the sect leader from the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou, as well as the clan leader of the Li Clan, Li Zhentian, trembling involuntarily. Even people at their levels were frightened beyond belief. One could only wonder what exactly had they experienced earlier.

“How could it be? Why was the demon sword willing to be pulled out by him?”

Those from the Wang Clan coldly spat out, staring at the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan’s members.

However, they only saw Jian Wuyou and Li Zhentian staring back at them. Their countenances were similarly ice-cold, extremely unsightly to behold.

For the sake of this battle, their elite forces had all perished. And at this junction, the Wang Clan still wanted to blame them?

Who knew why the fuck Qin Wentian was able to pull out the demon sword?

“Sir, it was your Wang Clan who wanted to deal with Qin Wentian. Yet when he pulled out the demon sword, we were the ones that suffered the most losses.” Jian Wuyou’s voice contained a chilling frigidness. Underneath the boiling anger he felt, the fear he initially had towards the Wang Clan, had completely dissipated.

Upon hearing that voice earlier, the surrounding people all felt their hearts pounding.

Did the voice belong to Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian had pulled out the demon sword that was embedded in the sword range, immovable for centuries?

What soul-stirring and heart-shaking battle had occurred there today exactly?

At this moment, at the bottom of the precipice, the sword range was completely destroyed. Qin Wentian’s hands were still latched

around the sword hilt of the demon sword, his long hair fluttered in the wind as he gazed up at the constellation in the heavens. The coldness in his eyes had no boundaries.

He had no way to continue extricating the demon sword. This demon sword was too terrifying, it needed to drink the entirety of his blood.

Those from the Zong Clan gathered together, feeling tsunami-like waves of shock crashing their hearts, feeling that they might explode at any given moment.

Too shocking, they had never before imagined such a scenario would happen.

Looking at the silhouette who was gripping the demon sword's hilt, all of them had a strange feeling that the rightful master of this sword was none other than the young man standing before them.

Back then when he was in the Zong Clan, under the repeated provocations of Zong Hong and Zong Peng, he was able to maintain his calmness, choosing to hide his brilliance.

Yet now, they finally bore witness to the overwhelming dominance this young man was capable of.

Was this the magnificent style that solely belonged to the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, unmatched in his

generation?!

Was this the domineering air he'd projected back then on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, when defeating the monstrous talent of the world?

Sadly, none of them had gone to the ancient kingdom to spectate personally for themselves the incredible feats of this young man.

At this moment, the young man whose hands grasped the demon sword appeared to be a peerless monarch of demons. He actually projected a force of absolute obedience, making them feel in their hearts the urge to worship him. Even that elder who had a falling out with Qin Wentian before felt extremely regretful of his actions. This young man was shining as resplendently as the constellations up there in the nine heavenly layers. How could he have the qualifications to criticize such a talent? Even clan lord Zong Yi wouldn't have the qualifications to find fault with such a character.

There were hidden dragons within the Zong Clan, and they would make good use of this opportunity and bide their time. When the dragon finally soared up to the nine heavens, it would be the day their Zong Clan reunited with the Azure Faction, climbing back up to the pinnacle of glory in Grand Xia once more.

Zong Yi looked intently at the silhouette of the young man, before drawing a deep breath to declare, "From this day forth, the Sword Son of the Zong Clan, Qin Wentian, is now authorized to lead the entire Zong Clan. His authority surpasses all others—the elders, the doyens, and even I, the clan lord!"

AGM 416 – Hate That The Heavens Are Too Low

“From today onwards, the Sword Son of the Zong Clan, Qin Wentian, is authorized to command the entire Zong Clan. His authority supersedes the elders, the doyens, and even I, the clan lord!” Zong Yi’s words made those from Zong Clan felt as though thunder bolts were going off in their minds.

Zong Yi was actually handing over the full rein of command over to Qin Wentian, allowing Qin Wentian’s authority to supersede his own.

By doing this, wasn’t he handing over the life and death of the entire Zong Clan over to Qin Wentian?

Staring at the young man before them, several people were still dazed, lost in their thoughts. Although they were shocked by Qin Wentian’s might and talent, never would they have expected clan lord Zong Yi to make such a decision.

Qin Wentian was also somewhat stunned. Shifting his gaze over onto Zong Yi, he seemed to have understood something. It seemed like Zong Yi wanted to make use of this opportunity and push him up to the top. Right now, the mere fact that he could pull the demon sword out slightly had completely awed the crowd—this undoubtedly was an excellent opportunity to push Qin Wentian up into the higher echelons of the Zong Clan. And evidently, Zong Yi was essentially informing Qin Wentian that the Zong Clan was willing to follow their ancestral edicts, committing themselves wholeheartedly into following the successor of the Azure Emperor.

In that case, if Qin Wentian was truly able to rise up in the future, then after he reunited the ‘hidden’ remnants of the Azure Factions, their Zong Clan would surely be among the top in Qin Wentian’s heart.

Since he had already chosen this path, with Zong Yi’s decisive character, he decided that he might as well use the most appropriate method, doing things with a great flourish to allow Qin Wentian to see their sincerity.

“Wentian, from now onwards, the Zong Clan will be handed over to you.” Zong Yi bowed to Qin Wentian, and the scene caused the expressions of the other members of the Zong Clan to freeze.

Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly, this wasn’t the time to be modest. Since Zong Yi was willing to do this, he would step up and assume the mantle.

“This battle caused the Heavenly Sword Sect and Li Clan to suffer disastrous losses, it would be exceedingly difficult to re-establish themselves as a major power, even if they wanted to. However, to the Wang Clan, these losses were merely superficial. Furthermore, I’m sure they must have already requested backup from the War Continent, and so Uncle Zong, we cannot stay in the Sword Reverence City any longer,” Qin Wentian analyzed. His current strength was still far from sufficient if he wanted to clash head-on with a transcendent power.

“Yes, we will ravage through the remains of the sword range

today and excavate every single sword there before leaving the Sword Reverence City right after.” Zong Yi nodded. He looked to Qin Wentian as he asked another question, “Wentian, are you able to subdue the demon sword?”

“It will be difficult. The sword desires my blood and even though I can feel a resonance with it, it is still far too difficult for me to subdue it,” Qin Wentian spoke. Lowering his head, he stared at the gigantic demon sword as he summoned a terrifying force, trying to pull the sword out.

The earth rumbled as the precipice shook. Sword intent filled the heavens as the astral light from the recently manifested constellation shone down like before.

The keening of the demon sword filled people with a strong sense of sorrow.

“Even though the sword is demonic, since you have already gained intelligence, why are you still unwilling to soar through the nine heavens?” Qin Wentian gazed at the sword as he gently asked, the roiling sound waves of his voice seemed to merge together as one with the mournful wails of the demon sword, resounding throughout the entire region.

Those outside the Sword Reverence City, on the edge of the precipice, could all hear his voice clearly.

Only now did they know that the Sword Son of the Zong Clan was actually the first ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings—the

young man that was already a legend, Qin Wentian.

This young man actually wanted to subdue the demon sword.

The demon sword that had been immovable since the ancient era actually allowed him to pull it out slightly. Who was this Qin Wentian exactly, what sort of character was he?

Many people wanted to go down to the flatlands beneath the precipice to take a look at Qin Wentian, yet no one dared to because of the piercing intensity of sword intent permeating the area.

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded away, the mournful wails of the demon sword grew even louder in its potency. The constellation in the skies shone even brighter and the sound of the wailing resembled the sharp whistling of millions upon millions of swords.

The clamor and noise all mingled together to form a cacophony of sharp wails that eventually smoothed out into a low droning hum that seemed to have originated from the ancient era.

“Hate...the Heavens...too low.”

The ancient voice pervaded the air, causing the hearts of everyone to pound in utter amazement.

The demon sword could actually converse in human speech!

The demon sword had remained silent ever since the ancient era, but the words it uttered once it spoke clearly outlined its hatred toward the Heavens for being too low!

Qin Wentian similarly felt his heart shaking in amazement. His voice murmured, as he continued communicating with the demon sword.

This sword...

Immovable since the ancient era, not because it was unable to, but because it didn't want to, it was reluctant to, it was unwilling to.

This sword hated the fact that the Heavens were too low.

What concept was this? Why would it think this way? What a sword.

Even the members from the Wang Clan of the War Continent were shaking in their hearts when they heard the voice of the demon sword.

They came to the Sword Reverence City because they wanted the control rights to the sword range, excavating all the demonic swords there. Not only that, their main purpose was to try and see if any of them could subdue the demon sword, allowing their Wang Clan of the War Continent to use it.

However, when they heard the words it spoke, all thoughts about subduing and controlling the demon sword flew out of their minds.

The demon sword was lamenting because the Heavens were too low, let alone a mere Wang Clan.

Although the Wang Clan was a transcendent power of the War Continent. In the perspective of the entire Grand Xia, how could it dare make the claim that it was able to reign supreme over all others?

No wonder that within these thousands of years, nobody could subdue the demon sword. This demon sword was something forsaken by the Heavens, how could it be subdued by mortal men?

“It was mourning only because it hated that the Heavens were too low,” Qin Wentian murmured, “Since you are willing to lend me your power, allowing me to extricate you however slightly, I would never allow myself to be unworthy of you.”

The mournful wails of the demon sword continued as it vibrated intensely within the earth.

However, Qin Wentian couldn't pull it out any further.

The demon sword was unwilling to be moved.

The nervousness in the hearts of the Zong Clan's members reached its peak as they stared at this scene. But moments later, when it was proven beyond a doubt that the demon sword wasn't willing to be moved, they couldn't help but feel a heavy sense of disappointment.

Zong Yi consoled him, "This sword is too demonic, and with the intelligence it gained, and even the way it thinks—that the Heavens were too low—it's only normal that you at your current level would fail to pull it out."

Qin Wentian nodded, yet it was inevitable that he felt a little disappointment and frustration. It was truly a regret that he couldn't extricate the sword.

"The demon sword had been immovable for ages. Just the feat of you being able to pull it out a distance of seven feet is already world-astounding news, unprecedented from the ancient era until now," Zong Yi continued. The expressions on the other Zong Clan members all showed agreement. Indeed, Qin Wentian had already accomplished something that no one had been able to since the ancient era. He was the first person that, upon drinking his blood, the demon sword hadn't sought to kill. He was also the first that could extricate the sword to such an extent.

He was still so young and yet he was the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

His future would be immeasurably glorious.

Qin Wentian stood there silently, but the blood within his body was frenziedly gushing about, as though it wanted to rush right out of his skin.

His hands were still holding on to the sword hilt, but the luster from the demon sword gradually diminished, as the constellation overhead also disappeared.

The mournful wails also eventually stopped, drowning the region in total silence.

This silence seemingly contained traces of boundless desolation within, the sorrow of thousands upon thousands of years, who could understand it?

Hating the fact that the Heavens were too low, who then, would be able to gain its approval, bringing it to soar up the skies, flying through the nine heavens.

Outside the Sword Reverence City, upon noting that the mournful wails of the demon sword had stopped, those from the Wang Clan, Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect finally heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, Qin Wentian wasn't able to pull the sword out completely. If not, using the sword-might emanating from the demon sword, only one outcome would be available to them—utter decimation.

This sword had gained intelligence, it had a spirit born within it, hating the fact that the Heavens were too low. If its complete strength could be fully utilized by Qin Wentian, even levelling the

entire Grand Xia wouldn't be a problem.

However, it was impossible to subdue and tame the demon sword given its temperament.

Although the demon sword merely uttered a single sentence, that single sentence was already sufficient to astound the entire Grand Xia.

Hating that the Heavens were too low!

“Continue with the excavation of the sword range,” Qin Wentian commanded. With his current strength, even if he could pull out the sword, it wouldn't be so easy to control it either.

“Mhm.” Zong Yi nodded his head as he reiterated the command, “Do what the Sword Son commanded, and at the same time, remove the interspatial rings of those who have died in here.”

The Zong Clan members obeyed, as their silhouettes flickered and they went to work. There were too many experts that were killed from the chaotic battle earlier. There would surely be immense wealth hidden in their interspatial rings, how could they simply let it go to waste?

Qin Wentian floated down from the demon sword and arrived before Zong Yi.

Currently, the Wang Clan, Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect had

suffered tremendous losses. They wouldn't dare to come back in the short term, hence the Zong Clan members could concentrate on the excavation of the remaining swords.

“Wentian, where do you intend to go in the future?” Zong Yi questioned. Qin Wentian had offended too many transcendent powers, this was something that he also understood. Right now, Zong Yi had handed the authority of the entire Zong Clan over to Qin Wentian but even so, they still weren't strong enough to contend against any of the transcendent powers. He didn't know what plans Qin Wentian had.

“To fully unite all the hidden factions of the Azure Emperor under my banner and establish a brand new power. I hope Uncle Zong will be able to aid me in this,” Qin Wentian replied. The hidden Azure Factions weren't weak, but they weren't that strong either.

If they continued existing as stand alones, eventually, none of them would be able to survive.

If he gathered all the hidden factions, restructuring and tempering them collectively as a whole, their level of power would definitely be able to match a transcendent power in just a year. Sadly, even then, they still wouldn't be able to match up to the top-tier supreme transcendent powers in Grand Xia.

This wasn't a task that could be achieved by himself, it would need the collective effort of many people with outstanding talents before they could even began to match the power levels of those top-tier transcendent powers.

Qin Wentian naturally understood that all of this required time.

“Naturally.” Zong Yi nodded, “If I can witness the re-emergence of the Azure Faction to prominence in my lifetime, what more could I ask for? In addition, some of our more older and more powerful doyens and elders were out on missions. If they are still alive, their strength will definitely have grown stronger. I will summon back all those who still live.”

The Zong Clan was a ‘hidden’ Azure Faction. After thousands of years of hiding away, they would naturally produce some characters with outstanding talents. For this batch of older doyens and elders, although their ages were slightly older, their thirst for strength had yet to ebb. Even at that age, they’d still gone out to roam the Grand Xia, seeking to break through to higher levels of cultivation.

“That would be for the best.” Qin Wentian smiled. In truth, Qin Wentian had no idea how strong the ‘hidden’ azure factions were exactly. Maybe, some of the hidden factions had already disappeared, swallowed up by the river of time. For hidden factions like the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan, these two could be considered to have survived fairly well through the ages.

But of course, one of the hidden factions might produce a monster-level character as well. He had no idea of knowing yet, he had to slowly investigate.

“Qin Wentian!”

At this moment, on the edge of the precipice, a voice drifted over, calling out for Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered, he lifted his head up to stare at the person who spoke, "Is the Wang Clan still not giving up?"

"Consider yourself lucky to have borrowed the power of the demon sword. But the actions you and the Zong Clan carried out today, you would do well to be wary of the consequences." A strong sense of threat could be heard within the voice. "In addition, there's another thing I forgot to tell you. Most probably you wouldn't know of this because you were in the Sword Reverence City."

Qin Wentian frowned, from the tone of the speaker, he could tell that what he was about to hear would definitely not be good news.

"Qin Wentian, back then during the Heavenly Fate Rankings, you and Mo Qingcheng stood hand in hand, announcing your relationship to the entire Grand Xia. This matter has even reached my ears, even though I was in the War Continent. People are all saying what an immortal couple you two were, and everyone was so envious and wished both of you well from the bottom of their hearts." On the surface, the expert from the Wang Clan seemed to be talking about a warm and joyful thing, yet his tone remained sinister and cold.

He then continued, "Sadly, the Heavens don't usually follow what one wants. Those who are in love might end up not being

together. Currently, the Pill Emperor Hall of the Moon Continent has already issued an announcement out to the other transcendent powers saying that they're looking for a groom for Mo Qingcheng. However, the catch is that the groom has to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. Qin Wentian, did you really think that after all the painstaking efforts the Pill Emperor Hall expended to nurture Mo Qingcheng, they would let her leave so easily? If you and Mo Qingcheng really ended up together, wouldn't the Pill Emperor Hall have nurtured her for nothing?!"

As the sound of that voice faded, Qin Wentian's countenance turned ice-cold as a terrifying light flickered in his eyes.

"Luo He has promised Mo Qingcheng that she wouldn't interfere in her matters." Qin Wentian's voice was now as cold as thousand-year-old ice.

"Laughable, look at how outstanding Mo Qingcheng is. Do you think her master Luo He would allow her to leave with you? If she intended to keep her promise, why did she take Mo Qingcheng back to the Pill Emperor Hall back then? The future groom of Mo Qingcheng has to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. However, that's a place you are unable to go." The other party icily continued on, "Not only that, I heard rumors that after the matter was decided, Mo Qingcheng devastated the Pill Emperor Hall in her frenzy and even tried sneaking away from there. Her actions intensely infuriated Luo He, who then personally moved out to capture her. She told Mo Qingcheng, this was her final chance. If Mo Qingcheng continues to be a fool, I don't even dare to imagine what her ending will be like."

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath as a terrifying aura of killing intent gushed out from his body. He knew long ago that Luo He wouldn't be easily amenable to the matters between him and Mo Qingcheng, yet in the mere short span of a year, Luo He had already broken her promise and had actually done such a thing.

“Qin Wentian, do you dare venture to the Moon Continent?” That voice resounded out in the air as that expert flew away, leaving behind only echoes that reverberated in the air.

Moon Continent, Pill Emperor Hall. Would Qin Wentian storm his way over to there?!

AGM 417 – My Will Can Sunder The Heavens

Qin Wentian's gaze was like a sharp sword, penetrating through the void.

Moon Continent, Pill Emperor Hall. He would definitely be there.

“Wentian, he's trying to agitate you. But if what he said was true, then there would certainly be many powerhouses that would gather there. If you went there you would surely be in danger.” Zong Yi had his brows furrowed as he commented.

“I know.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head. “However, even if there's danger, I still have to go to the moon continent.”

A look of contemplation flashed in Zong Yi's eyes, after staying silent for a moment, Zong Yi then spoke again, “Let me go with you.”

“Uncle Zong, you still need to be here to settle the matters of the Zong Clan.” Qin Wentian shook his head.

“No matter, the doyens are here in my stead. I can't set my heart at ease if you travel alone to the Pill Emperor Hall. However, I won't be going there together with you, I will pretend to be a passerby that had met you on the road, travelling together. In this case, it would be easier for me to blend into the crowd and make it harder for others to recognise me.” Zong Yi stated. Qin Wentian glanced at Zong Yi before he turned his body and stared at the skies when he suddenly laughed, “Fine, Uncle Zong, since you put it this

way, I won't reject your kind intentions any longer."

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered before he appeared on the demon sword once again.

His eyes were fixated on the sword, Qin Wentian directly sliced open the surface of his fingers allowing his fresh blood to flow onto the demon sword again, feeding the demon sword with his blood.

"Wentian, what are you doing?!"

Zong Yi's countenance drastically changed at the sight.

"I need this sword." Qin Wentian's voice was so cold to the extent that Zong Yi involuntarily trembled. He then closed his eyes, allowing the demon sword to drain his blood freely. Instantly, the mournful wails of the sword sounded out once again, as a beam of light shot up to the heavens.

Within his body, beside the candle flame, the golden strands around it transformed into fresh blood, while the primordial demon blood within his body flooded into the demon sword, causing the wails to grow even more terrifying, as the constellation was birthed once more in the skies.

Outside of Sword Reference City, the citizens were initially returning back to their homes, but right at this moment, great waves of shock rocked their hearts when they felt the ominous sword intent whistling through the air once again , as the

constellation appeared in the skies.

What in the world is happening?

“Bzz!” A beam of sword light that was incomparably resplendent rushed straight up to the dome of the heavens. The entire space here was enveloped by the sound of the endless sword wails. The crowd only felt their bodies growing cold from the heavy murderous will that the demon sword was emanating.

Below the precipice, Qin Wentian’s gaze was filled with an unbendable determination as he stared at the gigantic demon sword. “You hate that the heavens are too low, hence you are unwilling to soar through the skies. You hate the fact that my strength is still too weak, that’s why the mournful wails sound out relentlessly. However, although I might be inferior to your expectations now, my ambitions and aspirations aren’t below yours. I, want to sunder the heavens.”

Qin Wentian’s tone was solemn, his voice was mixing into the sword qi, as the words he spoke reverberated in the air.

He was, communicating with the demon sword.

Qin Wentian wasn’t willing to give it up.

The expert from Wang Clan tried to agitate Qin Wentian by using Mo Qingcheng as a topic. When his eyes rested on the constellation now, the expression on his face was twisted into a malicious grin as

a cold laughter rang out from him. “The demon sword resents the fact that the heavens are too low, that was why it wasn’t willing to be pulled out. If so, how could he succeed? If he really stepped into the Moon Continent, good luck to him in trying to escape that inescapable net.”

However, his words no longer reached Qin Wentian.

Right now, Qin Wentian could clearly feel the pride of the demon sword. When the mournful wails of the demon sword echoed out, he could feel that his heart, as well as his blood, was resonating in tandem with it.

The mournful wails of the sword were because it resented the fact that the heavens were too low, it hated the fact that there was no master worthy of it, the fact that no one would be able to control its power.

Qin Wentian could sense its emotions. However right now, after the demon sword heard his words, the keening of the sword increased in an even greater intensity.

“If you too, feel like me. If you too, want to sunder the heavens. Allow me to bring you along on my journey.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance was calm as ever, as he conversed with the demon sword. The blood in his body continuously flowed onto the body of the sword, allowing it to drain it. However, he didn’t panic in the slightest, allowing it to consume as much as it wanted to. He wanted to pull the sword out no matter what.

A sharp wail resounded, the blood in Qin Wentian's body vibrated. Both of his hands were placed on the sword hilt and with a roar of anger, the entirety of his strength was gathered on both of his palms as he pulled at the sword in an upward direction.

“RUMBLEEEEE~”

The Heavens and Earth shook, all the swords nearby vibrated in response.

“It's moving...” Zong Yi and the rest of the Zong Clan members as great startlement showed on their faces. The demon sword was moving.

“Peng...” The sword range self-destructed, the earth shattered. An overwhelming sense of sword might condensed into a domineering beam of light shooting straight up into the clouds.

“The demon sword desires to come out?”

Zong Yi's heart was drowned by waves of disbelief. Qin Wentian vowed never to rest if he couldn't extricate the sword today!

“Chi...chi...” The demon sword was pulled out bit by bit and finally, when the sword tip appeared. A cataclysmic tempest kicked up, enveloping the entire area.

Those from the Zong Clan retreated with explosive speed, their countenances were filled with utter terror.

Endless rays of light concentrated together, forming a pillar of azure light, as if trying to compete with radiance of the skies as it broke apart the dome of the heavens.

The countless silhouettes in and out of the Sword Reverence City all froze, they could even clearly hear their hearts beating in their bodies. Inclining their heads, they saw that after the pillar of azure light broke apart the dome of the heavens, a black hole was formed there in the middle of the clouds, appearing like a huge cavity on the surface of the skies.

The mournful wails echoed out from the black hole, bemoaning the fact that the heavens were too low to contain it.

“Rumble!” The earth sank downwards as though it was being pulled by gravity. Under the pressure of that sword intent, everything in the surrounding were being lacerated by the sharpness. There were even some who prostrated themselves on the ground, in worship of that terrible sword might.

The demon sword remained immovable throughout the ancient era. But when it moved, it’s power was able to shock the heavens.

Sweat and blood soaked Qin Wentian’s entire body. His palms were dyed red from blood as he summoned a boundless force, pulling out the sword. His head was inclined, staring at the horizon as his body soared into the skies.

The demon sword seemed hesitant, unwilling to rise up along with him.

“You hated that the heavens were too low. Although you contain a supreme sword might, you are unwilling to allow me to control it.” Qin Wentian’s voice permeated the heavens, even echoing through the void.

“My weakness today, can not foretell my future. It doesn’t mean that I won’t be able to ascend the heavens one day.” Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto the black hole in the sky, his eyes were filled with an intense, incomparable and unwavering resoluteness.

Luo He of the Pill Emperor Hall, why did she break her promise?

He offended the vast majority of the transcendent powers, and because of his weakness, he was regarded as someone who would soon die.

“RISE!”

Qin Wentian howled with madness, as his body continued to soar upwards. The entirety of his muscles were convulsing in resistance, as he summoned all of his strength, erupting out in ferocity, wanting the sword to submit.

The boundless sword intent enveloped his body. The demon sword rose up together with him.

Those from the Wang Clan, Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect felt their hearts pounding when they witnessed this terrifying scene. Their bodies involuntarily trembled, especially the expert from the Wang Clan who attempted to agitate Qin Wentian earlier. His countenance turned pale white, he had never imagined that Qin Wentian would actually be able to pull out the sword because of the emotional impact of his words.

“Will the demon sword follow him, and appear in Grand Xia?”

The experts of the Wang Clan all mused in their heart. They could very well imagine what catastrophe Qin Wentian’s enemies would face with him wielding the demon sword.

“Go, let us leave quickly.”

The sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Jian Wuyou, awoke from his stupor abruptly as he suddenly roared loudly. Moments later, the people from the Heavenly Sword Sect all woke up from their daze as they prepared to leave.

“If the keening of the sword sounded out, where would life still exist?”

A voice rang out from the void, as though it originated from that fearsome sword intent that was enveloping the entire space. Abruptly, endless amounts of sharp swords were manifested, as they zoomed towards those from the Heavenly Sword Sect.

The experts of the Heavenly Sword Sect glanced back only to see the endless amounts of sword qi that was descending down from the heavens, so vast that the sword qi covered up the entire sky.

Where would life still exist?

As the sword melody resounded out, Qin Wentian's killing intent grew stronger in intensity.

“Swish, swish...”

The swords descended and instantly, the experts died one after another, the pressure of that overwhelming sword might turned them into ashes.

A miserable, blood curdling scream echoed out from the distance. Jian Wuyou was in dire straits, his sword had been destroyed, his body was riddled with injuries as his astral nova was shattered. With only a single arm remaining, fresh blood leaked out from his wounds yet he didn't even dare to turn his head back, and continued rushing forwards madly in an attempt to escape.

The surrounding bystanders watched on as this scene was etched into their minds, unable to forget the terror that it inspired throughout their lives.

Those from the Li Clan and Wang Clan were all shaking in terror, they too had just awoken from the shock. They had never

imagined that Qin Wentian would really be able to pull out the demon sword. And they have forgotten one thing – the moment the sword was pulled out, the people that Qin Wentian wanted to kill first, would be them.

“RUN!” Li Zhentian roared. Those from the Wang Clan also attempted to escape. However, as the keen from the sword melody whistled over them, a huge bloody scar was manifested in the air. The expert from the Wang Clan was powerful, but he wasn’t powerful enough to withstand the entirety of the overwhelming sword intent that was concentrated on him and him alone.

“Die.”

A voice softly whispered into his heart. Instantly, that sword keening reached a crescendo as an incomparably sharp yet minute vibration sliced him into halves.

Before he died, his heart was filled with endless hatred and regret. Why did he have to mention Mo Qingcheng’s name, in an attempt to provoke Qin Wentian.

The focus of everyone was concentrated on a demonic-looking silhouette of a young man soaring up in the air. Even after soaring 1,000 metres up in the skies, the demonic sword’s body had yet to be fully revealed. It was evidently more than 1,000 metres long.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian’s body suddenly fell down from mid air, and ruthlessly slammed on the ground outside Sword Reverence City, with the added impact from the gravity. He spat out fresh

blood as his body curled up in agony...yet both of his hands were still tightly wrapped around the hilt of the demon sword. He had no more strength left.

The spectators discovered that Qin Wentian's palms were no longer the palms of a human, but rather the gigantic palms of a demon. Even now, the resoluteness in his eyes hadn't faded a single bit.

“Why are you still so unwilling to let me control your power? Then... I might as well wander around with you for a hundred thousand miles, allowing you to see my will and my resolution, that my aspirations are worthy of your pride, as we sunder the heavens together.”

It seemed as though Qin Wentian was speaking to the sword. He used the sword to prop himself up, before slowly walking forward step by step while dragging the sword along together with him. Wherever he passed by, an immeasurably deep sword scar could be seen as the sword tip effortlessly sliced the ground apart.

The crowd ahead all parted for him, nobody dared to stand in his way.

The mournful wails of the demon sword also gradually weakened.

It was as though the demon sword had sensed the deepness of his desires as well as the intensity of his will and resolution.

“Wentian.”

Those from the Zong Clan appeared beside him. Staring at the sword scar fissures on the ground, their hearts felt as though there was a hammer smashing upon them, as they were still somewhat dazed from the shock.

They had only thought that the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate rankings was someone who had immensely outstanding talent, as someone who had unmatched pride in his generation.

Yet right now, at this moment, it was as though they could truly see what the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings meant. It was only now that they could truly see the person that was Qin Wentian.

“Is he going to walk all the way to the Moon Continent, dragging that demon sword along with him?”

Zong Yi murmured. It was almost unimaginable, how overwhelmingly and terrifyingly monstrous Qin Wentian’s will was.

If this person couldn’t control Grand Xia, who could?

“Doyens, the Zong Clan shall temporarily be under your control. I will accompany the Sword Son to the Moon Continent.” Zong Yi commanded before he lifted up his feet and trailed after the silhouette of the young man in front of him, joining him in this

journey of a hundred thousand miles to the Moon Continent.

How long, would this journey last?

AGM 418 – Dragging The Sword To Moon Continent

The thousand metre demon sword, wasn't something a Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns could move, it remained immovable ever since the ancient era.

How heavy was this sword exactly?

Nobody knew. Qin Wentian was the first one who extricated the sword, bringing it with him as he soared out of the flatlands beneath the precipice. However, he still had no way to wield it. He could only drag it as he walked on and on, one footprint at a time, the weight of the sword was weighing down on him.

If he continued on foot like that, it would take him three years before he can reach the Moon Continent.

And as Qin Wentian dragged the sword along, nobody dared to go near him. The beam of sword light, the sword intent and the sword keening was still pervading the air, yet the mournful wails had greatly weakened, as though the demon sword was moved by Qin Wentian's will.

Several people followed behind Qin Wentian only to see that everywhere he walked past ravines were formed from the immeasurably deep sword scars on the ground. Right now, only a single thought was running through their minds – the legend of the demon sword was real.

One step, one footprint, Qin Wentian started on his journey.

Some of the spectators flew up in the air as they stared at the sight below them. Their hearts thumped when they witnessed a boundless gap opening up in the earth right before them, unceasingly moving forward as though there was no end to it.

Where was Qin Wentian heading to?

If he really went to the Moon Continent, is he going to create a ravine that's a hundred thousand miles long?

A month later, there were some that followed Qin Wentian along while others remained outside the Sword Reverence City. As for Qin Wentian, although he stayed in the Sword Reverence City for only three months, he became a legend in the Sword Reverence City whose name would often appear in topics of discussions.

Today, outside the Morning Sun City, there was a young man with demonic arms dragging along a thousand metres long gigantic sword, walking forward. The place where he passed by, the earth was split open and a huge gap was formed. The sword qi it emanated seemed endless; and what was even more terrifying was the sword keen that echoed out unceasingly, permeating the air. As though anything that entered a ten mile radius from him would be lacerated into nothingness.

Huge waves of commotion rocked the Morning Sun City as they saw the young man dragging the ancient demon sword, through

the city, creating a pathway for himself. Everyone avoided him, and no one dared to block his path. That young man continued on step by step, the steel-like expression in his eyes glimmered as they stared at the horizon as though nothing in this world would be able to shake his resolve and conviction.

Who was this young man?

Expressions of utter shock could be seen on the faces of the citizens from Morning Sun City, yet soon after, they discovered that behind this young man, there were several people who were following after him.

These people had followed Qin Wentian all the way here from the Sword Reverence City. From them, those from Morning Sun City realized that the young man was none other than the first ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian.

But where did that sword come from?

The nine swords that were embedded on the precipice was precisely there to pay homage to this immovable gigantic demon sword. For ages, for eons, it remained untouched, but the moment it appeared, blood dyed the precipice red, bringing waves of utter annihilation to the Li Clan and Heavenly Sword Sect, felling the experts from the Wang Clan, a top-tier transcendent power, effortlessly.

Why was Qin Wentian doing this?

Because the Pill Emperor Hall reneged on their promise, they once said that as long as Qin Wentian could defeat Zhan Chen in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, they wouldn't interfere with the matters between him and Mo Qingcheng. However, Luo He broke her promise, and was even selecting marriage candidates for Mo Qingcheng. In a fit of rage, Qin Wentian pulled out that immovable demon sword, shocking the whole of Sword Reverence City. He wanted to drag the sword all the way to the Moon Continent.

After those from the Morning Sun City heard the story, amazement pounded their hearts. There were also some of them who followed behind Qin Wentian, they wanted to see it with their own eyes, how would Qin Wentian act when he arrived at the Moon Continent.

The people following him increased more and more. And two months later, there were already about ten thousand people behind him, they were all deeply infected by the resolute will of Qin Wentian.

He, as the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Ranking truly deserve his reputation. If he really did carry through this voyage to the Moon Continent, and didn't fall in his clash with the Pill Emperor Hall...from then onwards, the Pill Emperor Hall don't even need to dream about eating or resting in peace.

And what was even more shocking was that the thousand metres long sword was also evidently moved by Qin Wentian's actions. The weight of the demon sword substantially decreased, yet Qin Wentian still had no way to wield it, no way to soar through the skies while carrying it. But now, at the very least, he could run

while dragging the demon sword on the ground. Compared to when he first started, his speed was already much faster.

The sword qi that permeated the air, grew increasingly terrifying while the immeasurably deep fissures that was left behind by the sword was now about 50,000 miles long. Incredibly spectacular.

This fissure was undoubtedly the longest in length in the entire Grand Xia.

Currently, Qin Wentian's movement speed got even faster.

Although every step forwards exhausted a huge amount of his strength, he had no thoughts of giving up and has even achieved a distance of 1,000 miles per day just from running.

In the blink of an eye, a total of three months had passed when Qin Wentian left the Sword Reverence City. The energy within his Yuanfu had long been depleted, and his movement also gradually slowed.

In this land of wilderness, Qin Wentian continued to advance forward. Passing through mountains, cutting across rivers, stepping onto the desert.

His eyes were still fixed over the horizon. And finally...an incomparably vast ancient city appeared at the edge of his vision.

Three months... Qin Wentian had finally arrived outside the

Moon Continent.

Those that followed behind him all felt that these three months were akin to three years of time. The distance traversed was simply too vast, but somehow unknowingly they eventually arrived.

Several figures soared up through the air from that vast ancient city. Naturally these people were those from major powers that had received the news.

Some of them originated from the Pill Emperor Hall, some from the Star-Seizing Manor and some, from the Hua Clan.

All these transcendent powers had grudges with Qin Wentian. Now that Qin Wentian had appeared once again in the Moon Continent, it could be said that he's setting foot in a pool of murderous dragons and the den of tigers.

However, after the scouts appeared, they didn't even dare to go near Qin Wentian. They stood at a distance of ten miles away as they stared at Qin Wentian as well as that astounding thousand metres long gigantic sword.

It was rumored that with the aid of this sword, Qin Wentian had effortlessly slayed the powerful experts from the Wang Clan and annihilated the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Li Clan.

Nobody knew how powerful this demon sword was exactly.

Among the scouts, there were some powerful ones and some weaker ones. Bai Fei, was also among the scouts from the Pill Emperor Hall. Looking at the silhouette of the young man that she once held in contempt, she couldn't help but sigh in her heart.. a single figure wielding a single sword moving towards the Moon Continent yet no one dared to block his path.

Qin Wentian also noticed them, but he continued walking in the direction of the Moon Continent, paying no heed to them. Sword Qi billowed forth, those scouts couldn't help but take a step back just from the pressure of every step that Qin Wentian advanced forwards.

“Madness.” The crowd were all infected by Qin Wentian's emotions. He was forcing all the enemy scouts backwards just from walking straight ahead.

When Qin Wentian stood just outside the entrance of the Moon Continent, those scouts had long retreated into the depths, vanishing totally. No one dared to even go near Qin Wentian.

“Tell Luo He, that I will look for her.”

Qin Wentian's voice was mixed within that keening of his sword and swept over everything in the Moon Continent. His words were heard by everyone there.

As the sound of his voice faded, a terrifying sword intent gushed out from him in all eight directions, forming a ten mile death zone

around him. Those that were too late to escape, were all lacerated into nothingness by the sharpness that he radiated.

The killing aura that was mixed within this sword intent was simply too terrifying.

A fearsome storm was manifested and regardless of those from the transcendent powers or those that followed Qin Wentian, they were all buffeted by the powerful wind, pushing them far away.

Outside the Moon Continent, only Qin Wentian remained, together with that thousand metre long gigantic demon sword in hand.

The sword keened, the wind gusted. The storm lasted for an undetermined amount of time before it gradually weakened, turning back into nothingness.

“It ended?”

“The sword qi dissipated?”

At this moment, the faces of everyone were painted by puzzlement. After which, their silhouettes flickered as they moved towards the Moon Continent.

But when they arrived at the entrance, all of them were stunned by what they saw.

The demon sword was pierced into the ground, and stood upright and tall. The terrifying sword intent was retracted, appearing as though it had returned to sleep.

But Qin Wentian himself had disappeared.

Qin Wentian had left the demon sword outside the Moon Continent, yet he himself disappeared.

What did he want to do exactly? Why would he leave the sword behind as he entered the Moon Continent?

But regardless of the reason, this matter soon caused a great wave of commotion in the Moon Continent in an extremely short amount of time.

Qin Wentian, this young man who once cultivated in the Moon Continent had created miracles after miracles. The youngest in history to step into the ranks of a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, becoming the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, he stood together hand in hand with Mo Qingcheng announcing their relationship to the world.

But during the ranking battle, Qin Wentian offended too many of the transcendent powers. Everyone already decreed in their hearts that he was a soon-to-be-dead man.

He even slayed Zhan Chen, and wanted to take Mo Qingcheng

away. How could the Pill Emperor Hall not have a grudge towards him?

Luo He decided to take matters in her own hands and searched a husband for Mo Qingcheng.

And because of this, Qin Wentian pulled out the demon sword in the Sword Reverence City, traversing a distance of a hundred thousand miles, to the Moon Continent before proclaiming to Luo He that he, would look for her.

Nobody would ever have imagined that Qin Wentian who had just stepped into Heavenly Dipper, would dare to directly challenge the transcendent powers.

Back then Hua Taixu also obtained the position of the top ranker in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet in comparison to Qin Wentian, the deeds he had done weren't so world-shaking and astounding.

Today, in the Pill Emperor Hall, all the way up at the highest steps, Luo He stood there gazing down on the Moon Continent. Her gaze was ice cold, and behind her, all her disciples were present except for Mo Qingcheng.

“Master, Qingcheng’s marriage candidates selection?” Behind her, Bai Fei asked in a low voice.

“Carry on as per normal, make the matter as grand as possible.” Luo He’s voice was as frigid as winter snow as she spat the words

out. Qin Wentian's actions were like a smack on her face?

She heard the rumors that the demon sword was extremely powerful and could even sunder the heavens. She truly wanted to see if Qin Wentian would dare to bring the sword and stormed her Pill Emperor Hall.

“Understood.” Bai Fei bowed as she replied, all the while silently sighing in her heart. She heard that the recruitment of marriage candidates for Mo Qingcheng, was Mo Qingcheng's final chance. If Mo Qingcheng still refused, nobody knew what her consequences would be like.

The current Bai Fei, didn't know if she should be happy or sad.

These few days, representatives of the other transcendent powers all set foot in the Moon Continent. Obviously, they were here because of the marriage candidate selection.

Although it wasn't glorious to be marrying into the Pill Emperor Hall, its gain far outweighs the losses if they could gain the fairy-like Mo Qingcheng. Not only that, the transcendent power that the selected candidate was from would also form an unshakable alliance with the Pill Emperor Hall.

After all, the Pill Emperor Hall's position in the entire Grand Xia, could be considered somewhat unique.

The news regarding Qin Wentian spread like wildfire. After those

people learnt of the reasons, they couldn't help but feel that Qin Wentian was too delusional, wanting to fight against the transcendent powers all alone? Nothing but a fool's dream. They then headed to the entrance of Moon Continent and tried pulling out the demon sword. Yet, all of them discovered that regardless of how strong they were, none among them could extricate the demon sword out from the ground, not even the slightest. Not one among them.

Qin Wentian, remained the only person who had accomplished that!

AGM 419 – Demon Sword Erected Outside The Pill Emperor Hall

The fact that Qin Wentian had pulled out the demon sword, and left it at the entrance of Moon Continent created tsunami-like waves of commotion that rocked all of Grand Xia.

Currently in Grand Xia, although there were plenty who didn't know what sort of person Qin Wentian was, how many wouldn't know of the man ranked number one on the Heavenly Fate ranking?

At the very least, in the entire Grand Xia, other than those recluses and hermits, almost everyone had already heard of this name – Qin Wentian.

As the days passed, there were many that came to try their luck and attempted to extricate the sword yet no one was able to do so. There were also several people gathered around to spectate and as they saw one cultivator after another failing, they all commented on the bizarreness of the sword and why Qin Wentian was the only one that could move it.

At this moment there was a young man clad in white, hovering in the air. This person projected an extraordinary demeanor and was flawless in his appearance. He had a bearing which elevated him above the common crowd, outstanding no matter where he went.

The instant he appeared, the gazes of many in the crowd landed on him as expressions of admiration and worship showed on their

faces.

Hua Taixu, the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings two batches ago. Back then, nobody could even shake his position, he was peerless in Yuanfu throughout Grand Xia.

Not long ago, he just demonstrated his prowess. His true cultivation base now wasn't what many people guessed – the second level of Heavenly Dipper, but was actually the third level of Heavenly Dipper instead. His combat prowess was so strong that the word 'terrifying' wasn't sufficient to describe it... he destroyed a fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in an overwhelming, domineering fashion.

That battle, caused Hua Taixu's name to once again resound throughout the Moon Continent.

As long as top rankers of the Heavenly Fate Rankings didn't die, they would all become grand characters whose names shook the entire Grand Xia. Stepping into Heavenly Dipper wasn't an issue for them.

Right now, Hua Taixu gradually started to display his brilliance. His current strength could already be considered pretty strong even in the perspective of Grand Xia and if he were to be given a few more years to mature, he would definitely become a top-tier character that stood on the peak of Grand Xia.

And at this moment, Hua Taixu appeared at the entrance of Moon Continent, staring at the demon sword that Qin Wentian

had left behind.

Hua Taixu, Qin Wentian!

In Grand Xia, everyone tended to compare the both of them because in the eyes of the younger generations of Grand Xia, both of them represented two different eras, yet they were both the top rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The difference was that Hua Taixu was born into a prestigious clan, a Heaven's Chosen level character of the Hua Clan. He was already dazzling when he was born, with a magnificence unmatched in his generation.

Qin Wentian was different, he had no background to speak of yet he reached the same heights as Hua Taixu. His competitors were all blazing sons of their generations, borne of a transcendent power yet he was the one that reached the peak in the end. His story struck a chord with many youths in Grand Xia, and his story was passed on with much fascination and admiration.

Currently, the appearance of Hua Taixu observing the demon sword Qin Wentian left behind naturally caused people to feel unexpected.

At this moment, Hua Taixu slowly approached as he fixed his attention onto the sword.

There was no terrifying aura to be found, only silence. There

were only faint hints of sword intent permeating the air, but the sword might produced by the sword intent was very different from what it was rumored to be like. Rumors stated that the sword qi of the demon sword was so astronomical that it could tower over the heavens. People could hear the mournful wails of the sword from hundreds of miles away and everywhere it would go, a chasm would be formed.

Yet right now, the demon sword seemed to be asleep, nobody could awaken it.

Hua Taixu contemplated the demon sword for a long time before turning and departing the area. His countenance remained as serene as ever, nobody knew what he was thinking about.

After Hua Taixu's departure, yet another silhouette appeared in this area. And just like Hua Taixu, her appearance immediately drew the attention and focus of the crowd.

Although her features were obscured by a veil, just a glimpse of her was sufficient to cause all of the people in that area to be stunned into silence. They had no way to shift their eyes away.

This female projected an aura of otherworldliness, untouched by the mortal world. Her presence was akin to a block of ice, as though nobody could approach her. She was like a snow lotus atop an icy mountain. Arrogant and proud, standing alone at the summit with no need to associate with the world.

“How beautiful.”

Her appearance here had stolen away the breath of the entire crowd. Although they couldn't see her features, just her beautiful eyes as well as her skin that resembled the white snow, was already sufficient for people to know that the beauty of this woman was without peer.

Yet nobody dared to go near her, it seemed somewhat blasphemous to do so, she was like a being high up in the skies where mortals like them could only watch on in wistfulness.

However, the gaze of this woman was too, fixed on the demon sword. Her eyes seemed to flash with a hint of contemplation, as though she was considering something.

She only stayed here for a moment before she turned and walked away, her mysterious appearance made the crowd wonder, who exactly was she?

Which transcendent power has a female whose beauty was so breathtakingly stunning?

When the crowd finally snapped out of their daze, they discovered that the female had already completely vanished, with no traces of her presence as if she had never appeared here before.

It was as though she was borne of their imagination, surreal and was nothing but an illusion.

“The most important event in the Moon Continent currently is no doubt the marriage candidate selection the Pill Emperor Hall is holding to select a companion for Mo Qingcheng. That female from earlier might be from a transcendent power, maybe she’s from the Mystic Maiden Sect and is here to spectate the event. In that case, there might be a chance for her to appear at the date of selection, we must definitely go there and take a look.”

This thought flashed through the minds of several in the crowd. Although they didn’t dare to blaspheme, it surely didn’t matter if they snuck a few more glances at her. Anyway, with Qin Wentian bringing the demon sword to the Moon Continent, his purpose was evidently for the marriage candidate selection. Even if they didn’t notice the appearance of the female earlier, they would have gone to the Pill Emperor Hall anyway.

At the entrance of the Moon Continent, several streams of people came and left.

The only thing that remained unchanged was the demon sword that stood tall and upright, embedded in the ground. It was as though this was its new location, and it would remain immovable and asleep as it was previously.

Only that person could awaken it.

Countless experts from all over Grand Xia had arrived in the Moon Continent, making the atmosphere over there extremely lively. Especially in the central region where the Pill Emperor Hall was located, it was bustling with activity.

Not too long ago, Luo He announced to the entire Grand Xia that the marriage candidate selection would be held at the heaven ascending steps of the Pill Emperor Hall. People from the transcendent powers would be granted access to the top 99 flights of steps, while ordinary people would stand beneath them, spectating the selection.

For those below thirty years of age, in addition to possessing outstanding talent and a handsome appearance, they were eligible to participate in the selection.

Since this was a marriage candidate selection for the saintess of the Pill Emperor Hall, Mo Qingcheng, the candidate's looks naturally couldn't be too bad. If not, the image of the Pill Emperor Hall would go down the drain. Secondly, the candidate couldn't be too old. After all, Mo Qingcheng was still a flower who had just bloomed, her beauty exceedingly radiant. How could the Pill Emperor Hall allow her to marry a middle aged or old man? And obviously, the most important thing was the candidate's strength and talent.

Those that came to participate in the selection would be chosen based on their combat prowess. The highest priority would be one's strength, choosing the top three out of this multitude of participants.

As for the background of the candidates, although this wasn't explicitly stated, this was the last priority for the selection. But of course, everyone was clear in their hearts that it was almost impossible for the Pill Emperor Hall to allow a nobody to marry

Mo Qingcheng even if his strength was unrivalled among candidates of this selection.

But no matter what, first leaving aside the prestige of the Pill Emperor Hall, just Mo Qingcheng's godly appearance alone as well as her monstrous talent in pill concoction, it was already sufficient to move the hearts of those young elites. And although Mo Qingcheng seemed to have something going on with Qin Wentian, given how grandly the Pill Emperor Hall was promoting this event, there shouldn't be any cause for worry.

Today, many people flooded the Pill Emperor Hall. In a grand hall at the peak of the ninety-nine flight of steps, Luo He had her eyes closed as she sat in the seat of the host. Below her, were her disciples, Bai Fei and the rest, as well as the participants who were registering for the selection.

"Master, from the looks of it, disciples of the various transcendent powers have elected to participate in the selection. Although they aren't the most outstanding in their sects or clans, they are all still extraordinary characters." Bai Fei inclined her head and respectfully reported.

"Mhm." Luo He nodded her head lightly. "Are there no characters like Hua Taixu and Chen Wang?"

"No." Bai Fei replied. Luo He didn't reply, she also knew that this time around, the selected candidate had to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. There was no way the other transcendent powers would allow their most outstanding members to do so. If not, if the Pill Emperor Hall really chose Hua Taixu, wouldn't that the Hua

Clan would lose out on their most elite member of the younger generation?

“Are there any that are worthy of notice?” Luo He inquired again.

“I haven’t discovered any as of now.” Bai Fei shook her head and continued, “There are quite a few that didn’t originate from any transcendent powers, their cultivation is only at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. Characters like them would surely be the first to get eliminated.”

For this selection, the main targets were outstanding characters below thirty years of age. For those recently ascended Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, they basically stood no chance at all.

“Mhm.” Luo He nodded before stating, “Go talk to your junior martial sister. Tell her there’s seven more days for her to consider. This is already the last line of my patience. If she really wishes to defy my orders, don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

Night arrived, silence befell the Moon Continent. However just outside the Moon Continent, there were several cultivators that went to observe the demon sword that was embedded outside the entrance. However at this moment, they discovered that the sword intent of the demon sword shot up to the skies as the sword transformed into a beam of light that zoomed towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall. This, naturally attracted the attention of several and the air was soon filled with people soaring through the air, as they observed the situation.

During the next morning, the experts from the Pill Emperor Hall stood at the peak of the ninety-nine steps as they stared right ahead. However in their eyes, a mixture of disbelief, anger and even shock could be seen. There was a terrifying gigantic ancient sword over 1,000 metres in length embedded in the ground outside the entrance of the Pill Emperor Hall. Although it was still a distance away, because of the immense size of the sword, it was too eye-catching.

The meaning of this, goes without saying.

This was a blatant challenge to the Pill Emperor Hall. Last night, when the sword intent shot up to the skies, the experts of the Pill Emperor Hall naturally had also sensed it. But as the overwhelming sword might swept closer and closer to them, nobody dared to get near to it underneath the pressure. And when the upper echelons of the Pill Emperor Hall went to investigate, the sword intent that radiated out was so sharp that it made even characters of their level fearful for their lives.

Finally, when the commotion was over. They discovered that the demon sword was already embedded into the ground. As for the controller of the sword, he had vanished completely, nowhere to be seen.

This, was a great humiliation to the Pill Emperor Hall. They who had countless experts within their sect, actually allowed somebody to stick a sword into the ground to provoke them, not even ten miles away from the place that they called home.

But luckily, Qin Wentian had no way to wield that demon sword. If not, by their estimations, given the power of that endless, terrifying sword might, if Qin Wentian could completely control its strength, nothing in the Heavenly Dipper realm would be able to stand up to it.

Luo He's countenance turned ashen as she saw what happened. She was frightened by the sword might to the point where she didn't even dare to venture outside of the Pill Emperor Hall last night.

She simply couldn't believe that this was done by someone whom she once despised to even cast a glance at.

Now, in the morning, the demon sword was simply erected there, yet no one could extricate it and move it away!

Surely they couldn't mobilise their supreme elder-level characters just because of an act of provocation incited by a member of the junior generation. If they truly did so, where would their face and prestige lie? They would become the laughing stock of Grand Xia!

Mo Qingcheng was currently imprisoned in a certain place in the Pill Emperor Hall. At this moment, she was bound with chains and locked up in a room yet she couldn't help but be bewildered after sensing that endless sword might. Where could sword might this powerful originate from? How could she feel it even from where she was right now? How powerful did this sword might have to be to permeate through the atmosphere in the Pill Emperor Hall?

AGM 420 – Selection Of The Marriage Candidate

The demon sword stood outside Pill Emperor Hall. This matter soon circulated all around Moon Continent and everyone who knew of it couldn't help but sigh in admiration in their hearts.

This story of love touched the heart of many – a young man dragged a gigantic sword for a hundred thousand miles all the way to the Moon Continent, and even went so far as to place the sword right in front of the Pill Emperor Hall's doorstep.

He was telling everyone that he, Qin Wentian, had returned. He would definitely make Luo He pay a price for her actions.

However, nobody thought it was possible. Although Qin Wentian had outstanding talent, his current strength was just too weak, merely at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. How could he clash with grand characters like the Pill Emperor Hall and win?

Experts were as common as clouds in the Pill Emperor Hall. What people saw was merely the tip of the iceberg, if the pillars of the Pill Emperor Hall were lured out, the consequences would be unimaginable for Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian truly had no way to wield the demon sword – he could only drag it. If push came to shove, even if he borrowed the sword might from the sword, he would end up dying without a doubt.

What he was facing, was one of the top-tier transcendent powers, ranked within the top five in the entire Grand Xia, the Pill Emperor Hall.

Qin Wentian had the aspirations to sunder the heavens, but could he with his puny strength shock the heaven ascending hall of the Pill Emperor Hall at the top of the ninety-nine flight of steps?

The marriage candidate selection event organised by the Pill Emperor Hall for Mo Qingcheng had already caused gigantic waves of commotion throughout all of Grand Xia. Countless people all came to the Moon Continent either to participate or to be spectators of the grand selection. In addition to the smack Qin Wentian issued to Luo He's face, the erected demon sword just outside the Pill Emperor Hall's entrance, this storm of commotion brewed even greater in intensity.

Today, the day of the selection finally arrived.

Before the entrance to the Pill Emperor Hall, below the ninety-nine flight of steps, human silhouettes could be seen crowding on the ground. However, the cultivators all avoided a certain area. Over there, a gigantic towering sword could be seen, nobody dared to near it.

At the peak of the ninety-nine flights of steps, the experts from the Pill Emperor Hall stood there surveying the crowd. Luo He stood in the centre-most position, her countenance ice-cold as she stared at the gigantic demon sword right in front of their door

step.

Qin Wentian dared to smack her face? She really wanted to see if Qin Wentian dared to come today.

If he really came, she will make sure he would never be able to return.

Shifting her gaze onto the crowd, Luo He's voice resounded out, "Friends from the other transcendent powers, please feel free to ascend the ninety-nine steps. We welcome all of you to act as witnesses for this selection."

As the sound of her voice faded, several figures among the crowd moved as they climbed the heaven ascending steps before they sat down on the seats at the peak of the steps that were already prepared for them.

"Participants of the selection are to stand on the ninetieth step and below." Luo He continued, and momentarily, whistling sounds echoed in the air as numerous silhouettes appeared and squeezed on the ninetieth step. Just an instant, and the ninetieth step was completely full with no space available. If anyone else wanted to stand there, they would have to knock someone else down to take their place.

"So many people, the participants for the selection are all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns below thirty. Not only that, their looks and talents are a cut above the common crowd. For those at Yuanfu, wanting to marry Mo Qingcheng is just a fool's dream."

The Pill Emperor Hall is selecting a son-in-law and the marriage partner is Mo Qingcheng. No wonder so many outstanding characters appear. Firstly, leaving aside those from the transcendent powers, the major powers a tier below them have also sent out many of their younger generations over. If any of them could really become the son-in-law of the Pill Emperor Hall, and married Mo Qingcheng, the status of that power would naturally be positively affected as well.”

However, how could it be so easy to last all the way to the end and win the selection?

“An incense stick worth of time, only those who stand upon the ninetieth step will be able to proceed upwards to my Pill Emperor Hall. This is but a preliminary test to weed out the weak.” Luo He faintly continued, “Let the selection begin.”

As the sound of her voice faded, the atmosphere became charged with nervous energy. Luo He had already told them her standards – only participants with the qualifications to stand on the ninetieth step after the time it takes to finish burning an incense, would be able to proceed to the next round.”

At this moment, those who stood on the ninetieth step all felt an overwhelming pressure bearing down on them. The Astral Souls and Novas of those who stood on the steps below them were already released into being. Instantly, battle intent and powerful auras radiated out in the air.

Complete and utter mayhem. The fight was even swifter and more brutal than what the spectators had expected.

Not even half a second had passed since Luo He's voice faded away, yet the frenzied and chaotic combat erupted instantly. No quarters were given.

Viewing this terrifying battle that erupted instantaneously, the spectators only felt their heart violently pounding from the sight. Over there, blood splattered about, falling down like rain from the skies, while miserable screams and blood-curdling screeches mingled together to form a cacophony of pain that resounded in the air. In the mere blink of an eye, it was unknown how many of the participants had died or were seriously injured. It was just too cruel.

Although Luo He was the daughter of the Pill Emperor, she definitely wasn't some nice soul that advocate kindness. She chose to use the most direct and brutal selection method to test the participants.

"There are a few that are quite powerful. Nobody could knock them down from the ninetieth step."

Very quickly, the spectators soon noticed those participants who were more dazzling. Their cultivation was all approximately the second or third level of Heavenly Dipper.

For young cultivators who were below thirty and had a cultivation base at third level of Heavenly Dipper, their talents

were already considered extremely terrifying. Even in the transcendent powers, only those more elite, demon-level characters would be able to achieve such a feat.

As for those below thirty who was at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, the spectators hadn't noticed any yet. Even Hua Taixu didn't achieve this. The concept of a fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign was simply too fearsome to believe.

Hence, those participants with a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper could already be considered as the peak-level participants in the selection this time around.

As for those at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, these people suffered the most, they belonged to the weakest group. They were sitting ducks and were blasted down the steps by those stronger than them. Many had injuries from the collision, they simply didn't have power enough to dash up the ninetieth step.

“The majority of those that are able to stand upon the ninetieth step are from the transcendent powers. Chen Lie from the Chen Clan was extremely famous back in those days as well. He's the elder brother of Chen Wang and although his talent wasn't as outstanding as Chen Wang, his current cultivation is higher than him. He was also one of the top few rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings three batches ago. The Chen Clan actually chose him to represent them.”

“Hua Cheng of the Hua Clan is here as well. Although his brilliance was totally suppressed by Hua Taixu, he could also be considered one of the more powerful ones in the younger

generation of the Hua Clan. Seems like it's true that there are many cultivators who want to obtain the belle. The competition is intense indeed."

"That person that is Wang Yifei of the Wang Clan from War Continent. His combat prowess is said to be extraordinary. I also heard that not long ago, Wang Jue was slain by Qin Wentian when the latter was pulling out the demon sword. I wonder if this matter is true or not, if it's true, then the hatred the Wang Clan feels for Qin Wentian would surely be carved deep into their bones. If Qin Wentian appears here today, I wonder how he would be able to walk out alive. The Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Wang Clan all want him to die. Not to mention that the Pill Emperor Hall and the Star-Seizing Manor also have grudges with him."

"Qin Wentian is actually also worthy of admiration. Who would dared to take the actions he took? But sadly, it's destined that he would fall today. Back then, the Azure Emperor also died in the same way, surrounded by enemies too overwhelming for him to handle."

The discussions of the crowd began to shift towards Qin Wentian again. After Qin Wentian showcased his brilliance to the world, each and every action he took caused way too much commotion. And let alone today, when he he might be here to smash the selection apart. His sword was currently erected outside the Pill Emperor Hall, there's no way the marriage selection would proceed as smoothly as the Pill Emperor Hall has planned.

"Hey look, who's that person? He's quite good looking and succeeded in standing on the ninetieth step despite only having a

cultivation base at the first level of Heavenly Dipper.” At this moment, someone in the crowd pointed at a figure on the ninetieth step. This person had an ancient halberd in his hands and projected an air of unmatched tyranny. For those who wanted to target him would all suffer underneath his halberd. So far, none had succeeded when they tried to knock him down.

And right now, a cultivator at the second level of Heavenly Dipper was rushing at him. This person wielded a lightning-attributed sword in his hands and the instant he neared, the power of lightning abruptly stabbed out, the Astral Nova of the attacker exploded with a terrifying light, augmenting his attack. However, the crowd only saw an ancient halberd blasting out, containing a strange and surreal; fluctuation akin to a phantasm. This halberd strike didn't seemed to be real but the moment it came into contact with the sword, an irresistible force penetrated directly through, cancelling out the force of the sword attack, smashing into the attacker's chest, blasting him right down the steps.

An incense worth of time passed very quickly. When Luo He announced that the first round was over, there were only a total of forty-eight participants remaining on the ninetieth step.

“All of you are qualified to come up here.” Luo He waved her hands before turning and walking to the seat of the host.

The forty-eight participants ascended the ninety-nine steps and arrived at the peak where the Pill Emperor Hall was located. At the peak of the steps, was a vast piece of land and surrounding them were all people from the various transcendent powers that came to spectate. As for the other spectators who had no background, they

weren't qualified to be up here.

Although only around ten to fifteen minutes have passed, the forty-eight participants remaining were all elites among elites. All of them were extraordinary characters.

Many among them were cultivators from the younger generations of the various transcendent powers. The spectators from their respective powers all had smiles on their faces. If their representative could really marry Mo Qingcheng, it wasn't too bad even if they had to marry into the Pill Emperor Hall. This way, their relationship with the Pill Emperor Hall would only become closer.

Luo He sat on the host's seat. Mo Qingcheng was her disciple, hence she was the host for the selection event today.

Her eyes were currently staring ahead, fixed on the demon sword erected outside their sect. That sword was even taller compared to where she was seated now. Her eyes flashed with a glint of coldness as she stared at it.

She truly wanted to see when Qin Wentian would appear. Did he really dare to show up and cause chaos during this selection?

Retracting her gaze, she then turned to the forty-eight participants as she stated, "All of you are good looking enough and possess strength above average. For the groom selection this time around, there's no need for a ranking system. We only need to know who are the top three among the forty-eight of you. The

rules are simple, right now, each of you choose your own opponent. The loser shall be ousted while the winner continues on to the next round.”

As the sound of her voice faded, the participants moved and immediately started selecting their opponents.

There were still other challenges after this round. Hence, in these earlier battles, participants would naturally all choose the weakest ones of the group. Han Qing of the Swallow Swordsmen from Yan Continent picked an opponent who was at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. His opponent had an ancient halberd and was extremely tyrannical. But regardless, with a cultivation base at only the first level, how strong could his opponent be?

Han Qing stood in front of the halberd user and calmly regarded him. He then spoke, “Han Qing of the Swallow Swordsmen. Please guide me.”

As his voice faded away, the sword in his hand buzzed as it erupted into motion. The corners of Han Qing’s lips curled up in an unpleasant smile, although the words he spoke were polite, the tone of his voice contained a unmistakable hint of disdain!

AGM 421 – Different Face?

Han Qing could be considered exceedingly famous throughout the Yan Continent. With a cultivation base at the second level of the Heavenly Dipper realm, he excelled in sword arts, and the speed of his sword was as fast as the wind.

He had four Astral Souls: the first two were both speed-type Astral Souls, while the last two were both sword-type Astral Souls. What he sought was speed, extreme speed.

The attack power of sword-type Astral Souls was redoubtable. Coupled with extreme speed, Han Qing would be able to strike out at his opponents far more often than they would be able to defend against, thus easily able to achieve victory.

At this moment, the young man facing Han Qing only had a cultivation base at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. Although his combat prowess was noteworthy, Han Qing was still brimming with confidence. His opponent wouldn't be able to last ten moves under the quickness of his sword.

That young man facing Han Qing could clearly see the smirk on Han Qing's face. Yet, he remained expressionless. No one could tell what he was thinking about in his heart.

As for the other participants, they too had already found their opponents. Forty-eight participants meant a total of twenty-four battles. Luckily, the space at the peak of the heaven-ascending steps was vast enough for everyone to battle at the same time.

“Please guide me.”

The young man, wielding the ancient halberd, calmly stated. As the sound of his voice faded, Han Qing smiled, “Please be careful then.”

The next moment, Han Qing’s sword lashed out like the wind. His silhouette concealed itself in the middle of a cyclone, and he transformed into a series of blurry after-images that moved with the speed of lightning. His sword moved so fast that his attacks were like an illusive phantom, most of the spectators couldn’t tell which attacks were real and which were illusions.

With a single sword strike, the retreat path of the halberd user was sealed off by Han Qing. His sword covered all angles. No matter where his opponent wanted to retreat to, as long as Han Qing made some variation in his attack, his attack would land for sure.

However, the halberd user seemed to have no intentions of dodging.

With a stomp on the ground, just a single step, the entire earth seemed to move with the halberd user. He was like the sovereign of this space, barging forward with immense might. The ancient halberd in his hands brutally smashed out, as tyrannical as a dragon, pressing relentlessly forward.

“Wind Shadow.” Han Qing unleashed the will of his second level

Mandate. His body vanished from sight, transforming into shadows of the wind, all traces of his presence were hidden within while the sword qi exuded got stronger and stronger.

With a flash of cold light, a lightning-quick sword stabbed towards the young man using the ancient halberd. The dangerous scene made people sigh in admiration as they witnessed the profoundness of the sword technique that was augmented by the will of Han Qing's second level insight. Such speed totally rendered the halberd user defenceless.

However, right at this moment, a resounding boom thundered out.

The ancient halberd actually collided with Han Qing's sword head on. There were no traces of hesitation in the halberd user movement, his strike was cleanly executed to perfection.

"This..." Those spectators who were paying attention to this battle were all stunned. How had the young man wielding the halberd accomplished that? Han Qing had merged himself together with the wind, his attacks were unpredictable and extremely rapid. Although the halberd user moved later, his weapon actually came into contact with Han Qing's sword at the exact moment of impact. How had he done that?

Of course, there were also spectators who had clearly seen the young man's actions. What amazed them was that the instant Han Qing disappeared, the halberd was already in motion. There were no traces of hesitation, and it also possessed unerring accuracy, arriving at the point of impact an instant before Han Qing's sword

appeared there.

It was as if the young man could predict where Han Qing's sword would land. This caused the hearts of those spectating to shiver with coldness. Han Qing's Wind Shadow had no form to it, and that was quite a powerful second level Mandate. Yet his opponent had actually struck out directly and with absolute certainty.

Han Qing initially believed that even if this strike of his couldn't completely defeat his opponent; at the very least, it would cause him to fumble. And right after that, he could increase his attack speed and bestow a miserable defeat to the young man. Yet reality was as such, things happened contrary to his wishes. When the ancient halberd collided with his sword, he felt an overwhelming force directly blasting into his chest. It was like a vibration of force that endlessly created waves after waves of devastation in his body.

"Chi..." Han Qing explosively retreated as he spat out fresh blood. However, his opponent similarly stepped forward, chasing after him with the speed of lightning. Han Qing paled as he roared, "I CONCEDE!"

As the sound of his voice faded, the ancient halberd stopped an inch from his throat. The young man had no fluctuations to his countenance, appearing utterly unperturbed.

This battle between them, out of all the twenty-four battles, was the battle that ended the fastest. It caused several spectators to glance over as they mused in their hearts. This young man merely had a cultivation base at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, yet he had the strength to make Han Qing spit out blood with just a single

move. He must have an extraordinary background, yet...who was he? Nobody seemed to know him.

In the entire Grand Xia, they had never heard of someone in the younger generations that was talented with the halberd.

Unless, this young man wasn't someone from the nine continents and had never appeared here in Grand Xia before this. There was a remote possibility that this might be the case. Did this young man want to use the marriage selection to catapult himself to fame with a single battle?

After some time, the first round of battles ended. There were only twenty-four participants remaining.

“The majority of these twenty-four are all talents from the various transcendent powers.”

Would Mo Qingcheng's future husband be among these twenty-four participants?

Who would be the one selected when the entire selection concluded?

“Continue, find your next opponent and defeat them to advance.” Luo He's voice was as serene as ever, as though she was talking about something insignificant. The instant her voice faded, other than a few characters, the other participants all started to move. They wanted to find the weakest among them to defeat

before the weakest was selected by others.

Although the halberd wielding young man defeated Han Qing, his cultivation base was merely at the first level of Heavenly Dipper after all. Compared to those who were still remaining, it was obvious that the other participants felt that this young man should be one of the weakest. In fact, there were three who dashed at him right away, only to be thwarted by one of the participants who was closer to the halberd wielding young man.

He didn't want to give others any chance to snatch his prey away, hence, he directly struck out at the halberd wielding young man.

The instant he attacked indicated his opponent was already selected. Others couldn't interfere in an one on one battle.

But at the very moment he struck out, the halberd wielding young man moved as well, just like a beam of lightning, fast beyond belief. The speed of the halberd user didn't lose out to Han Qing in the slightest. And with a flash of light, his ancient halberd erupted forwards. There were no variations, no twist and turns, no profoundness to his strike. A simple, direct, tyrannical strike. That was all to it.

In fact, that strike of his couldn't even be considered an innate technique. It was just a halberd strike, as simple as that.

Yet, when this ordinary looking halberd attack erupted forth. It gave off a sense that made the spectators feel as though in the entire world, only this single halberd remained.

The attacker was someone at the second level of Heavenly Dipper. And when he gathered his strength to counter attack, the howl of a terrifying demonic flood dragon echoed in the void. The physique of the attacker transformed, dashing ahead, and issued a palm strike, clashing head on with the halberd strike, with the strength of his current flood dragon body.

“ARGHH!” A voice filled with agony rang out, the arm of the attacker was directly shattered into pieces. The ancient halberd penetrated right through and pierced right into the centre of the attacker’s brow.

This battle was similar to the last one, the halberd wielding young man only used a single move to end the battle. Also, he was, once again, the fastest winner.

Although his cultivation base was one of the lowest among the participants, his almost instantaneous conclusion of two battles attracted the most attention.

However, the remaining participants after this round of battle would all be third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Many feared that the halberd wielding young man had already reached the end of his path.

And indeed, to no one’s surprise, after this round was concluded, only twelve participants remained. As for the other eleven, all of them had a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

Not only that, each and every one of those eleven were extremely famous throughout Grand Xia. The halberd wielding young man poses no threat in comparison.

Chen Lie, Wang Yifei, Hua Cheng, Shi Kuang, Xiao Yu and the rest...none of them were unknown in Grand Xia.

Luo He glanced at the twelve remaining participants with a calm expression. Although these people could be considered extraordinary characters by the masses, when it came to marrying Mo Qingcheng, Luo He wasn't satisfied with any one of them. After all, these characters weren't the most outstanding ones among the younger generation in their various transcendent powers.

But right now, what she wanted wasn't to choose a good son-in-law for their Pill Emperor Hall.

Her gaze shifted onto the demon sword erected outside.

He hadn't appeared yet.

She truly wanted to see how long he could bide his time.

“Continue.”

Luo He's voice had no emotions in it. She didn't even set any rules; the next round continued onwards.

There would only be three participants remaining and as to who would win the selection, she have actually decided. But this was no longer important, because it was not her original purpose when she organised the marriage selection event.

“This Luo He actually used such a method to eliminate the participants. Strange.” Many had some suspicions in their heart. This method of elimination was extremely brutal, the strong would be eliminated by someone stronger.

For this third round, the participants didn’t instantly erupt into battle right after Luo He’s words. They were looking around, in deep contemplation. After some moments, one of the participants decided on his selection and started walking towards his opponent.

“Xiao Yu has chosen the halberd wielding young man as his opponent. Seems like the end result of this battle is already concluded. Xiao Yu was one of the top three Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns of the younger generation in terms of strength and talent in the Star-Seizing Manor. The might of his Star-Seizing Palms can’t be belittled.”

The young man wielding the ancient halberd looked as composed as ever, as though there was nothing that could ever shake his heart.

“Bang!” Xiao Yu stepped out, blasting forwards with his Star-Seizing Palms. The air around him vibrated as his palms shone with resplendent light. He wanted to smash the halberd user into

nothingness with a single strike.

The young man struck out with his halberd, the same move as before. It was as if he only knew a single move. Yet when the ancient halberd collided with the Star-Seizing Palm imprint, both of them actually shattered at the same instant.

Xiao Yu coldly snorted. Someone merely at the first level of Heavenly Dipper also wanted to stand against him?

With a flick of his sleeve, Xiao Yu's palms suddenly grew in size before yet another palm imprint was blasted out. This time around, the young man was enveloped by a cage of astral light. That palm of Xiao Yu seemed as though it wanted to seize the stars of that astral cage and, at the same time, seize the halberd user's life away.

“BOOOM!” An immense burst of astral energy erupted at the location the halberd wielding young man was standing. The instant the Star-Seizing Palm imprint smashed over, a thunderous boomed resounded and caused those from the Star-Seizing Manor to stiffen, as their eyes widened at the sight before them.

An ancient halberd was currently lodged in the throat of Xiao Yu!

That palm imprint of Xiao Yu should have concluded the battle, but the instant before that Star-Seizing palm exploded the cage, his opponent actually appeared right in front of him as an ancient halberd appeared in his hands, smashing right through his throat.

The young man slayed Xiao Yu of the Star-Seizing Manor. Not only that, he did so in a domineering manner.

“Did the Venerate Heavens Sect also send out someone to participate in this selection?” Those from the Star-Seizing Manor had ashen expressions on their faces.

That movement technique the young man used right at the end was none other than Stellar Transposition, one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. Back then when the nine grand clans joined in rebellion, the art that was eventually claimed by the Venerate Heavens Sect was none other than the Stellar Transposition.

The young man then pulled out his halberd, as Xiao Yu’s body fell down on the ground. He then coldly regarded those from the Star-Seizing Manor, not bothering to reply them.

Of course, he wasn’t anyone from the Venerate Heavens Sect. He was Qin Wentian!

He suppressed his rage up till this point because he hadn’t seen Mo Qingcheng. His perception also failed to sense Mo Qingcheng’s location.

Hence, Qin Wentian could only use the Facial Transformation Art he obtained from Di Feng’s interspatial ring in the Vermilion Bird Formation to disguise himself. He had no choice but to take the risk of appearing at the marriage selection event in front of Luo He. All of this, in order to wait for a chance to save Mo Qingcheng!

AGM 422 – Fatal Blow

Luo He's eyes flashed with a sharp gleam as she stared at the young man in front of her.

Stellar Transposition, although this technique was said to belong to the Venerate Heavens Sect, after the ranking battle in the ancient kingdom, the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia had been divulged to some of the top rankers – Chen Wang, Shi Potian. Both had obtained the Stellar Transformation, hence it only made sense that those from their clans would learn it as well. Now in order to win the selection, it wasn't surprising that they unleashed this technique.

What truly astonished Luo He was that the ancient halberd in this young man's hand always struck out using the simplest and the most effective of all movements to defeat his opponent. This wasn't the result of an innate technique or will of Mandate; it was just a strike showcasing his understanding of the ancient halberd. In that case, it was impossible to tell what the identity of this young man truly was.

But his good luck streak should have come to an end. For the next battle, his opponent would definitely take him seriously.

For him who knows the Stellar Transposition, if there was someone like Xiao Yu, suffering death from a surprise attack all because of a moment of carelessness, it would truly be too late for regrets. Xiao Yu didn't even have the opportunity to showcase his true strength.

Although those from the Star-Seizing Manor were infuriated, they couldn't do anything. However, they resolved that they would definitely find out the identity of this guy after this marriage selection.

This person showed no mercy, completely not giving any face, by directly slaughtering someone of their Star-Seizing Manor.

As of now, there were only six remaining participants. And after the next round, only three would remain.

Currently, the six participants are: Chen Lie, Wang Yifei, Hua Cheng, Shi Kuang, Yan Long and Qin Wentian.

Chen Lie, someone from the Great Solar Chen Clan, the elder brother of Chen Wang.

Wang Yifei, Wang Clan.

Hua Cheng, Hua Clan.

Shi Kuang, Shi Clan.

Yan Long, Beastking Hall.

The only one the spectators couldn't see through, was the young man wielding the ancient halberd. No one knew his identity.

“All six of you fight together, free for all. Only three will remain.” Luo He’s eyes flashed with coldness. As the sound of her voice faded, the focus of the crowd landed on all six of the participants.

Luo He actually wanted them to fight in a free-for-all battle.

Chen Lie’s eyes gleamed with a blazing flame. As the Great Solar energy circulated his body, a scorching heat exuded from him. Nobody dared to go near him.

Although Chen Wang obtained a secret art, he used it in exchange for one of the nine ultimate arts – Stellar Transposition. Hence, Chen Lie might have also mastered this. In addition to his cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper, he should be one of the strongest among the current participants.

Nobody dared to make a move against Chen Lie.

Chen Wang was sitting in the area belonging to those from the Chen Clan. His eyes were flickering with an unknown emotion as he waited. If Chen Lie won, Mo Qingcheng would become his.

Today, he wanted to see if Qin Wentian would appear or not.

His eyes glimmered with a cold light when he stared at the demon sword erected outside the Pill Emperor Hall. Let’s hope that Qin Wentian wouldn’t disappoint them today.

Chen Lie didn't move, neither did Wang Yifei. As for Hua Cheng and Shi Kuang, their gazes collided with each other, and a great battle soon erupted between them.

Hua Cheng and Shi Kuang were both extremely powerful, all their attacks were brutal and ferocious. The other four spectated their battle and didn't make a move yet.

"Hey you, go and sneak attack one of them." A voice transmitted into Qin Wentian's ears, the words causing his eyes to narrow slightly. This voice belonged to Chen Lie. Seems like, these others have been secretly transmitting messages all this time.

Qin Wentian didn't move. He remained standing where he was and continued spectating the battle between Hua Cheng and Shi Kuang.

Chen Lie's eyebrows twitched dangerously as he coldly continued, "I'll give you one last chance."

Qin Wentian continued ignoring Chen Lie. However, soon after, he noticed Yan Long walking towards him, while Wang Yifei was advancing towards Hua Cheng and Shi Kuang.

Yan Long's arm transformed into the arm of a demon beast, as terrifying demonic qi gushed forth from his eyes.

Yan Long was a beastman from the Beast King Hall. He had the bloodline of the flame dragon and possessed overwhelming

strength, in addition to his lewd and greedy temperament.

“That woman is definitely mine.” Yan Long icily spoke. As he ended his sentence, he lunged towards Qin Wentian with a speed as quick as lightning.

The demon arm blasted forth towards Qin Wentian as a terrifying flame dragon claw manifested in the middle of the air. Within the draconic palm, a fearsome flame current could be seen revolving around it, and the heat was so intense that it could melt a human’s body into liquid.

Yan Long had a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. However, the strength of his strike was naturally beyond ordinary third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns given the augmentation of his bloodline.

Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd gushed forth with a formless and peculiar energy. His eyes were locked onto Yan Long’s as his silhouette erupted forth with explosive speed. This halberd strike of his was akin to an illusion, yet it arrived in front of Yan Long instantly.

Yan Long coldly snorted as he prepared to use his palms to brush the halberd aside. He wanted to have a direct showdown of strength with the might of that ancient halberd.

Yet right at that moment before the collision, a booming, thunderous sound echoed out. Qin Wentian vanished completely from sight, and at the moment he vanished, a flood of undaunted

astral light drowned the area as Chen Lie appeared there, with both his palms blasted outwards. The terrifying Great Solar energy in his meridians gushed forth, unabated by anything. Initially, one of his palms were aimed for Qin Wentian while the other headed for Yan Long. Who knew that Qin Wentian would disappear right before his appearance.

Wang Yifei ended up allying with Hua Cheng, as they joined hands to fight against Shi Kuang.

BOOM!

Qin Wentian abruptly appeared over that area. His halberd strike that was originally aimed for Yan Long, now stabbed towards Hua Cheng without hesitation.

Yet how could experts on this level be caught unaware so easily? Although Hua Chen was shocked, his Great Sabre Astral Nova instantly cleaved outwards, intending to block Qin Wentian's attack.

However, Shi Kuang's Astral Nova smashed over. Shi Kuang's nova was a gigantic stone golem, and that stone golem's powerful palms immediately blasted forwards through the air, colliding with Hua Cheng's Sabre Astral Nova. At the same time, his silhouette vanished from sight before appearing above Hua Cheng, as he punched downwards with thunderous force. The strength of his attacks had power enough to topple mountains, terrifying to the extreme.

“WANG YIFEI!”

Hua Cheng roared. And at the same instant, Wang Yifei’s spear-type Astral Nova also penetrated through the void. Yet to the surprise of the crowd, his spear-type Astral Nova wasn’t targeted at Qin Wentian nor Shi Kuang. But rather, he was aiming to kill Hua Cheng!

In a single instant, Hua Cheng turned pale. His ally a few seconds earlier instantly became his enemy. With three sovereigns joining forces, his only possible outcome was death.

“BANG!” Shi Kuang’s brutal attack rained from above, and Hua Cheng felt the entire blood and qi in his body circulating in chaos after receiving that strike. Wang Yifei’s spear sealed off all paths of his escape, while Qin Wentian’s domineering ancient halberd stabbed forth. Hua Cheng had no more ways left to neutralise or defend against this attack.

“I CONCEDE.” Hua Cheng howled. Wang Yifei’s spear Astral Nova whooshed and stabbed Hua Cheng in the back, while Qin Wentian’s ancient halberd pierced right into the centre of his forehead. This result caused those from the Hua Clan to boil with impotent anger.

Yet the battle hadn’t concluded. After Qin Wentian killed Hua Cheng, Wang Yifei immediately switched his target. His three long spears containing towering killing intent manifested in the air, penetrated through the void, and headed straight at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian stomped on the ground, choosing to use Stellar Transposition with no hesitation. A burst of astral light flooded the area, and when he appeared again, he was standing high in the air.

At this moment, Chen Lie had already defeated Yan Long. As he noted the scene of Hua Cheng dying, a glacial light flickered in his eyes. There were only four participants remaining. In that case, things were simple.

“Do you want to scam of your own volition, or do you want us to aid you forcibly?” Wang Yifei’s cold gaze swept onto Qin Wentian who was standing in the air.

Qin Wentian stared around and noticed the eyes of all the three remaining participants were fixated on him.

Even for him, it was almost impossible to deal with three characters of their level. The might of twelve Astral Novas could flatten almost anything he could throw out in response. There was completely no way to fight against that, unless... he had a method that could slay one of those three instantly before the other two could react.

“Although Luo He said only three will remain. The remaining three would obviously be ranked as well. If you kill me, I don’t think you would find the other two to be easy opponents.” Qin Wentian’s transmitted his voice to the three of them. The eyes of all three flashed with sharpness, yet no one replied. They only stared at him; it was unknown what they were planning in their hearts.

All four of them harboured ill intent.

“My strength is the weakest. Even if I enter the top three, I wouldn’t amount to much of a threat to you. Is there really a need to eliminate me now?” Qin Wentian transmitted again, but of course to Chen Lie and the other two, they didn’t know if Qin Wentian was only talking to them alone or to all three of them.

“Die.” Wang Yifei stepped out towards Qin Wentian. Three Astral Novas hovered in front of him, as an incredible sharpness radiated from him.

Chen Lie and Shi Kuang also slowly advanced towards them both. Qin Wentian’s countenance turned ice cold, but he continued transmitting words to each of them in private. Naturally, the content of each of his speeches was different.

Finally, as Wang Yifei’s Astral Novas blasted out, Qin Wentian also aimed his attack at Wang Yifei. Shi Kuang’s gaze hardened with resolution as he abruptly dashed towards Wang Yifei, slamming out a palm.

Chen Lie still remained motionless, but right now, since the remaining three participants appeared to have already been decided. Naturally, he wouldn’t mind adding frost onto snow. His silhouette vanished, and the pincer attack by Qin Wentian and Shi Kuang instantly became a triangle formation, with Wang Yifei in the centre.

Just like what Qin Wentian had secretly transmitted to the other two. Wang Yifei was the only one among them that didn't know the Stellar Transposition. He was the easiest to eliminate.

“I ADMIT DEFEAT.”

Seeing Shi Kuang's and Chen Lie's Astral Novas blasting towards his way, with astral light shimmering around their feet, Wang Yifei turned pale with fright. He knew that all three of his opponents were skilled in Stellar Transposition. If they timed their attacks to land at the same instant, he would die without a doubt. However, he was filled with extreme reluctance because he knew that the plot of that halberd wielding young man had succeeded.

When Wang Yifei conceded, the situation changed. Chen Lie's Astral Novas no longer targeted him. Instead, it turned full circle and zoomed towards Shi Kuang. At the same time, Chen Lie's silhouette disappeared in a brilliant flash of astral light as he used Stellar Transposition.

Qin Wentian's silhouette similarly vanished as he shifted the trajectory of his attacks towards Shi Kuang as well. It seems that the coordination between Qin Wentian and Chen Lie was pre-planned.

This was the plan Qin Wentian proposed to Chen Lie. Naturally, Qin Wentian's cooperation was done to perfection. Chen Lie was extremely satisfied. He had no objections because after Shi Kuang is eliminated, Qin Wentian was basically a dead man. At that time, was there still a need to select any participants? He would only be the one remaining.

Golden Draconic Armor enveloped Shi Kuang, augmenting his defence, but Chen Lie's and Qin Wentian's strikes were just too powerful. Both of them ignored the consumption rate of Stellar Transposition and directly used the speed it provided to boost the power of their attacks. Spectating that grand battle, the hearts of the spectators were all filled with a hair-raising chill. And finally, underneath the pressure of Chen Lie, Shi Kuang was struck with a full-powered halberd attack by Qin Wentian. That impact caused all of his inner organs to violently shudder. Seizing the opportunity, Qin Wentian struck out another time with his ancient halberd and directly used the force to toss Shi Kuang off the steps.

At long last, Chen Lie and Qin Wentian were the two participants left.

With no hesitation, a malevolent expression glimmered in Chen Lie's eyes as a Great Solar Palm imprint directly blasted out. His left palm clutched onto Qin Wentian's ancient halberd while a terrifying fire dragon manifested from his right, wanting to devour everything in sight.

“BOOOM!” A terrifying sword intent suddenly exploded out. In a single instant, the manifestation of a kingly sword, imbued with killing intent, penetrated into the body of the fire dragon. The remaining momentum carried over as the sword continued piercing towards Chen Lie.

Chen Lie's countenance stiffened, as a gigantic figure made of flames soared towards Qin Wentian. But right at that moment, Qin Wentian's silhouette vanished. The entire space was suddenly

filled with the terrifying sounds of a sword melody. Chen Lie only felt a boundless sword intent locking down onto him; he instantly reacted and vanished using Stellar Transposition.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOOOM!” In the middle of the air, floods of astral light constantly erupted. The two of them executed Stellar Transposition continuously. Their speed was so fast that not even the spectators could see their movements clearly.

“Their rate of energy expenditure...how long can they sustain it?” The hearts of the crowd were trembling at how intense the clashes were. Luckily, this was already the last battle.

Buzzzz....

The sound of sword keening intensified. A crisp sound rang out, and after which, the spectators only saw Chen Lie appearing, with his hands clutching around his throat. Fresh blood unceasingly seeped out, while Qin Wentian stood right at the side of him with a sword in his hands.

This sword focused on agility and didn't really have much attack power. But when in coordination with Stellar Transposition, the speed of its attack was extremely formidable. Qin Wentian seized an opportunity and sliced Chen Lie's throat with a quick attack. The speed of his sword strike was as such that nobody saw it clearly. The spectators only saw a flash of cold light. Everything was just too swift for their eyes to follow.

Chen Lie, dead. Shi Kuang, seriously injured. Of all three

remaining participants, Qin Wentian was the only one in perfect condition.

Was this the ultimate objective of this young man? He planned step by step, before unleashing his true strength and killing Chen Lie. This young man was too terrifying.

Those from the Chen Clan stood up, their eyes glimmering with cold fury as they stared at Qin Wentian. Waves of killing intent gushed forth and enveloped him.

Even Luo He stood up, staring intently at Qin Wentian.

“Senior Luo He, is there really still a need to continue on with the selection?” Qin Wentian inquired. Right now, there were no more opponents that could put up a fight. He was the only one remaining.

Although the spectators couldn't understand how someone at the first level of Heavenly Dipper achieved this, they could clearly see with their own eyes that the last battle with Chen Lie required true strength to win. His terrifying sword attacks had gotten him the victory. Although Chen Lie's overall strength might be higher, he wasn't faster than Qin Wentian's sword.

As for Luo He, could she still select a dead participant or an injured one to be her son-in-law? Qin Wentian was the only choice remaining!

AGM 423 – Tyrant

Luo He's initial plan was totally disrupted by the appearance of this young man.

Her gaze shifted to the demon sword erected just outside of the Pill Emperor Hall. The person she was waiting for hadn't appeared yet.

“Who are you, what power are you from?” Luo He coldly asked.

“Junior is named Si Yan. I don't belong to any transcendent power and I have been cultivating on my own all this while. Now that the competition has ended, would Senior Luo He be able to bring Miss Qingcheng out for us to meet?” Qin Wentian smiled, appearing somewhat impatient. No matter who it was that won the selection, in the prospect of marrying Mo Qingcheng, almost all men would be impatient.

And now, only he was left out of the three participants.

“Si Yan?” Luo He contemplated. Surnamed Si...and knew the Stellar Transposition technique. She couldn't help but to link it up with the power Si Qiong had originated from.

“Bring Qingcheng out.” Luo He then instructed as her disciples behind her went to carry out her orders. Qin Wentian's heart involuntarily pounded, yet he forced himself to remain calm. He mustn't be distracted at this moment.

Today, regardless of the price he had to pay, he would definitely bring Qingcheng away.

Luo He was still on her guard, staring intently at him. She then slowly spoke, “You said that you are not from any major powers? In that case, where did you learn Stellar Transposition?”

“From an elder of my clan.” Qin Wentian laughed. Since he revealed the fact that he knew Stellar Transposition, he knew that Luo He would definitely ask. The transcendent powers that knew Stellar Transposition weren’t very many, that was also the reason why he named himself Si Yan, he had already planned to mislead Luo He right from the get go.

“Oh? Where is your clan located then? Will the elders of your clan allow you to marry into my Pill Emperor Hall?” Luo He coldly continued.

“Naturally. although the elders of my clan are stricter to my older brothers, and invested a lot of resources into nurturing them, they take a much more relaxed stance towards me, allowing me to roam Grand Xia as I please. There isn’t anything to object even if I join the Pill Emperor Hall. Let alone the fact that this marriage with such a beautiful woman .” Qin Wentian replied sincerely, he had long since prepared his speech and hinted that his elder brothers were all more outstanding compared to him.

“You have yet to reply my question. Where is your clan located?” Luo He continued pursuing.

“Not in Grand Xia.” Qin Wentian softly replied. Luo He then continued, “Not in Grand Xia, then where is it?”

“Does Senior really need to inquire so deeply?” Qin Wentian tolerated the fluctuations in his heart, he appeared as serene as ever, giving people no chance to tell what was he thinking in his heart.

Luo He coldly stared at him. At this moment, Mo Qingcheng’s silhouette appeared far off in the distance, there were several figures walking behind her as well.

The Mo Qingcheng at this moment, was as beautiful as ever. However, it was evident that there were traces of exhaustion and worry on her face, causing the spectators to involuntarily wished to protect her.

“Halt.” Luo He quietly commanded. “Truth to be told, this disciple of mine still has some misgiving towards the matters of marriage. But as her master, I have no choice but to do what’s good for her. I’ve temporarily sealed her cultivation and will try to persuade her, hoping that she would understand my actions today in the future.”

The moment Luo He’s voice faded, Qin Wentian’s perception could sense a few powerful presences that suddenly appeared here, as though they were on guard against something. Her words made Qin Wentian’s heart clench, as a swift look of coldness flashed past his eyes.

The Pill Emperor Hall were on their guard, they had all been waiting for him to appear.

“For this selection, since you achieved such an outstanding result, you are naturally at the top of my list. However before that, you still have to undergo a background check by my Pill Emperor Hall. Now, come with me, I’ll lead you to a place.” Luo He softly commented.

Qin Wentian hesitated for a moment, he didn’t move. Luo He’s eyebrows were raised as she then asked, “Why? Are you unwilling? If that’s the case I would have to select another participant then.”

“Can I interact with Miss Mo first? I wish to see what she thinks about this.” Seeing how Luo He refused to let Mo Qingcheng come closer, Qin Wentian couldn’t help but probe.

“Sure, why don’t you come over here first.” Luo He nodded. Qin Wentian hesitated no longer, he then lifted his foot and prepared to move towards Luo He.

Those spectators from the various transcendent powers all had their eyes fixed on Qin Wentian.

Something fishy was going on, they somehow sensed it.

Qin Wentian continued slowly walking towards Luo He.

Luo He calmly stared at him, as though everything was normal.

Finally, when Qin Wentian neared her, at that very instant, Luo He's hands suddenly snaked out, blasting towards Qin Wentian.

BOOM!

Qin Wentian stomped the ground. A flood of astral light erupted as his silhouette disappeared. Binding vines could be seen at the place where he was standing at, if he was slowest in the slightest he would have already been captured by Luo He.

Luo He's hand continued, and remained outstretched in the air. She turned her gaze towards Qin Wentian as a cold light flashed past her eyes. "You are indeed powerful. In that case, there's no doubt about it. You are...Qin Wentian!"

As the sound of her voice faded, those from the Chen Clan, Wang Clan, and Star-Seizing Manor all respectively stood up, staring at the young man before them. A terrifying killing intent merged together and permeated the air, enveloping Qin Wentian.

BANG!

Astral light erupted once more as Qin Wentian vanished from sight. The moment he vanished, a middle aged man from the Chen Clan could be seen appearing at the place he was standing at before, making a grabbing motion as the Great Solar energy from him incinerated the air.

As for Qin Wentian, he unhesitantly executed the Stellar Transposition one time after another. His speed was so fast that not even his silhouette could be seen. After a short while, he stood atop the demon sword as the coldness in his eyes beyond the limits of coldness.

“Indeed, my guess was right.” Earlier, Luo He was just speculating. She had suspicions in her heart when that young man managed to become one of the remaining four. With Qin Wentian’s character, how could he fail to come? And even when Mo Qingcheng appeared, Qin Wentian still failed to show up and on the contrary, the young man named Si Yan indicated that he wanted to interact with Mo Qingcheng.

Hence, Luo He decided to probe by launching a sneak attack. And as she had expected the Si Yan in front of her, was none other than Qin Wentian!

The eyes of the crowd were totally and completely fixated onto Qin Wentian. The facial features of Si Yan rearranged themselves and soon after, a whole new face appeared right before them.

Many in the crowd gasped, it was truly Qin Wentian.

The top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. He broke through into Heavenly Dipper and mixed himself in with the other participants to participate in the selection. After Shi Kuang was injured and after Chen Lie was killed, he became the only candidate remaining. He almost succeeded but at the final step,

Luo He's suspicions were aroused, and hence, she decided to probe by launching an attack.

Upon seeing Qin Wentian appearing, Mo Qingcheng froze. Her beautiful eyes misted over when she looked at his silhouette standing atop the demon sword.

She understood Qin Wentian. From the time when he stood in front of his adoptive father to protect him from Chu Tianjiao's wrath, to the time when he travelled thousands of miles to slay Hua Xiaoyun for what he did to her. She knew that the young man in front of her would give up his life for her, no matter what she said now, Qin Wentian would never give up trying to save her, he would rather die trying than not try at all.

Her heart was filled with agony. It was all because of her that Qin Wentian threw himself into this net. This kind of heartache made her entire body tremble in pain,

"If something untoward happens to you, I will join you in eternal slumber. I wouldn't want to live any more." Mo Qingcheng bit her lips, resolution filled her eyes when she gazed at Qin Wentian, transmitting her voice over.

She knew that words couldn't help anymore when things already arrived at this situation.

The only thing she could do, was to live and die together with him, with that young man who sacrificed everything because of his love for her.

“You can’t die, I won’t permit you to die.” Qin Wentian stared at Mo Qingcheng, the resolution in his eyes didn’t lose out to hers in the slightest.

“Luo He, you promised never to interfere between Qingcheng and I as long as I defeated Zhan Chen. Now, you blatantly broke your promise and went all out, even using Qingcheng as bait to lure me out. Is this the behaviour of the supposedly saintly and prestigious Pill Emperor Hall?” Looking at the numerous silhouettes dashing his way, Qin Wentian’s lips curled up in a sardonic grin as he sliced his palms open, causing his blood to drip onto the demon sword.

At that instant, the mournful wails of the demon sword echoed out as a towering sword intent shot straight up towards the heavens.

“Saintly Pill Emperor Hall? If you don’t hand over Qingcheng today, even if I die, I’ll make sure to bury the entire Pill Emperor Hall along with me.”

Qin Wentian’s blood endlessly splashed onto the demon sword. His other arm metamorphosed into the arm of a demonic beast as the demonic qi from him blasted out at full force. With a howl of rage, he attempted to lift the demon sword but right now, it was still impossible for him to do so. He could only drag the demon sword forward as he advanced step by step towards Luo He.

The sounds of sword keening filled the entire space. The

dangerous and terrifying sound of the sword melody enveloped everything in a radius of ten miles around him. For those within that radius, a bone-chilling sword intent seeped into their bodies, causing them to shiver relentlessly.

“For those who have nothing to do with this matter, I can give you a chance to retreat.” Qin Wentian’s voice merged together with the sword melody and rang out in this space. Several innocents immediately retreated, they didn’t want to be dragged in for no reason. After which, even more experts appeared from the Pill Emperor Hall and prepared to encircle Qin Wentian.

Yet even those experts were trembling. That sword intent was just too terrifying, they could sense that an aura of utter annihilation was contained within it.

The legendary demon sword was rumored to resent the heavens for being too low. Qin Wentian fed his blood to the sword and dragged it for a hundred thousand miles, using three months of time to arrive at the Moon Continent before embedding this sword right outside the Pill Emperor Hall.

When the rumors reached them, everyone felt that it was too absurd, no one believed it. Yet right now as they felt the endless explosiveness sword might that was pressing down onto them, even experts on Luo He’s level also felt stifled by that aura. Not only that, the demon sword was still far away, how powerful would it be then if someone could wield it in battle?

At the peak of the ninety-nine steps, experts were as common as the clouds. They were all concentrated there, waiting for Qin

Wentian to toss himself into the net. There were too many secrets on Qin Wentian. Even leaving aside the secret of how he managed to pulled out the demon sword, just the Divine Stele as well as possession of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia was already sufficient to drive any of the transcendent powers crazy with greed.

But right now, none of these experts dared to rush up. They could only stare silently as Qin Wentian advanced forwards step by step.

Every step that Qin Wentian took was filled with an inconceivable heaviness. Wherever the sword passed, fissures could be seen on the ground as Qin Wentian dragged the demon sword towards the bottom of the ninety-nine steps.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian stepped onto the first step.

This very day, Qin Wentian dragged the sword up with him as he ascended the ninety-nine steps step by step.

“All of you leave first.” An expert from the Chen Clan waved his hands to those behind him. It was useless for members of the younger generation to remain. They would only serve as incompetent baggage in the upcoming battle. Chen Wang paled, how awe inspiring was he back then? Yet now with Qin Wentian in front of him, he could only choose to retreat.

Not only the Chen Clan, the various transcendent powers all commanded the members of their younger generation to retreat

before they joined together with the experts of the Pill Emperor Hall and surrounded Qin Wentian.

“Since you took the trouble and dragged the demon sword all the way here, I’ll make sure you remain here forever.” Luo He’s countenance was extremely frosty as she stared at Qin Wentian below the steps.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, as his cold eyes bore into Luo He’s as a voice freezingly cold resounded from his mouth. “If the Pill Emperor Hall doesn’t collapse, I won’t be leaving this place today.”

“DIE!”

Instantly, an endless sword might swept over Luo He. Luo He’s countenance immediately stiffened. Ancient gigantic trees appeared around her, protectively caging her within. The trees were destroyed by the sword might, before being rebirthed by Luo He somehow. That process continued on unceasingly, never ending.

Right now, in the air space above the Pill Emperor Hall, quite a number of exceedingly powerful figures appeared. They stood with their hands clasped behind their back, their eyes glimmering like torches and exuded an insurmountable aura as they gazed at that young man dragging up that demon sword.

Other than them, there were also other experts who were silently spectating from the darkness as well.

Today, the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian barged into the Pill Emperor Hall all alone, for the sake of Mo Qingcheng. He even stated with arrogance that if the Pill Emperor Hall didn't collapse, he wouldn't leave here today. Even if he fell today, the magnitude of his actions were already sufficient to be recorded in the annals of history.

At this moment, far far up above the clouds, two figures appeared there.

One of them wore a simple unadorned blue robe yet the aura he exuded was far beyond terrifying. It was as if he was the Sovereign of this entire world.

There was also another figure who was languidly lying down on a blanket of clouds. The muddy look in his eyes faded as a strange light glimmered within. His eyes glinted with the expectation of watching a show as he peered downwards at the scene playing out in the Pill Emperor Hall.

Dragging the demon sword along for a hundred thousand miles, barging through the Pill Emperor Hall all alone. So many experts of the opposing transcendent powers all gathered to stand against him; but ultimately, whose blood would dye the skies and clouds red?

AGM 424 – Utter Despair

Qin Wentian slowly continued upwards, resoluteness flashing in his eyes as he stared at the top of the steps. No one could block him.

“KILL!” Qin Wentian spat out, and instantly, sword keening filled the entire space. The ancient trees and long vines protecting Luo He were instantly shredded apart. And at the same moment, the sword qi intensified. The rate of rebirth of the ancient trees and vines couldn’t keep up with the rate of destruction.

“Bzzz!” A terrifying flash of light directly shot towards Luo He, that light manifested into a gigantic sword before sweeping out a horizontal slash as an aura of destruction devastated the surroundings. Abruptly, a silhouette appeared in front of Luo He, blocking that strike as he stared downwards at Qin Wentian.

“Everyone, although the demon sword is powerful, as long as we kill Qin Wentian, with no one controlling it, the sword shouldn’t be of any threat to us.” As the sound of that person’s voice faded, the experts surrounding Qin Wentian all unleashed their Astral Novas. The pressure bearing down onto this space was so stifling that it made people breathless.

However, it was as though Qin Wentian didn’t care about what they did. His blood continued flowing onto the demon sword, as he walked upwards step by step.

“My intent, is the sword’s intent.”

Qin Wentian's voice calmly echoed out, merging together with the sound of the sword melody, with no differentiation between the two.

His voice, was also the sound the sword was producing.

His will, was precisely also the sword's will.

At this moment, Qin Wentian felt the synchronization between him and the demon sword deepened by a few degrees.

And at this moment, an expert from the Great Solar Chen Clan walked out. With a blast of his aura, a terrifying heat scorched the air as the flames from the Great Solar energy emitting from him actually transformed into a flame demon from hell. That flame demon then rushed Qin Wentian. It was immense in size, with a single strike of its palms, it was sufficient to shatter everything underneath the impact.

Qin Wentian continued on as though he didn't see what was happening. He doggedly continued walking up the steps one by one.

“BOOOOM!”

His footstep landed on the next step. But the instant his footsteps landed, the endless sword qi coalesced into a towering giant sword, piercing right through the flame demon with no conscious action

on his part. Sparks flew in all four directions, as they turned into ashes underneath that overwhelming sword intent.

This scenario caused everyone to be startled. How strong was the sword intent in the area near Qin Wentian?

“Brother Wang.” That expert from the Chen Clan glanced at another expert from the Wang Clan. That Wang Clan expert walked out with a ball of silken thread in his hands. Instantly, he tossed out that ball of silk as it transformed into a sky-encompassing net, intent on trapping Qin Wentian within.

That incomparably terrifying sword qi slashed down on it, yet it had no way to lacerate that. Evidently, that ball of silken thread was an extremely powerful divine weapon.

Qin Wentian inclined his head. He didn’t glance at the sky-encompassing net, but rather, his eyes were fixed on the Wang Clan expert. His eyes contained a frigid coldness so icy that it was as though it had the power to freeze the soul of people he stared at.

That Wang Clan expert only heard the sharp shrill of a bird. Instantly, his countenance grew incredibly ugly to behold. Right in front of him, a gargantuan roc whose wings blotted out the sun could be seen soaring towards him, using its razor sharp wings trying to slash his throat.

“BOOM!” The silhouette of that gigantic roc vanished yet the sound of sword keening never ceased. The heart of the Wang Clan expert pounded with trepidation. The next instant, he only felt a

wave of coldness flashing past his throat. Startled awake from fear, that Wang Clan expert explosively retreated with a speed as fast as lightning but everything was already too late.

All this took time to describe, but everything happened in just an instant. Fresh blood seeped out from the throat of that expert, the eyes of the spectators all widened in shock, they couldn't believe that they saw was real.

As the figure of that Wang Clan expert fell down in the air, the sky-encompassing net transformed back into that ball of thread, falling down onto the ground with him. With his death, the divine weapon had no one controlling it any longer.

“Sword keening producing a manifestation attack? Isn't that the second level insight in the Mandate of Swords, Sword Melody?”

Qin Wentian borrowed the power of the demon sword. His intent, was the sword's intent.

The pupils of the spectators all narrowed, feeling a chill in their hearts. This young man was too fearsome.

The demon sword that was immovable since the ancient era, even though Qin Wentian had no way to completely control it and had to drag it along with him, the slight bit of energy he could borrow from the sword was already powerful enough to render all these people helpless.

Everyone in Grand Xia had never imagined that the demon sword buried underneath the Sword Precipice would have such a level of power.

If someone could really control this sword, wouldn't he sweep through the entire Grand Xia, standing unrivalled at the very summit?

However, the legend of this demon sword had already been spreading for a very long time. Those powerful characters at the peak of Grand Xia had definitely tried to pull it out before. Obviously they had failed, as the demon sword had never left the precipice.

Yet, why would a young man, albeit him being the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, was able to succeed? He plundered the ancient luck, he represented Heavenly Fate. Was this sword destined to belong to him ever since time immemorial? That shouldn't be the case right?

But the reality was right in front of their eyes!

Currently, Qin Wentian was one man, dragging along one sword, stepping up the heaven-ascending steps of the Pill Emperor Hall.

Qin Wentian finally arrived at the peak. When he took the final step, the entire Pill Emperor Hall trembled from the pressure. The demon sword was just behind him, slashing apart the ninety-nine steps and when he stopped, his gaze flashed with a bone-chilling coldness as he stared at those experts from the Wang Clan who

didn't choose to depart.

“You guys regard me as worthless, as someone you would casually be able to kill any time. In that case, I regard the whole lot of you as ants. So what if I make an enemy out of the entire Grand Xia?”

As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, the coldness in his eyes erupted in intensity. The sword's keening continued on unabated, as the intensity of the sharpness increased in the area where the Wang Clan's experts were standing at. A massive wind kicked up, the shadow of the gigantic roc from before blotted out the skies once more, and with a flash of light, a pair of terrifying wings that resembled an indestructible pair of incomparably sharp swords slashed past. Everywhere the swords swept over, blood would fall like rain from the sky. In but an instant, countless experts had all fallen.

Just like what Qin Wentian said. These transcendent powers had never once put him, the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, in their eyes at all. To them, he was something that they could effortlessly wipe out as long as they dedicated the manpower to it. He was nothing. A genius who fell before he matured, wasn't a genius. In their eyes, Qin Wentian was already a dead man. What they were thinking about was how should they split the secrets and treasures on his body after his death.

Since that's the case, there was nothing more to talk about. Killing him is the best solution.

“BOOOM!”

Qin Wentian advanced and dragged the demon sword forwards. The sound of the sword keening rang out unceasingly, as the killing intent within it magnified.

Luo He's heart pounded with terror. The power of this sword was far beyond her expectations.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian howled in rage. Instantly, a terrifying draconic shadow lunged towards Luo He, intent on devouring her. Luo He's expression faltered, as an ancient tree manifested in front of her, blocking that attack. Booming sounds continuously thundered out, Luo He was then flung backwards, slamming onto a stone wall by the impact of that collision.

Qin Wentian didn't even spare a glance at her. Instead, he walked towards Mo Qingcheng.

“Those who block me, die.”

The coldness of his voice was something impossible to describe. Those around Mo Qingcheng directly slumped onto the ground, deader than dead, dying underneath the pressure of the sword keen. Only Mo Qingcheng remained unharmed, the look in her eyes appeared slightly lost as she stared at Qin Wentian.

“I will definitely bring you away.” Qin Wentian's voice contained hints of steel within.

Mo Qingcheng shook her head sadly, her body was enveloped by a powerful surge of energy as a voice sounded out.

“You won’t be able to bring her away.”

In the great hall of the Pill Emperor Hall, the gaze of a person shifted onto Qin Wentian. His eyes were unfathomably terrifying, penetrating through space as that surge of energy grew increasingly mightier.

As the sound of his voice faded, Mo Qingcheng’s body was dragged away by an invisible force. Qin Wentian watched on helplessly as Mo Qingcheng was being dragged away, yet he had no way to do anything to prevent that.

The moment he stepped away from the demon sword, not only could he not save Mo Qingcheng, he might not be able to even save himself.

Mo Qingcheng stretched out her hands, an expression of extreme reluctance and longing flashed past her eyes. Qin Wentian’s heart was bombarded by agony.

And just like this, Mo Qingcheng got further and further away from him, eventually vanishing from the edge of his vision.

Qin Wentian burned with cold anger. His perception followed Mo Qingcheng through, all the way till the end of the Pill Emperor Hall.

It felt as though a forbidden gate was opened and Mo Qingcheng was being sucked within. That forbidden area was filled with mist but to his extreme horror, Qin Wentian could feel a sense of evil lurking within there.

“Take good care of yourself dumbo.”

Mo Qingcheng closed her eyes in resignation, as streaks of tears painted her face. Her only hope was that regardless of what happened to her, Qin Wentian would still be able to live on in safety.

“Bzzz” Mo Qingcheng’s body fell down into the abyss below. Qin Wentian’s perception followed her down only to find his senses assailed by that monstrous evil.

“BOOOM!”

With a thunderous sound, the forbidden gate slammed sharp, blocking his sense of perception. Qin Wentian had no way to see what was underneath that clift. He only knew that there was an incomparable, extremely terrifying existence lurking under there.

“NOOO!”

Within the Pill Emperor Hall, a voice ragged with agony and despair howled out, merging together with the mournful wails of the demon sword as well as the sharpness of the sword keen. Qin

Wentian inclined his head and howled his heart out, he rapidly dashed forwards, moving towards the forbidden gate as his killing intent swept over everything in the region. Even though it was targeted at them, the spectators could feel the blood running through their veins turning cold.

Why was Qin Wentian acting in such a crazed manner?

“Swish, swish, swish...” Several figures appeared in the great hall, surrounding Qin Wentian. They impassively gazed at that young man howling in dejected madness, yet their eyes were emotionless, as though they were looking at a dead man.

“Despair? This is only the beginning.”

A cold voice drifted over, after which, the experts surrounding Qin Wentian abruptly acted. In an instant, a number of stone pillars descended from the heavens, slamming onto the ground, surrounding Qin Wentian.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOOM!”

The stone pillars were linked by an invisible force, those figures icily stared at Qin Wentian as one of them spoke, “Daring to offend my Pill Emperor Hall? Your female companion has been consigned to eternal damnation while as for you, we will strip you of your soul bit by bit.”

As the sound of his voice faded, a terrifying pressure

concentrated in the centre of the stone pillars as it bored down onto Qin Wentian. Under that might, the entirety of Qin Wentian's body was trembling involuntarily, out of his control.

“These are all vice-leaders characters of the Pill Emperor Hall. They actually activated the Soul Annihilation Formation to deal with Qin Wentian. Regardless of how powerful his sword is, there's no outcome for him other than death.” Someone sighed, feeling pity for this young genius. No matter how talented Qin Wentian was, he was doomed to die today.

Also there was Mo Qingcheng. Sadly, this immortal couple was broken up by the evil schemes of others.

Yet Qin Wentian was as though he hadn't heard their words. He inclined his head, and stared up at the cruel heavens with eyes that seemed as though they came from the deepest depths of hell. A tear drop slowly trickled down from his eyes.

Only to see, his lips were currently murmuring something.

In that moment, a wind gusted throughout the Pill Emperor Hall. A cold wind, an extremely extremely cold wind.

At that very instant, columns of star light shot down from a number of far-reaching constellations, landing onto Qin Wentian's body.

He continued standing there, his expression so serene that it was

terrifying. It felt as though he hailed from the primordial era, and was like an ancient divinity, accepting the worship of those of this world.

Between the Heavens and Earth, a massive demonic wind kicked up as the sound of demonic chanting filled the air.

“With the chant of the demonic divinities, the ancient will stretching across the skies. Gathering the demonic qi from the eight directions, devouring the astral energy from the starry skies. I connect and fuse them as one, I offer my mortal body as a sacrifice. Transform my destiny into that of a demon.” An archaic voice echoed, seemingly originating from the primordial era. Qin Wentian’s teardrop fell onto the ground and in that instant, his body shuddered violently, undergoing a world-shaking transformation!

AGM 425 – Primordial Great Roc

Boundless demonic qi gathered from all directions, concentrated on Qin Wentian's body.

The spectators only saw that Qin Wentian's body was expanding immensely at an increasing rate as shadows of ancient demonic divinities manifested behind him, flashing past his body one after another.

The demonic divinities that hailed from all eight directions were summoned, their pressure boring down, forcibly transforming Qin Wentian's body.

Kirin, epitome of brutality and violence.

Sky Sovereign Roc, with a wingspan of 1,000 miles, causing massive windstorms and colossal waves to kick up whenever it flies.

Vermilion Bird, with a sharp cry, the entire world shook, as flames of its fury burn the heavens.

Winged-Dragon of the Nine Heavens, the sovereign of all demons, unexcelled, insurmountable, disdaining all beneath the heavens.

These terrifying shadows of the ancient demonic divinities all merged together with Qin Wentian as they began initializing a

connection with the actual demon divinities of the eight directions.

In that instant, the faces of everyone in the crowd changed. A terrifying light erupted in the eyes of those experts from the Pill Emperor Hall as they poured more energy into the formation. The pressure concentrating in the centre of the stone pillars was compressed into the form of a blade of light. That resplendent light enveloped Qin Wentian, before descending downwards, wanting to forcibly strip Qin Wentian of his soul.

However, Qin Wentian's body got increasingly gargantuan in stature. The demonic qi exuding from his body towered straight up to the heavens, breaking apart that blade of light. He inclined his head, staring at the skies but there were no more tears glimmering in his eyes, only the heartbreaking chill of despair remained.

“ROAR!” The demon sword vibrated intensely all of a sudden. An extremely shocking scenario appeared. Over there, where the demon sword stood, in a flash, an immense sky-high towering roc's shadow could be seen. With a stretch of its wings, over thousands of miles were covered.

The demon sword's wails continued unceasingly, the sorrow in the melody caused the hearts of the crowd to shudder. Did this demon sword have something to do with that primordial roc?

The gigantic roc spread its wings, appearing unwilling to fly at all because the heavens were too low, and as the thought of the rumors they heard regarding the demon sword flashed through their minds, the crowd came to a sudden realization – wasn't the

demon sword immovable because it resented the fact that the Heavens were too low? This peerless arrogance reminded them of the demon sword's attitude.

Legend has it that there was a gigantic bird that chose to hole up in the mountains, unwilling to spread its wings to fly even after a thousand years. When people asked it, "What sort of bird are you? Why don't you fly in the skies?" That bird replied, "I'm a sky sovereign roc, the heavens are too low, I do not wish to fly."

Then another person laughed, as a sky sovereign roc, the sovereign of the skies, why doesn't the roc have wings? And instead of facing the reality, it still made such an absurd statement saying that it resented that the heavens were too low for it.

Instantly, the gigantic roc boiled with anger. It let out a mournful wail, the mountains and seas, the heavens and earth all shook with the force of its fury. In front of that person's eyes, a pair of heaven-shaking wings appeared on the roc. Only after the transformation was completed did the person realise that the entire mountain range was nothing but the wings of the roc.

With a flap of its wings, the roc shot up through the clouds within a single breath, bumping into the ceiling of heavens. Mournful wails echoed relentlessly, as it continued bumping against it, trying to break through it. Ultimately though, the ceiling wasn't broken, while the great roc died, falling back down onto earth and transforming back into a mountain range.

And precisely, as the roc reminded them of the demon sword, didn't the demon sword remind them of the roc in the legends?

Both resent the fact that the heavens are too low.

The demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian got stronger and stronger as his body was transformed into that of a gigantic roc. His wingspan alone stretched out for a few thousand metres, the crowds could only stare on blankly in disbelief as they watched what was happening.

Gradually, the astral light and shadows of the divinities fused together, feeding the shadow of the sky sovereign roc. The shadow of the roc got increasingly corporeal while Qin Wentian's original body vanished...

“He vanished, this...?”

The scene happening in front of them imprinted itself deep in the minds of those who saw it, forever unable to be erased.

And in the place of Qin Wentian, now stood a roc over a thousand metres in length and width? Abruptly, the shrill cry of a predatory bird rang out, while the eyes of the roc snapped open as it soared into the skies. The bone chilling coldness in its eyes made the earlier attackers feel as though their worst nightmare had arrived.

With a flap of its 3,000 metre wings, a massive windstorm manifested while the demonic qi exuding from it ravaged the Pill Emperor Hall.

“Is this great roc Qin Wentian?”

The demonic qi pervading the atmosphere was all concentrated onto its body. The aura of the great roc began to skyrocket upwards in a frenzy, its cultivation broke through to the third level of heavenly dipper and all the way up towards the upper-tier of the seventh to ninth level before it finally began to stabilise.

“Gathering the demonic qi of all the demonic divinities while devouring astral energy from their respective constellation to strengthen himself. Is this still something that’s possible to be done by a human? Has he truly transformed into a demon?” The hearts of the spectators shook as their minds were filled with endless questions. This was too terrifying, it was the first time they saw a human achieving such a complete demonic transformation.

Above in the air, the eyes of an old man clad in a white robe widened in incredulity when he saw the scene below.

“Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation!”

Back in its glory days, the Grand Xia empire worshiped the Vermilion Bird divinity as their sacred totem beast. This Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation was one of the top, peerless secret arts in Grand Xia. It enabled the user to transform their bodies into that of a demonic divinity, however, according to what the old man knew, there had been no one in the entire history of Grand Xia capable of cultivating this art. Even those top-tier powerhouses standing at the peak who had managed to obtain this cultivation art had all failed. Why was it that this young man was able to master it?

Qin Wentian, who was merely at the first level of Heavenly Dipper, could actually communicate and connect with the ancient will of all the demonic divinities?

Luo He's heart pounded intensely as she saw the scene. She would never have imagined that a puny Qin Wentian, although he represented Heaven's Fate, could actually become an existence that was capable of threatening the survival of her Pill Emperor Hall.

At this moment, those vice-leader characters of the Pill Emperor Hall poured in even more of their energy to condense another, bigger blade of light. That blade of light shimmered with a mysterious force as it slashed downwards, wanting to rip Qin Wentian's soul away.

The great roc inclined its head, staring at the skies as it issued a shriek filled with terrible wrath.

Flapping its wings, it added to the momentum of the terrifying windstorm ripping through the area. The other attackers were all mercilessly pushed back in the face of that gale. Even they, who were hailed as experts of the elder generation had no way to stand against that.

However, the eyes of everyone were still fixed on that great roc.

A 1,000 metre tall great roc with a wingspan of 3,000 metres. Was it really a simple demonic transformation?"

Right from the very start, what exactly was Qin Wentian, a human or a demon?

They saw that the razor sharp talons of the great roc were just like the palms of a human, not only that, the talons were currently wrapped tightly around the hilt of the demon sword. With a cry of madness, the strength of the roc caused ripples in the air as it channelled force, attempting to pick up the demon sword. However, even with its current strength, it still had no way to completely wield the demon sword!

Even after Qin Wentian transformed into a roc, although the degree of synchronization deepened between them, it didn't changed the fact that the demon sword still resented that the heavens were too low.

The coldness in the eyes of the great roc was beyond freezing. It endured the pain of that soul-severing light blade while issuing a terrible screech. That blade of light continuously slashed downwards, even though the defence of the great roc was perverse, the blade of light that was being concurrently powered by the vice-leader level characters couldn't be underestimated either. Szzzz, fresh blood splattered as a humongous wound appeared on the body of the great roc. Qin Wentian actually stood there unmoving, with no intention of defending, freely allowing the blade to slice apart his body!

Torrential amounts of blood flowed, dripping onto that demon sword as the excess formed a pool of redness on the ground where the demon sword was erected.

“Madness, utter madness!”

The spectators were all stunned into speechlessness when they witnessed Qin Wentian’s actions. Ignoring injuries, he voluntarily allowed his body to be lacerated so as to feed more blood to the demon sword.

That gigantic body frame stood behind the demon sword as he continued channelling his blood into the sword. That pair of immense wings then closed around that sword as he raised his head, icily staring at the vice-leader level characters as well as taking in the majestic sight that the entire Pill Emperor Hall itself constituted. The frigidness in his eyes was as if it came from the depths of hell.

“KILL HIM!” The vice-leader level characters could feel a powerful sense of threat from the current Qin Wentian. Yet.. even when they poured in all that they had, the soul-severing blade wasn’t able to sever the soul of Qin Wentian. The current him who already had a body on the level of a demonic divinity; naturally, his soul had also strengthened during that transformation.

Rumbling, the stone pillars rose up to the heavens, only to see the vice-leaders joining their energy once more as they blasted out a death imprint in attack. As the death imprint descended, it was as though an ounce of the vital energy of all things within this space was absorbed. The imprint expanded continuously, containing an intense death energy within it as it blasted towards the great roc.

“BZZZ!”

Yet another massive gust of wind kicked up, the great roc spread its wings as an inexorably resplendent sword beam fired off from the demon sword, shattering the death imprint. The sword intent radiating forth was so sharp that not even a single fragment remained.

Swish...

With a flap of its wings, the great roc could travel over hundred to thousand miles in a mere instant.

The spectators couldn't even see its shadow, the only thing their eyes registered was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign at the peak of Heavenly Dipper dying with a sword embedded through his heart. The sword was held by a gigantic talon manifested from the boundless sword intent in the air.

My will is the sword's will; the sword's intent is my intent.

In the next instant, another of its incomparably sharp talons lacerated the peak Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, directly tearing him into two.

Behind the great roc, the demon sword continued wailing as its surging sword intent generated an endless sword might, enveloping this entire space. Brilliant bursts of light flashed, as some of the other experts were diced into pieces, those who were further away immediately abandoned their pride and dignity, frenziedly retreating with explosive speed.

At this moment, the eyes of the great roc were fixated onto Luo He. Luo He only felt her heart pounding, being squeezed by a primal, gut-wrenching fear. This, was true despair.

Even leaving aside the existence of the demon sword, even if Qin Wentian wasn't borrowing its power, the current great roc was more than powerful enough to kill her with ease. After all, her current cultivation base was only at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper.

“Swoosh!”

Those powerful gusts of wind made it so that Luo He couldn't even open her eyes. How swift was the primordial great roc's speed? It refused to fly because the heavens were too low but when it does, it could travel an unimaginable distance with but a single flap of its wings.

Luo He knew that she couldn't possibly avoid the attack of the great roc.

“VILE BEAST.”

A glacial voice abruptly sounded out as the great roc arrived in front of Luo He, only to find another figure already standing there, blocking it.

The instant that figure appeared, a gigantic constellation was

birthed as the space above the Pill Emperor Hall, turned into a starry sky.

This constellation contained an unfathomable might. It then condensed into a miniature form, landing on the white-robed old man's palm as he struck out with it to block the great roc's attack.

“An Ascendant, a powerhouse at the fabled Celestial Phenomenon Realm.”

The spectators gazed at the resplendent constellation in awe, even the Pill Emperor himself had appeared.

Luo He was the daughter of the Pill Emperor, if he still didn't make his appearance, Luo He would definitely be dead.

Nobody had imagined that Qin Wentian would have the capabilities to cause destruction at this scale, causing a ruckus sufficient enough to draw the Pill Emperor out of his seclusion.

“Incinerate!”

The white robed figure spat out coldly, and instantly, the constellation in his hand enlarged once more as it caged the great roc within. An instant later, the body of the great roc began burning as blazing flames of death combusted it.

“Bzzzzz!”

A raging wind gusted by as the great roc shot up into the clouds before the constellation completely enveloped him. After which, the great roc swoop downwards as it appeared once more beside the demon sword embedded in the ground. Its sharp talon directly wrapped around the hilt of the sword as it's cold eyes surveyed the Pill Emperor.

With a howl of emotions that contained rage within sorrow, forming a resonance with the mournful wails emitted by the demon sword, the entire space trembled as the demon sword was actually lifted off from the ground as it hovered in the air.

This was the first time, that the demon sword was lifted into the air.

“Die.”

Pill Emperor pointed his finger at the great roc, momentarily, the flames of death erupted with greater intensity, burning the life force of the great roc away.

So what if it was a primordial great roc? A great roc at the Heavenly Dipper Realm would still die when faced with a powerhouse at the Ascendant level.

The sorrowful howl and the mournful wails mingled together and forming a strange melody that continued on unabated, it carried the demon sword and continued soaring up into the skies, completely ignoring the damage the burns were inflicting to its

body. Gradually it appeared at the dome of heavens, right above the Pill Emperor Hall.

The demon sword was slowly lifted up...

This scenario caused the breaths of the entire crowd to halt.

“VILE BEAST, YOU DARE?!” The Pill Emperor went apoplectic with anger. That glow from the constellation shone even more resplendently, dazzling furiously, in response to Qin Wentian’s action. Yet...that demon sword continued descending down from the heavens, fulfilling the promise he made earlier.

Today, if the Pill Emperor Hall doesn’t collapse, he won’t be leaving this place. So what even if the price of his actions was death?! He had no regrets.

AGM 426 – Sword Splitting Apart The Pill Emperor Hall

Seeing the great roc lifting the gigantic sword and wanting to smash it downwards, the spectators all turned breathless; their hearts felt as though they were about to leap out of their chests.

With this sword slash, even if Qin Wentian died here, the Pill Emperor Hall would never be able to wash away its humiliation for all eternity. The events that happened here today would find their way into the annals of Grand Xia's history.

Countless silhouettes belonging to the Pill Emperor Hall appeared. They came from the other palaces and halls, or they walked out of the main Heaven Ascending Hall. All of them had dumbstruck expressions on their faces as they stared at the gigantic silhouette in the air. Their bodies all trembled uncontrollably from a primal fear stemming from deep within their hearts.

“WHO?!”

A booming voice echoed out, and abruptly, another constellation appeared in the skies. This time around, the newly birthed constellation seemed to symbolise death. This was a Death Constellation; the endless death rays cascaded down, landing on the great roc, yet the eyes of the great roc were filled with an unyielding resolution.

The great roc had aspirations so high that it even resented that

the heavens were too low. How could it place a mere Pill Emperor Hall in its eyes?

The great roc cried, and the demon sword mourned—both of them worked together to unleash the most powerful strike, slashing like a thunderbolt right down from the heavens. The power of this strike was so overwhelming that not even a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant would dare to block it head on.

As Luo He watched that sword falling downwards, her countenance paled like dead ashes. A notion suddenly flashed past her head...was her method of handling things correct?

If she persuaded her father, not letting Mo Qingcheng become one of the essence body for the old ancestor and if she didn't object to the relationship between Mo Qingcheng and Qin Wentian, would history take another direction?

She had no idea, as she watched the sword falling downwards, the impact it had on her was too great, just too great.

Dragging the demon sword for a hundred thousand miles, using his blood to feed the demon sword, transformation into a primordial great roc, slashing apart the Pill Emperor Hall. How imposing was this? And keep in mind that all of this was accomplished by a young man at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. He, who descended into madness no longer cared for consequences, disregarding life and death, so who cares even if all of the Grand Xia became his enemies?

In her entire life, Luo He had never met such a crazed person. His resolution and will could truly sunder the heavens.

Naturally, other than shock, indomitable rage and murderous urges filled Luo He's heart. This matter happened because of her, and now Pill Emperor Hall was humiliated. Due to this, if Qin Wentian didn't die today, their Pill Emperor Hall would surely become the laughing stock of Grand Xia.

How could the Pill Emperor, who was in front of her, not feel shocked as well? He appeared because he sensed the threat the demon sword posed, yet he never expected the following events—the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation appearing, the birth of a primordial great roc. All of these were beyond his imagination and expectations. If he knew this earlier, even if he, the esteemed Pill Emperor would be laughed at by others, he would directly ignore his status and destroy Qin Wentian before the chain of events happened. But now, even if he destroyed Qin Wentian, it was already too late.

In addition, the ruckus this event caused also startled yet another ancient old man from his Pill Emperor Hall that was on the same level as him.

“Puchi...”

The demon sword slashed down, and that grand Heaven-Ascending hall emitted a resplendent light, as an invisible force blasted out from it in defence. Yet, that demon sword contained an aura that could even sunder the heavens, let alone a mere Pill Emperor Hall.

Sounds of breaking resounded out, the sword struck down right in the middle, slicing the majestic Pill Emperor Hall into two. Everything within the hall was ravaged by a menacing aura of destruction.

Those that stood around the area stared on in shock, but after which, a sword wind gusted by as sounds of laceration echoed. Those figures were all diced into nothingness, before being dispersed by the wind. They didn't even know how they died.

A single sword split apart the Pill Emperor Hall, reaping the lives of countless experts.

The other spectators all watched on, not even daring to breathe. Their faces were all frozen in shock, as they remained motionless like a statue, even their eyelids forgot to twitch.

The Pill Emperor Hall was slashed apart! A single sword demolishing everything.

The Pill Emperor Hall, a transcendent power that was ranked within the top five of the entire Grand Xia, was smashed apart by a Heavenly Dipper young man that transformed into a great roc.

It was unknown how much commotion that single sword strike created in the Grand Xia.

In the skies, there were now two constellations belonging to Pill

Emperor, as well as the other ancient old man from the Pill Emperor Hall. When they watched the fruit of their labors and their ancestors' effort being smashed apart, the killing intent in their eyes became incomparably terrifying.

“DIE!”

As that ancient old man blasted out a palm, another fearsome death imprint slammed down from the heavens. The Death Constellation exuded a heavy intent of death, powering that imprint, yet Qin Wentian acted as though he didn't even see it. The demon sword slashed out with its own will, blocking the opponent's attack, as the blazing flames of death from the Pill Emperor incinerated his body. However, despite the intensity of the flames, it was as though he couldn't feel anything. Qin Wentian continued advancing forward, with the demon sword in his talons, as he flew towards the forbidden gate Mo Qingcheng was forced through.

The place where the great roc passed by, the buildings and structures around that area were all devastated by his sword intent. For those unlucky cultivators standing near there, all of them died underneath that endless sword might.

The current Qin Wentian had already lost all sanity. He was already prepared to pay any price.

His pair of enormous eyes were fixed on the path ahead, as that boundless sword might concentrated once again.

However, the Pill Emperor, as well as that ancient old man, abruptly appeared in front of Qin Wentian, blocking his path ahead. A terrifying coldness flickered in their eyes as they exuded waves after waves of unassailable might from their bodies.

The eyes of the great roc bored down on the two figures, with no hints of fear or terror in them. Qin Wentian swung the sword onto himself, tearing his body apart once again, allowing the demon sword to feast on his blood.

“BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!”

Within the great roc’s body, a flame of life suddenly blazed. That was the power of his bloodline, the terrifying aura of the great roc climbed madly upwards again, bringing it to the peak of the Heavenly Dipper Realm and, almost, breaking through to the Realm of Celestial Phenomenon.

However, Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns are still Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns; their comprehensions of their path and astral souls weren’t sufficient yet. How could it be so easy to cross over to Celestial Phenomenon? Eventually, the aura of the great roc stabilized at the peak of Heavenly Dipper, while the power of his bloodline caused the mourning of the demon sword to grow even louder.

In front of him, two Ascendants stood, currently gathering the energy from the constellations they birthed. The body of the Pill Emperor was wreathed with the nine-colored flames of death and destruction, while that ancient old man condensed a true Seal of Life and Death.

The Seal of Life and Death was an ultimate art of Grand Xia. Back then, after the nine grand clans' rebellions, this ultimate art landed in the possession of the Pill Emperor Hall. And now that it was this Celestial Phenomenon Ascendent personally executing it, the insight and comprehensions, as well as the seal being powered by the strength of his cultivation base, was sufficient to annihilate everything under the Heavens and across the Earth. Even the color of his surroundings were fading away, becoming a dreary black.

Seal of Life, Seal of Death. Seal of Life and Death. Capable of bestowing life or granting death.

If the death seal was used, it could steal the vital qi of Heavens and Earth. Even the primordial great roc would undoubtedly die if it was struck with it.

The spectators from far away were already numbed when they saw the great roc that Qin Wentian transformed into facing off against the two powerhouses at the Celestial Phenomenon level. The events today were something that they would never be able to forget.

At this moment, a notion flashed by in their heads. They didn't want Qin Wentian to die here just like that; if possible, they rather he escaped and grow even stronger, breaking apart this piece of sky that is Grand Xia when he returns in the future.

However, their thoughts were just wild fantasies. It was almost guaranteed that Qin Wentian wouldn't be able to survive.

Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants stood at the pinnacle of the entire Grand Xia, and right now, two of them were planning to join forces to kill Qin Wentian.

The Seal of Life and Death, as well as that nine-colored flame of death and destruction, flew towards Qin Wentian. The power of annihilation contained within them sucked away the vitality of the surroundings to increase their own power.

However, right at this moment, the great roc howled, as its gigantic wings flapped violently, causing its body to spun about at high velocity in the middle of the air, transforming into a tornado, while the demon sword danced about with him.

“Swish!”

The demon sword that possessed supreme might was launched out by Qin Wentian, decimating everything it came into contact with, shattering the Seal of Life and Death as well as that nine-colored flame.

The two Ascendants immediately dodged to the side, as the demon sword pierced towards them, flying far away in a certain direction.

“Bzzz!” The great roc, which transformed into a tornado, also vanished from sight, zooming after that demon sword, passing through the gap created by the two Ascendants when they dodged to the side earlier.

“DAMN!”

The Pill Emperor paled when he realised that Qin Wentian was zooming towards the forbidden gate.

Their silhouettes immediately flashed as they disappeared from the spot, chasing after Qin Wentian, but everything was already too late.

How fast did the demon sword reached when it was launched out by Qin Wentian with the entirety of his strength? Everywhere the sword flew by, a swath of mass destruction could be seen, the sharpness radiating from it ravaged everything, up till the point when it slammed right into the forbidden gate.

Rumor has it that the sacred land of the Pill Emperor Hall was behind that forbidden gate.

Only some of the more talented females that were pure in spirit and body could enter into this sacred land.

But right now, that forbidden gate protecting the sacred land shattered into pieces, as the demon sword slammed into it and continued flying forwards. Even the misty atmosphere, that was laced with celestial qi, was distorted and lacerated by the sharpness from the demon sword. The flight of the demon sword finally stopped when it penetrated into an immense mountain. Moments later, an avalanche started as the signs of fragmentation could be seen, while huge rocks and pieces of the mountains fell into the

abyss below.

At this moment, a terrifying aura blasted upwards from the bottom of the abyss, destroying the falling debris.

The two Ascendants and the great roc both arrived at the same moment, their speed so incredibly fast that it bordered on the unbelievable.

The great roc hovered in the air, its talons clutched around the demon sword, as it imperiously gazed downwards, right into the abyss.

Over there, a sea of corpses and skeletons could be seen, littered all around, stacking on each other, dotting the entire landscape. Also, there were some females of such extreme beauty that it would render any male breathless, sitting on specially designated spots, yet appearing so dull and lifeless. The vital qi that exuded from them was constantly being absorbed by a monstrous evil hiding here.

Mo Qingcheng was here as well. When the eyes of the great roc land on Mo Qingcheng, the aura gushing forth from it was so cold that even the Ascendants unconsciously took a step backwards.

“So, this place is the sacred land of the Pill Emperor Hall? So many talented and outstanding young females are kept hidden here for that evil skeleton to absorb their life essence?”

The great roc spat out a sentence filled with immeasurable coldness. Right now, he wanted nothing more than to remove this piece of filth from the face of this world.

The voice of the great roc drifted over to the distance, into the ears of the far away spectators. When they heard what it said, their hearts violently pounded. And now that the forbidden gate had shattered, when they stretched out their perception, they too could feel the immensity of the evil aura projected by the evil skeleton lurking within.

The all respected, saintly and sacred Pill Emperor Hall was using the lives of their female disciples to nurture a monster?

Such a discovery caused the bodies of many to tremble uncontrollably. Too terrifying!The Pill Emperor Hall was a transcendent power that had a history of over a few thousand years. The pills concocted by them had saved so many people, yet it's true face was actually that of an evil demon. Looking at the sea of skeletons and corpses in that area, nobody knew how many victims had suffered, as their lifeforce was fed to the evil monstrosity.

Not only that, Mo Qingcheng was forced into that. She was the reason why Qin Wentian disregarded everything and wanted to barge in there.

So it turns out that the Pill Emperor Hall accepted Mo Qingcheng as a disciple, the fact that Luo He spent so much time and effort, painstakingly nurturing her, all these were just a facade? The true purpose was to feed her to the evil skeleton?!

The spectators then all turned their gazes onto Luo He. The look in their eyes was like they were looking at a venomous spider. Looking at her beautiful face, and contrasting it with the blackness of her heart, the spectators couldn't help but shiver. This transcendent power was worshiped by many, hailed as saints and saviours, with so many wanting to be a part of it and yet... the reality behind it was so cruel.

Luo He naturally felt the gazes of the spectators landing on her. Her countenance grew incredibly unsightly. She knew that from today onwards, the reputation of the Pill Emperor had been completely destroyed by that young man's actions!

AGM 427 – Sigh

The countenance of the Pill Emperor as well as that ancient expert, all turned incomparably ugly to behold.

Qin Wentian actually disturbed that existence underneath the mountains.

“VILE BEAST!”

An icy voice echoed out directly from the bottom of the abyss, so cold that even the temperature around the region dropped by several degrees.

The Pill Emperor and the ancient elder stared downwards, deep reverence and worship could be seen in their eyes. The two of them then bowed and mumbled, “Begging the ancestor for pardon.”

“You guys actually permitted a vile beast to enter my sanctuary, disrupting my cultivation? HOW ARE YOU TWO HANDLING THE MATTERS OF MY PILL EMPEROR HALL? Useless things, quickly toss it out and scam from here.” That voice resounded out again, containing an overwhelming superiority, unsurpassed by anything in the world. The voice permeated the entire region, clearly drifting towards the ears of the other spectators. As they heard it, it was as though they somehow understood something.

Was that evil existence lurking down in the abyss of corpses, the old ancestor of the Pill Emperor Hall?

Could it be that he who had already died ages ago, was trying to use some forbidden perverse method to undergo rebirth?

Rebirth was something that went against the edicts of the Heavens, an act of immense taboo. The Pill Emperor Hall arranged for outstanding disciples like Mo Qingcheng and the other females, using a multitude of lives to compensate in exchange for its life. Such a method was truly too cruel.

But so what of it? For the sake of their old ancestor's from the grave, the Pill Emperor Hall would stop at nothing. Once their old ancestor was completely revived, the entire Grand Xia would surely be theirs for the taking.

Those from the Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Star-Seizing Manor all felt their hearts clenching from the revelations. The sacred land of the Pill Emperor Hall was always a secret the other transcendent powers wished to uncover, yet nobody had ever succeeded. This matter wasn't even known to members of the upper echelons of the Pill Emperor Hall. Only those at the very peak of the chain of command knew of this. Yet today, everything was revealed because of Qin Wentian's actions.

“Qingcheng.”

The eyes of the roc Qin Wentian had transformed into, flashed with a heavy worry. He lifted the sword once more as he dived into the bottom of the abyss.

The whistling sword intent swept over everything, any matter on both sides of the trajectory which he flew past was all lacerated into nothingness. However, that skeleton suddenly moved, lights of evil glimmering in its empty eye sockets as it glanced upwards. Instantly, numerous black-coloured chains of darkness stretched out, trapping the demon sword as it slashed downwards. Creaking sounds rang out, the chains showed evident signs of breaking apart, yet, they still held on tenaciously.

Qin Wentian had expended too much strength, even the blood in his body had almost run dry. With his present might, even with the sword in his hands, he wasn't powerful enough to threaten the terrifying skeleton.

“Wentian.” Mo Qingcheng inclined her head, staring at the great roc which Qin Wentian had become. Tears unceasingly flowed down her face yet she couldn't go to him. That filthy evil skeleton was still devouring her essence, she was in a state of paralysis and couldn't move at all.

In the middle of the air, the Pill Emperor as well as the ancient elder descended downwards, yet another bout of nine-colored flames as well as a terrifying seal of death smashed into the great roc's body.

The great roc violently trembled as it continued coughing out fresh blood, which was then absorbed into the demon sword wielded in its talons.

The defence of the great roc was insanely high, yet even with its monstrous defence, it was unable to withstand attacks by Celestial

Phenomenon Ascendants. However, he was still able to endure pain, what he couldn't endure was the helplessness he felt. The despair in Mo Qingcheng's eyes which glimmered with unshed tears as her essence was being devoured by the evil skeleton.

“Dumbo...live well, you must definitely not die with me..”

Mo Qingcheng's haggard face suddenly bloomed with a radiant smile. Tears continued streaking down her face yet it did nothing to mar the radiance of her beauty.

“Meeting you was the best thing in my life. I have no regrets. However short the period of time we spent together may be, it was all worth it.”

Mo Qingcheng mumbled as flames suddenly ignited, springing from her body.

“In the Vermilion Bird Formation World, the secret art you acquired should be an art for demonic transformation. As for me, the secret art I acquired allows me to use the fire of my life, concentrating it into the form of a medicinal pill.” Mo Qingcheng smiled sweetly, “I didn't want to use it, because I know you would never permit me to. But now, I have no more choices left.”

The flames ignited even more vibrantly as her life force surged while the devouring speed of that evil skeleton got even quicker.

Yet, from a distance, even though the evil skeleton was vastly

more powerful compared to her, it could do nothing to stop her.

Mo Qingcheng's remaining life force rapidly condensed into the form of a rainbow-colored pill as she spat out it out of her mouth, in the direction of the great roc.

“Dumbo, this is my heart..”

Mo Qingcheng continued smiling, but her body slumped to the ground as she fell unconscious. Qin Wentian stared at the hovering pill as a torrent of emotions flooded his heart. Yet, as he saw the skeletal hands of the evil existence shooting towards it, Qin Wentian immediately opened its beak and inhale, drawing the medicinal pill into his mouth but he didn't swallow it.

Mo Qingcheng's body softly laid on one of the eighty-one stone platforms. Even in unconsciousness, the beauty of her smile never faded. It was as though even if she died, she wanted to show her most beautiful smile, imprinting herself into the memories of Qin Wentian. Her long hair was dishevelled, fanning all over the stone platform, while traces of the unshed tears in her eyes finally flowed, sliding down from her cheeks.

Although in this life, she had no more regrets...

How could she not be reluctant saying goodbye this way?

“Dumbo.” In Mo Qingcheng's unconsciousness, a faint light flickered as threads of thoughts floated upwards.

“Dumbo, I really don’t want to go.”

“I really don’t want to.”

“But even if I’m gone, you still have to survive. Live well for me.”

This voice actually sounded out in Qin Wentian's heart, as though transmitted through the pill Mo Qingcheng had refined.

She didn't want to go, she still wanted to be together with him.

But for his sake, she voluntarily chose to end her life in this way. She had no other choices left.

"ARGHHH

The howl of the great roc reverberated the entire space, causing both the Heavens and the Earth to shake. He then ruthlessly swung the sword at his body, heedless of his life, feeding the demon sword with more of his blood.

The mournful wailing of the demon sword formed a resonance with his sorrow. Even with the nine-colored flames continuously burning his body, Qin Wentian suddenly felt a surge of strength as he straightened the sword, pointing it towards the ancient elder standing in the air as he flew towards him.

The countenance of that ancient elder abruptly changed. Up in the heavens, the star light from the constellations cascaded downwards. He explosively retreated while simultaneously blasting out several Seals of Life and Death.

However now, Qin Wentian couldn't care less. He needed to see blood, he wanted that elder's death.

Bang, Bang, Bang...

The seals shattered one after another, the sword might mingled with his killing intent was too powerful, the force of his strike even managed to injure the elder, causing his blood to spray out in the air.

“VILE CREATURE.”

That elder roared in rage. A gigantic constellation in condensed form appeared on his palm as he blasted out with it.

“BOOOOM!” The demon sword collided with the constellation, while the surroundings were all destroyed by the following impact. Both of them took a few steps back, that ancient elder coughed out even more blood, even a powerhouse on his level was injured from a head on collision. The Pill Emperor then descended as the nine-colored flames burning the great roc soared to a crescendo, caging it's wings within.

The great roc continued howling, not with pain but in madness.

With another slash of his sword, the Pill Emperor hurriedly retreated to the side, not daring to receive it directly. Both the other Ascendant and him stared at Qin Wentian as their eyes flickered with a venomous light.

“I want the two of you to die.”

That great roc lifted up the demon sword and impaled it into its own body, allowing the demon sword to drink freely with no limits.

“Puchi.”

Qin Wentian pulled it out and frenziedly spun about in the air in spirals before launching the demon sword out like a javelin, powered by the added momentum of the spin, towards the two Ascendants. The demon sword glistened with his blood, transforming into a streak of redness, instantly arriving before his targets.

The countenance of the two Ascendants turned incredibly unsightly, even with their speed, they had no way to avoid this attack.

Stomping furiously on the ground, waves of astral energy concentrated on their palms as they blasted out, the energy they exuded fused together before transforming into a constellation screen, colliding together with the demon sword, wanting to negate the attack.

“Kacha!”

Cracks appeared on the constellation screen as the demon sword penetrated it. The endless sword might swept out, devastating it as it continued on indomitably forward. Thunderous rumbling sounds echoed out as the constellation screen was torn apart, it didn't even managed to negate the slightest bit of the demon sword's power.

“SCRAM!” The two Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall had no time to evade, they could only blast their palms forwards simultaneously in defence.

“Puchi...”

The impact shuddered their internal organs as both of them were blasted into the distance, before slamming onto the ground as they vomited fresh blood. But still, they survived the demon sword's strike.

“BOOOM!”

Qin Wentian drove the demon sword into the ground as the sword intent enveloped them, lacerating their bodies.

The two terrifying Ascendants that stood at the pinnacle of Grand Xia was reduced to such a miserable state. Their aura fluctuated, they were injured so badly that they didn't even have the strength to stand up.

When the gazes of the spectators shifted onto Qin Wentian once more, Qin Wentian had already transformed into a blood man, from all the wounds inflicted onto him by he himself and by his opponents. The nine-colored flames, were still burning. However, the pain of the burns pales in comparison to the pain in his heart.

A booming sound echoed out as the great roc fell onto the ground. Its gigantic eyes gaze up at the heavens as it spat out the medicinal pill Qingcheng had given to him. He was unwilling to swallow it, how could he bear to swallow Mo Qingcheng's life away?

Tears began flowing out of his eyes, he hated that he wasn't strong enough to save Qingcheng, he hated the fact that even with the demon sword, he wasn't powerful to kill the Pill Emperor, wasn't powerful enough to destroy the entire Pill Emperor Hall.

"Go kill him." The Pill Emperor rasped, as he consumed a medicinal pill, his command resounding out in the air.

Over in the distance, only then did the other experts of the Pill Emperor Hall come to their senses. They, who were all considered top-tier characters in Grand Xia were actually stunned by the battle earlier.

At this moment, in response to the Pill Emperor's command, this people advanced towards the great roc slumped over on the ground.

Qin Wentian had actually completely transformed into a primordial great roc. If they don't kill him today, the Pill Emperor Hall, nay, all the transcendent powers in Grand Xia that had enmity with him would never be able to rest at ease ever again.

However at this moment, an intense fluctuation of the energy of space reverberated, drifting over.

“BZZZ!” A figure of peerless beauty descended onto the ground beside the great roc. This female was akin to a celestial maiden, and as she appeared, she sprinkled a snowy substance on the great roc's body, relieving him of the pain he felt from the burns.

She then walked closer to the great roc as it stared at her, as an indescribable feeling blossomed in his heart.

“Qing`er!”

Qin Wentian murmured, he never thought that before he died, he would still be able to see Qing`er one last time.

Yet Qing`er didn't reply, her hands folded incantations gestures as a terrifying spatial fluctuation emanated forth from her. Her long hair fluttered in the wind, traces of blood could be seen leaking out from the corner of her lips.

“Unseal.”

Her voice was as serene as ever, but her body shuddered violently

as though there were a terrifying monster in her trying to escape. She coughed out blood a total of nine times before finally regaining control and when the experts from the Pill Emperor Hall drew near, they found that they couldn't get any closer. An invisible wall formed from the power of space was blocking their path.

Qing`er then walked even closer as she placed her palm onto the great roc's body.

“Spatial Separation!”

Terrifying spatial waves of energy swept out, caging the remaining embers, separating them from Qin Wentian. After that, an unbelievable sight occurred. She walked to the front of Qin Wentian as she squatted down, pulling the body of the great roc onto her back, intending to carry him away.

This scenario caused a great rush of impact to the hearts and minds of the crowd. A beautiful maiden with such a delicate frame was actually capable of lifting the body of that gigantic roc?

“Wanting to leave?” From the bottom of the abyss, a voice stained with maliciousness and the coldness of evil rang out. That evil skeletal arm stretched out, wanting to grab Qing`er. The wall of spatial turbulence was easily broken apart when the skeletal arm neared. Qing`er spat out another mouthful of blood yet she had no intentions of losing her hold on the gigantic roc on her back.

“Ai...”

In the middle of the air, the sound of a person sighing suddenly echoed out. Instantly, the skeletal arm broke apart while a figure with his arms held behind his back, descended from the skies, hovering above the great roc.

From the bottom of the abyss, countless skeletal hands shot forwards only to see the newly appeared figure lightly stomping the air. A moment later, the skeletal arms shattered into dust from the power of his stomps, as a supreme, unmatched might enveloped this entire space.

The eyes of this figure shifted onto Qin Wentian in the form of a great roc, being carried on Qing`er's back. His eyes, contained a softness as though he was looking at someone extremely dear to him.

“Dragging the demon sword on a journey of a hundred thousand miles. Solely barging up the Pill Emperor Hall. Transformation into a primordial great roc. This spirit he shows, isn't anyway inferior compared to you back then when we were all younger.”

That figure stared up at the heavens as he sighed in his heart, reliving his memories from the past.

His eyes turned once more to the great roc as a gentle smile played on his lips. The warmth in his eyes seemed as though it was capable of melting everything!

AGM 428 – Meteoric Rise

It had already been over twenty years, and the baby that he once held in his arms had already grown up into a real man. With determination in his heart, disregarding life and death, dragging the demon sword a hundred thousand miles towards the Pill Emperor Hall.

What more could he ask for?

Looking at the demonic divinity great roc, the eyes of this mysterious man were filled with gentleness as well as deep emotions.

He desperately wanted very much to act way before this; however, he once promised him that he would never ever do so. Qin Wentian's life would be his own to walk. Only then one day, Qin Wentian would be able to depend on his own strength to support the piece of sky he had achieved.

If Qin Wentian grew up underneath their care, then whenever Qin Wentian ran into danger, he might always look to them for protection, instead of fighting on his own, achieving strength with his own efforts.

The he back then, how lofty had he stood, how awe-inspiring was he? How could his child ever be mediocre? Growing under the protection of others instead of his own strength?

Today, it was only because he heard the rumors of a young man

dragging the demon sword for a hundred thousand miles that he chose to appear here to take a look. Looking at that baby he once held in his arms, he finally saw a shadow of that man he respected.

He was happy and gratified.

There were so many more trials waiting for this child in his future. Since he knew what sort of storms and tempests the child had to experience, he had no choice but to allow the child to be tempered by the fires of the world, walking step by step and confronting them directly, alone, even in the face of death.

Life was a long, long path. Today, when he solely barged into the Pill Emperor Hall, although he might die here, wasn't this also a brand new beginning? A rebirth in the flames of nirvana?

And even though he had been here since the beginning, not one person could sense his existence. Everyone's attention was drawn by the great roc and Qing'er's appearance. The only one who could sense him was that evil skeleton down at the bottom of abyss.

Right now, the bone fragments in the sea of corpses joined together and formed a gigantic skeletal arm, shooting straight towards the mysterious man.

And as the mysterious man shifted his gaze over to the bottom of the abyss, ice-cold fire could be seen burning in his eyes when he stared at the sea of skeletal remains.

As he slowly stepped towards the gigantic skeletal arm, each and every step he took caused the entire space to vibrate.

As though his steps formed a mysterious resonance with the world.

“Peng...”

The light sound of a foot step crackled. As a thunderous shock wave shattered the gigantic skeletal arm, the resounding impact rocked the bottom of the abyss, instantly turning all of the withered skeletons into a cloud of dust. That mysterious figure had his hands held behind his back, as he gazed at the cave dwelling the monstrous existence was in. In the direction of that cave dwelling, there was also a terrifying fluctuation of energy, a palpable sense of undeath.

“Peng...” Yet another crisp sound echoed as the entire cave dwelling shattered into pieces. Over there, a shimmering figure could be seen, as handsome as the devil, yet as young as a teenager. His skin was sparkling clear, yet the eyes of that shimmering figure glinted with an extremely terrifying crimson light. Inclining his head and staring at the mysterious figure in the air, the monster spat out, “Who are you?”

As the sound of the monster’s voice faded, terrifying chains appeared in the air and fired towards that mysterious figure. The fearsome chains directly bound him, as the evil flames, born of the aura of undeath, combusted violently.

Yet, the mysterious figure merely calmly took another step downwards; his hands still crossed behind his back, completely disregarding the flames. “Kacha!” The chains shattered, the evil flames still burned, yet it did nothing to impede his movements.

Above the skies, yet another resplendent constellation was birthed. It not only enveloped this sacred land, but that constellation also enveloped the entirety of the vast Pill Emperor Hall.

At that moment, it seemed as though the Pill Emperor Hall had been totally separated from the external world. Nobody could see clearly what was happening within.

“What’s going on? Another constellation manifestation?”

The spectators inclined their heads, their faces filled with endless shock. The two Ascendants belonging to the Pill Emperor Hall was already badly injured. Who was the one that manifest this constellation?

Those from the Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Star-Seizing Manor had long retreated from the Pill Emperor Hall, yet their perception had never deviated from it, even for a single second. But now, they could no longer ‘see’ anything that was happening inside.

Earlier, they only felt a supreme might pervading the atmosphere, as a mysterious figure appeared in the air. He simply stood there, with his hands behind his back, yet the imposing presence he emanated seemed as though he was shouldering the

entire heavens.

Who was that person?

Why had that person come?

Nobody knew, not even Qin Wentian and Qing`er. And right now, Qin Wentian was already unconscious; he wasn't aware of the things that's happening right now.

Qing`er was still carrying Qin Wentian on her back. Her beautiful eyes stared at the constellation at the air. A powerful spatial energy enveloped her and Qin Wentian, as a wind kicked up from where they were. At this moment, she only wanted to bring Qin Wentian away to leave this god-forsaken place.

“Bzzz!”

The spatial waves were directly disrupted, the energy emanated by the constellation locked down this entire space. Even if her insights into space were more powerful, there was no way for her to leave this place.

Her gaze contained hints of ice as she stared at the constellation in the sky, as though she was extremely infuriated by it.

“Hey little doll, you are really not bad.” A voice drifted directly into Qing`er's ears. Only she could hear this voice transmission.

Qing`er frowned; after which, she saw a lazy looking old man appearing from the constellation in the middle of the air, languidly gazing at the scene playing out below.

He didn't do anything. He only used the powerful energy fluctuations from his constellation to seal the entire Pill Emperor Hall away.

“You are?”

The Pill Emperor, as well as that ancient elder, both turned ashen when they stared at that blurry silhouette in the air. Now that they were heavily injured, just the mere presence of energy fluctuations from the constellation in the sky was able to severely suppress them.

They had never imagined that the Pill Emperor Palace would have so many legendary characters gathering here. Aside from them, there were actually other terrifying existences at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm appearing here.

“Who are you guys? Why have you come to my Pill Emperor Hall?”

The silhouette in the middle of the air didn't reply, he directly ignored the Pill Emperor.

That lazy-looking man gently landed on the stone platform,

glancing at Mo Qingcheng while shaking his head and sighing.

Down in the location of the shattered cave dwelling, that monstrous youth was also staring at the new constellation in the sky. His expression grew incredibly ugly as he asked, “You still have helpers with you?”

“Helper? Even if you are at your full strength, killing you is as easy as flipping my palms, let alone now when you are just a half-alive monster that crawled out of the grave, borrowing the life of others.” The mysterious figure casually stretched out a palm as a supreme formless energy shook the entire place. It was as though he could even control the motion of the Heavens and the Earth.

“Sealing the mountains here to absorb their celestial qi to purify the life force you stolen? Abominable being, face your death!”

With a clench of his fist, the surrounding mountains around the abyss all fragmented and collapsed in an instant, before turning into motes of dust and floating away, carried by the wind.

The monstrous youth turned pale upon witnessing that. After the surrounding mountains shattered, black chains could be seen embedded in them, chaining them all together to produce the sealing effect. Yet right now, cracks simultaneously appeared on those black chains, as they exploded an instant later.

Everything turned to dust. Nothing could escape this swath of destruction.

If the Pill Emperor had this strength, he would have long smashed Qin Wentian into meat paste, even if he had the demon sword with him. Shattering everything with a clench of his fist... how powerful was that? Qin Wentian wouldn't have been able to block it.

That formless energy shot towards the monstrous youth. He hesitated no longer, stomping on the ground, immediately seeking to escape.

“Can you even escape?”

That mysterious figure stretched his hand out and tightly clenched it once again. The will of his mandate directly exploded the mysterious youth; the monstrous youth's flesh and blood turned into fragments, as the core of his body transformed back into a skeleton.

Yet, that monster was still not dead. It emanated fearsome evil energy while continuing to frenziedly escape.

“EXTINGUISH!”

That mysterious figure brought his palms together in a resounding clap. That skeleton shattered into eight pieces, yet it still clung on to life, as it continued to run away.

At this moment, a fourth constellation appeared in the skies. The resplendent light of this constellation shone down; the cold silvery

light burning the bone fragments of the evil existence, melting it down into a puddle of liquid before evaporating it completely, stealing the last vestige of its unnatural life away.

The old ancestor of the Pill Emperor Hall schemed his way through death and tried all methods to rebirth, but today, because of Qin Wentian, and his love for Mo Qingcheng, as well as the machinations of Luo He and the Pill Emperor, his last desperate attempt to cling to life had disappeared forever.

That mysterious figure flicked his sleeves, directing the astral light from his constellation to fill every crevice of this god-forsaken land, cleanly wiping out all traces of the evil formation set up by that monstrous youth.

After which, his silhouette flickered as he appeared on the stone platform, staring at that beautiful figure lying down on it.

“Child, it has been hard on you.”

This peerless expert had a look in his eyes similar to when he was staring at Qin Wentian. Warm, and filled with gentleness. He already saw everything when he spectated from the air. Qin Wentian came to the Pill Emperor Hall for this girl, and this girl, for Qin Wentian, didn't mind sacrificing her everything.

Before she condensed that pill, her eyes were filled with endless longing saturated by her love.

She didn't want to die. She didn't want to leave. But she had no choices remaining to her.

“Bring the pill.”

That person inclined his head, and he calmly spoke. Instantly, a raging wind gusted by as the languid-looking silhouette appeared beside him with a medicinal pill in his hands. This was none other than the pill Mo Qingcheng had spat out earlier, the one where she used the remaining life force and essence in her body to condensed, a pill that contained her love.

“Both of them are really good girls.” That languid-looking figure infused the pill with his energy before feeding the pill back to Mo Qingcheng. That medicinal pill melted, and dissolved into spiritual qi which then diffused inside Mo Qingcheng's body.

“Seeing how you treat him, we would not fail to live up to your well intentions. However, in his life, he's destined to rebuke the Heavens and Earth, shaking the world with his name. If you are to be his wife, you too have to undergo a meteoric rise, soaring up to his level.” The mysterious figure murmured before he turned to the languid-looking figure as he stated, “You, aid her in this. Nurture her to be the wife of our young master. The Pill Emperor Hall isn't worthy of her.”

“Right.” That figure lightly nodded. He propped Mo Qingcheng over his shoulder, and with a single step, he soared up all the way into the clouds, disappearing in an instant.

After which, that mysterious figure stared up at the heavens, as he shook his head.

And a moment later, his gaze softened as it shifted onto Qing`er carrying the huge roc upon her back.

“Lucky fellow. With two girls of such characters treating you this way, you are much more blessed compared to your father. In the future, you best not let either of them down,” that mysterious figure murmured. As a heartwarming smile appeared on his face, his eyes flashed with the sweetness of past memories.

Laughing fondly, he casually stepped forward. Yet, the entire Pill Emperor Hall was shuddering violently from the power of that single step!

AGM 429 – Judgement

When the mysterious figure moved, each of his steps reverberated throughout the entirety of Pill Emperor Hall. Not only that, each of his steps resonated with a unique rhythm that even affected the surrounding space. It seemed as though with just a single thought, he could utterly annihilate the Pill Emperor Hall, removing it from the face of Grand Xia.

He casually step forwards, each of his steps creating large cracks in the ground. Those shattered pieces of earth floated in the air, hovering in front of the mysterious figure.

And it was so for every step he took.

At this moment, the members of the Pill Emperor Hall were all trembling uncontrollably, their hearts pounding in tandem with the steps of the mysterious man. It felt as though as long as he willed it, he could rupture their hearts anytime he wished.

This kind of sensation felt extremely strange and incredible, almost to the extent of inconceivable, like it was something that couldn't be real. Yet those present currently all felt this kind of sensation weighing down on their hearts.

This person was definitely a supreme existence at the Celestial Phenomenon level. However, it seemed as though he was drastically more powerful compared to the two Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall. If he wished to, it was as if he could effortlessly finish off the Pill Emperor with just a flip of his palm.

And now, such a character appeared in the Pill Emperor Hall and even sealed the entire space.

“Sir, might I inquire who you are?”

The two Ascendant-level powerhouses of the Pill Emperor Hall calmed their qi, slowly standing up as they stared at the mysterious man. In their eyes, an intense trepidation and vigilance could be seen. They felt less than ants before this man. Even when facing Qin Wentian with the demon sword, they didn’t feel this way, they still had confidence that they would be able to repel Qin Wentian.

Yet, the pressure this mysterious figure was giving them far exceeded that. In front of him, they wouldn’t even be able to put up any defense.

And if they chose to clash head on, death was the only outcome for them.

“Are you even qualified to inquire about my identity?”

That mysterious figure continued advancing forwards. His palms suddenly moved and momentarily, the Pill Emperor only felt a formless yet immense strength slamming into him. He stumbled backwards, while coughing out blood as his countenance paled even further.

The Pill Emperor inclined his head, hints of rage flashing

through his eyes. He was the lofty, and high up Pill Emperor!

Upon seeing the Pill Emperor's reaction, the mysterious figure frowned as he took another step forward. Another even more powerful force was generated from the pulse of the world that bore down on this entire space.

His feet landed on the ground, and just a single step caused the Pill Emperor Hall to feel as though his heart was about to rupture from the pressure. The overwhelming strength knocked him off his feet, into a kneeling position as the Pill Emperor shriek in pain, his face a mask of agony as he continued coughing out blood.

That mysterious figure didn't even speak. He directly showed the Pill Emperor with his actions what does it meant to be a high up, lofty existence. Showing that expression in front of him? The Pill Emperor was light years away from being worthy.

He then took another step forth.

“BOOOM!”

The endless pulsing energy slammed into Pill Emperor again, causing him to be directly knocked flying backwards before ruthlessly slammed onto the ground. He was in an extremely miserable state, his face had long lost all hints of color yet the punishment wasn't over. He could sense that peculiar pulse-like energy gathering once more. As long as the mysterious figure took another step forwards, he would be in for it.

In the face of such might, he despaired completely.

Lifting his head, he stared at the mysterious figure. Ever since the ancient Grand Xia was destroyed, how could there still be such a terrifying existence still existing in this age?

Have these people always been in seclusion, unwilling to meddle in matters of Grand Xia?

The high-up and lofty Pill Emperor didn't even have any thoughts of resisting. He didn't even dare to meet the mysterious figure's eyes, he was afraid that such an act would draw the ire of that mysterious man, and the power of another step would once again press down upon his heart.

Seeing how the esteemed Pill Emperor was abused to this sorry state, the other members of the Pill Emperor Hall could only watched on blankly, with indescribable emotions filling their hearts.

The things that happened today, turned everything they ever believed in upside down.

That powerful Pill Emperor at the Ascendant level was tortured to such a state where he didn't even have any strength to resist. Although the Pill Emperor was injured from his clash with Qin Wentian, even if he was at full strength, it would still not change a single thing. They were all very clear of this point in their hearts.

As for the ancient elder also at the Celestial Phenomenon level, he didn't even have the courage to try anything.

Why would such a powerful character come to their Pill Emperor Hall. Who was he here for?

Luo He drew a ragged breath, staring dumbly at her father the Pill Emperor before glancing once again at that mysterious figure. Finally, the mysterious figure halted his steps, no longer advancing forward.

By accident or design, that mysterious figure stopped just by the side of the great roc.

Qin Wentian had long fainted due to the injuries he incurred.

Qing'er was still carrying the great roc on her back, not even speaking a single word.

She didn't really like to talk much and has been so ever since the start. Yet her actions evidently spoke much louder than words.

Although the mysterious figure was extremely powerful, Qing'er gaze was as cool as ever as she stared at him. There wasn't a single ounce of fear emanating from her.

Seeing the reaction of Qing'er, the mysterious figure couldn't help but have a wry smile on his face. Despite so, that smile on his face was filled with warmth, this little doll in front of him, how

interesting.

“I know you are proficient in the Mandate of Space. The constellation up there was our doing, restricting your escape. I would just like a moment to speak with you.” That mysterious figure smiled as he continued, “I will not continue to aid him, this is the promise I made to his father. As for the events that happened today, you don’t need to tell him at all. His path, must be his to walk. My interference today has already come very close to breaking the promise I made. From now on, I won’t appear again, not until he reaches a certain realm in his cultivation.”

That person slowly spoke as he pointed a finger up at the constellation covering the skies. Following which, a hole could be seen on the constellation, providing a way for Qing`er to get out.

“Go on, I believe you’ll be able to take good care of him.”

Qing`er’s gaze were as cool ever. An instant later, spatial energy fluctuations covered her and Qin Wentian, enveloping them within.

Only then did she turned back as she icily mumbled, “Thank you..”

As the sound of her voice faded, a powerful tremor rocked the space. She, together with the great roc on her back, instantly vanished without a trace.

A bitter smile surfaced on the mysterious figure's face when he saw this scene. This little doll was ice cold indeed. Even the words 'thank you,' were laced with coldness.

However, the coldness this girl radiated didn't repulse him. In fact, he even found her to be somewhat adorable.

Naturally not only him alone, maybe, whoever came into contact with Qing'er would also find themselves unable to get angry at her.

And as his gaze shifted over, the hearts of those from the Pill Emperor pounded rapidly, their countenances turned as pale as a sheet of paper.

Did the mysterious just said something along the lines of a promise made by him to Qin Wentian's father?

Could it be that this mysterious figure was here for Qin Wentian? He was an acquaintance of Qin Wentian's father?

Luo He felt huge tsunami waves crashing into her heart. Wasn't Qin Wentian someone who didn't have any background to speak of?

Or maybe, the truth is that his background is so terrifyingly powerful up till the point where nobody even dared to imagine it.

In that instant, a sudden realization struck Luo He. She knew

that not only had she made the wrong choice, she had basically destroyed a chance to change Pill Emperor Hall's destiny.

“Do all of you know who he is?”

That figure was as imposing as ever, he slowly soared up into the skies, gazing down at them with an exalted imperiousness.

The him now was totally different from the him when he had interacted with Qing`er.

When facing Qing`er he was as gentle as an elder taking care of a junior from his own clan.

But the him now, radiated an unparalleled aura, staring down at the masses with disdain. He had his hands behind his back, the entire Pill Emperor Hall were existences as inconsequential as ants to him.

He asked, ‘Do any of you know who he is?’

The ‘he’ in his question, naturally referred to Qin Wentian.

Obviously, no one had any idea. They were all speculating that maybe, Qin Wentian was the son of a bosom friend of this mysterious existence.

However, the next words of the mysterious figure caused the

hearts of the entire crowd to go cold as they all involuntarily shivered.

“He, is the young master of my clan.”

The voice of mysterious figure was impossibly soft, so soft that it was almost silence. However, everyone in the crowd heard that, the words he spoke were branded onto their hearts, as thunderbolts went off in their minds.

Qin Wentian, was his young master.

What kind of identity did Qin Wentian had exactly? Having servants at the Celestial Phenomenon level?

From this, there was no need to speculate about what sort of background Qin Wentian's father had. It was obvious even without words.

Just a mere servant from his clan was a terrifying existence that could lay waste to the Pill Emperor Hall, a top-tier transcendent power! Such an existence actually proclaimed Qin Wentian was his young master.

Before this, when he solely barged into the Pill Emperor Hall, despite his outstanding talent, Qin Wentian was completely disregarded by everyone.

Why was this so? Precisely because Qin Wentian didn't have a

powerful background! They even thought they could plunder all the secrets hidden on his body, a genius that has fallen, was no longer a genius.

As for the Pill Emperor Hall, a top-tier transcendent power, who would dare to doubt them?

But the reality revealed was enough to stir their souls. Everything that they experienced today felt as long as a lifetime, forever unforgettable in their memories.

Luo He had a dazed look upon her face, dumbly staring at the mysterious figure who said that Qin Wentian was his young master.

Initially, if she allowed Qin Wentian to marry Mo Qingcheng, the Pill Emperor Hall would definitely have benefited from it, even rising to the peak of Grand Xia wasn't a problem.

Not only did she destroy this opportunity with her own hands, she even almost ended her beloved disciple, Mo Qingcheng's life.

A terrifying intent bore down on everyone present.

The reason Qin Wentian was in such dire straits now, was all caused by the Pill Emperor Hall. Now that such a powerful person appeared, on behalf of Qin Wentian, how would he retaliate against the Pill Emperor Hall?

What was even more frightening was that in the eyes of that mysterious figure, there wasn't even any Pill Emperor Hall. They were basically nothing to him. Not an ant, not a speck of dust. Nothing.

"I won't kill any of you." The mysterious figure stated, his words causing everyone to heave a sigh of relief.

"But if the slightest hint of what happened here today were to leak out. I dare to guarantee that not only the Pill Emperor Hall will turn into dust, disappearing from the face of Grand Xia, I will personally hunt down each of you here, as well as everyone that has a connection with you."

The words of the spectators turned their hearts cold, but no one doubted his strength.

"As for the decision regarding your lives, this is a path he would tread in the future. I won't tread it for him. After this, you all will spend each second of survival in turmoil and agony, waiting for his revenge." That person continued soaring upwards, landing on the constellation while his gaze turned to the demon sword embedded in the centre of the Pill Emperor Hall.

"The demon sword will be left here. When he stop by this place again, the day he pull out the demon sword, will be the day of judgement for the Pill Emperor Hall!"

As the sound of his voice faded, the constellation in the sky vanished completely. When the crowd inclined their heads

upwards once again, that mysterious figure had already disappeared. Yet, no one would be able to forget him. The words he spoke also echoed endlessly about in the hearts of those present here today.

“When he stop by this place again, the day he pull out the demon sword, will be the day of judgement for the Pill Emperor Hall!”

AGM 430 – Seclusion Of The Pill Emperor Hall

The Pill Emperor Hall — one of the transcendent power of Grand Xia, one of the kings of the Moon Continent, a tyrannical power with Ascendants at its core.

In the entire Grand Xia, this place was considered a sacred land that produced medicine and was worshipped by the masses. Those from the Pill Emperor Hall were all high up in the air, standing at the peak of the flight of ninety-nine steps, gazing down on all existences in this world.

In the Moon Continent, whenever they walked on the streets, the others would all look up to them in admiration and respect.

But today, for those survivors of the Pill Emperor Hall, they were the ones doing the looking up today as they continued staring at the vanishing constellation, as well as the departing back of the mysterious silhouette.

The starry skies faded, revealing the sunlight of an azure sky. The survivors continued gazing at the skies, lost in thought. Their hearts were still pounding rapidly, and although the events that occurred earlier didn't take up too much time, to them, it felt like an eternity.

Even the sect leader of the Pill Emperor Hall, the Pill Emperor, felt exactly the same as the rest of them at this moment. He, the imposing and unrivalled ruler, currently had a deep frown upon

his face, his tattered clothing stained with blood.

He was a paramount existence, but today, he learnt what it meant that there was always a sky beyond a sky.

Qin Wentian left him with an experience he won't be able to forget his entire life.

And, as for now, for those spectators far far away, their hearts were all filled with misgivings and shock.

All of them had their eyes trained on the demon sword embedded in the centre of the Pill Emperor Hall. Sword intent permeated the air, a stark reminder that the aftermath of the grand destruction of the Pill Emperor Hall was carried out by it. That majesty and grandeur the Pill Emperor Hall once exuded had all completely vanished into nothingness. Right now, the only thing exuding from the Pill Emperor Hall was a heavy sense of defeat.

“What happened earlier?” The non-affiliated spectators' hearts pounded. They saw the experts of the Pill Emperor Hall, as well as the Pill Emperor himself, standing around in a daze, staring straight up at the heavens.

During the time that the gigantic constellation appeared above the Pill Emperor Hall, who was it that appeared in the Pill Emperor Hall?

And as the energy fluctuations from that constellation enveloped

the entire Pill Emperor Hall, sealing it away, who was the one that had accomplished that?

“Where’s Qin Wentian?”

At this moment, to their extreme surprise, the great roc that was Qin Wentian had already disappeared from this place. The wingspan of the great roc was 3,000 metres long, such an immense body, even if it died, where was its corpse? How could it have disappeared like that?

“Even the sacred land behind the forbidden gate has been destroyed. And...where’s Mo Qingcheng?”

The hearts of the spectators were filled with endless questions, yet nobody had the answers to them.

“Senior.” At this moment, the experts from the Hua Clan descended before the Pill Emperor, as they offered a bow in greeting.

This character was the Pill Emperor, an existence similar to their clan lord. How could they not be respectful?

Yet at this moment, they only saw the Pill Emperor in a daze, the light in his eyes was cloudy; he seemed like an old man whose fire of life would be snuffed out soon. Not only that, his countenance seemed to contain a sense of coldness.

“Might we ask senior, what exactly happened?” Some one from the Hua Clan inquired.

“SCRAM!” A voice erupted in rage. That person who asked that questioned instantly paled, only to see the Pill Emperor waving his hands, as a nine-colored flame manifested before him. The coldness in the Pill Emperor’s eyes caused him to feel a sense of breathlessness.

The expressions of those from the Hua Clan drastically changed. They didn’t know how had they offended the Pill Emperor.

“From today onwards, the Pill Emperor Hall will enter closed-door seclusion and undergo a complete restructuring, breaking off all relations with the external world. All outsiders shall be barred from entry. The time limit for this ban will be indeterminate.” The Pill Emperor’s voice was ice cold as he continued, “Now, I give all outsiders an incense worth of time. Get the hell out from my territory.”

As the sound of his voice faded, an overwhelming pressure crashed down on everyone’s body.

The countenance of those from Hua Clan, Wang Clan and the Star-Seizing Manor all turned incredibly unsightly, their hearts filled with bewilderment. What exactly happened here earlier that would cause the Pill Emperor to issue such an order.

The Pill Emperor Hall closed itself off to the outside world, breaking all relations for an indeterminate amount of time.

Such an order caused countless people to be astonished. They knew for sure that it must be related to the events that happened after the gigantic constellation enveloped the Pill Emperor Hall, yet they would never know what happened exactly.

Because, the Pill Emperor would never divulge anything, neither would the others from the Pill Emperor Hall.

The reason why the Pill Emperor gave this order was because of what the mysterious figure said when he left. The matters that happened today, they must not be leaked in the slightest. If not, the consequences would be unimaginable.

This meant that everyone who knew of this matter had to be tightly controlled, confined in the Pill Emperor Hall.

The Pill Emperor had no choice in this matter. There were things he could and couldn't control. For things that he could control, he would naturally exercise the highest degree of control he could. Who knows if one of his members decided to escape and reveal the truth of everything to the public.

The experts of the Pill Emperor Hall also understood why the Pill Emperor had to issue such an order. Many thoughts flashed through their heads earlier, and there were indeed people who thought of escaping but when they thought of that mysterious figure and his threats...

In the face of such absolute power, they had no way to resist, no

strength to resist. That pressure was like a huge rock on their chest, yet, it didn't crush them to death.

Now, they could do nothing but wait. Wait for the day when Qin Wentian came back. Currently, none of them even dared to harbor any thoughts of revenge on Qin Wentian. This outcome was a huge burden on everyone's heart, and without a doubt, the one whose heart felt the heaviest burden was none other than Luo He.

She endured the icy stares of others, shivering uncontrollably from the malice and hatred within.

Was she really wrong? She wasn't completely wrong right? Anyone in her shoes, for the sake of the old ancestor, would have also chosen to sacrifice Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng. However, she appeared as the mastermind on the surface. It was her who ignited the flames of Qin Wentian's anger; she was the one that caused him to kill his way up the Pill Emperor Hall. She was the harbinger of this disaster.

The Pill Emperor's eyes also shifted to Luo He. He wanted to punish her, but now that things had already come to be, of what use would any punishment be? They had underestimated Qin Wentian. That crazed young man didn't mind sacrificing everything, dragging the demon sword for a hundred thousand miles, transforming completely into a demon. Would that young man forgive how they treated Mo Qingcheng? Forgive what they did to him?

This hatred might only be able to be washed clean by blood.

Looking at that demon sword erected there, it was like a towering symbol of humiliation for the Pill Emperor Hall. From this moment onwards, it would remain here forever until its owner came to claim it. How cruel was this? Just like rubbing salt into the wounds of your enemy. This was as cruel as the things they did to Qin Wentian.

Back then, Qin Wentian had no strength to resist; he could only gamble his life in a bid for victory.

The spectators all stared deeply at that demon sword before respectively turning and departing from there.

With the Pill Emperor making his wishes clear, how could they still dare to remain here? Although everyone was flooded by confusion, they knew that the answer they sought would never arrive.

Zong Yi was also hidden in the crowd of spectators. He observed Qin Wentian's actions from the beginning of his arrival in the Pill Emperor Hall up till the end. The actions of this successor of the Azure Emperor today had truly moved him. Seeing how helpless Qin Wentian was then, the anxiousness he felt, was akin to his heart burning. But in a battle with Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants, he didn't even have the qualifications to take part. If he truly appeared, a useless death was the only thing that awaits him.

At this moment, the image of that great roc flashed by in his

mind. Was Qin Wentian still alive?

Zong Yi had a very strong feeling that Qin Wentian didn't die. If not, the Pill Emperor Hall wouldn't be acting in such a manner.

Maybe, there were still many secrets hidden behind the back of Qin Wentian which he wasn't aware of.

Very swiftly, everyone left. The suspicions in their hearts of what happened today, would never be verified.

The entire region of the Pill Emperor Hall was still cloaked in silence. All of them looked at the Pill Emperor, no one dared to say anything.

Repressive. There was a repressive atmosphere in the air.

“Without my order, no one is to step out of the Pill Emperor Hall from this moment onwards.” The Pill Emperor slowly stated, after which he walked towards the Heaven Ascending Hall that had been split into two. Nobody could tell what he was thinking in his heart.

“The instant that flashes by, in between moments of thought, the words father told me before he died. Only now do I truly understand the profoundness of it.” The Pill Emperor murmured, shaking his head, his back a view of desolation.

In but an instant, the thousand-year reputation of the Pill Emperor Hall collapsed.

From standing at the pinnacle, now utterly crushed. All in an instant.

Luo He's body violently trembled. The impact this sentence brought felt like an intense thunderbolt going off in her mind.

The cause of everything...wasn't it because of her decisions in those instants?

"Qingcheng..." At this moment, Luo He thought back to the disciple she was so proud of. But she was the effectively none other than the person who 'killed' off Mo Qingcheng.

The crowd from the Star-Seizing Manor slowly walked away with their brows tightly creased. Only to see that ahead, there was a middle-aged man clad in star-patterned robes who inquired, "How do all of you view the matters that happened today?"

"The Pill Emperor Hall seems to have suffered a massive disadvantage. I suspect that Qin Wentian was saved by someone," someone replied. The questioner frowned at these words before he murmured, "Able to save Qin Wentian, even when he's already in the clutches of the Pill Emperor Hall. Not only that, that mysterious saviour also heavily injured two Ascendants, and then walked away unharmed. Such power should be sufficient to totally annihilate the Pill Emperor Hall, but the fact was that it didn't turn out like that. What happened?"

The person who replied shook his head. He had no explanation for this.

If there was really such a powerful character, why did he still spare the remnants of the Pill Emperor Hall?

They couldn't figure it out.

Maybe, Qin Wentian had already died.

“Regardless of what happened, the grudge between us and Qin Wentian hasn't festered to the point where only one side could live. If he's still alive, it's evident that there's strong support behind him. A support strong enough to waste the Pill Emperor Hall. From now on, none of our people are to antagonise him ever again.” That person commanded as the others nodded in agreement. Indeed, if Qin Wentian was still alive, it was better to be safe than sorry.

Not only the Pill Emperor Hall. All the transcendent powers had this notion in their minds. If Qin Wentian was dead, so be it. But if he was still alive...

Rumors of what happened to the Pill Emperor Hall soon circulated throughout the Moon Continent, and swiftly spreaded all over Grand Xia.

A month later, Qin Wentian's actions in the Pill Emperor Hall caused a never-seen-before intense commotion in Grand Xia. His actions and undying love had actually been turned into a nursery rhyme, passed down by countless others.

Beneath the precipice, wails of the demon sword echoed.

Feeding the demon sword with blood, dragging it for ten thousand miles, barging solely up the Pill Emperor Hall;

Love was difficult to forsake, hatred was difficult to calm.

Transforming into an ancient demon, a great roc spreading its 3,000 metre wings, splitting the Pill Emperor Hall apart with a gigantic sword;

Withered bones came to life, Pill Emperor appeared, life and death intertwined, their emotions moved the heavens.

Who was this person? Heavenly Fate Rankings, Qin Wentian!

AGM 431 – Appearance Of Fairy Qingmei

The stories of Qin Wentian's deeds circulated around Grand Xia, yet Qin Wentian himself seemed to have disappeared from the face of earth.

There were rumors that stated that a celestial beauty appeared in the Pill Emperor Hall and whisked him away. But naturally, the veracity of this rumor couldn't be verified.

It was unknown whether Qin Wentian lived or died.

It was also unknown whether Mo Qingcheng lived or died.

Some said that both had already fallen, while others said that Qin Wentian was still alive, waiting for a chance to storm into the Pill Emperor Hall once more to seek revenge for Mo Qingcheng.

Time slowly flowed on. Today, a news of great importance in the Demon Continent caused a great deal of commotion.

In the area of desolation outside the Demon Continent, there was someone who saw a maiden of unsurpassed beauty carrying a great roc upon her back, slowly soaring through the skies with immense effort. And whenever she stopped for a break, she would involuntarily cough out blood. Such an emotional scenario touched the onlookers, causing them to feel a pain in their hearts.

When this news circulated throughout the Demon Continent, the

hearts of many were roused with suspicions. A celestial maiden carrying a gigantic great roc? Could it be that the rumors of what happened in the Pill Emperor Hall was real?

Upon hearing this news, there were several people that immediately rushed out to the region outside the Demon Continent to investigate, yet they didn't find any traces of a celestial maiden carrying a great roc on her back.

In the blink of an eye, another month passed. From the time where Qin Wentian executed that earth-shattering, heaven-shaking deed at the Pill Emperor Hall, it had already been a total of three months.

Near the forested mountain region of the Demon Continent, there were many adventurers and risk-takers about. Yet, even they didn't dare to venture too deeply into its depths, there was too much danger hidden within.

And today, in the depths of the wilderness region, atop an ancient mountain, a gigantic silhouette could be seen lying there, so huge that it resembled a mountain. The eyes of this gigantic silhouette shone like torches, yet they contained an icy coldness within that was mixed with streaks of sorrow.

If one got even closer to it, they would discover, to their great shock, that this gigantic silhouette belonged to a great roc.

And this great roc was naturally none other than Qin Wentian.

After that battle that day, his body and constitution suffered grievous damage. Even though he was already a great roc and had immense vitality, he had almost lost his life. Luckily for him, the power of his bloodline was too monstrous, slowly allowing him to rejuvenate. After three months, he finally awoke, and as for the injuries on his body, they were gradually disappearing as well.

Although the fire of his life hadn't faded, his heart was cold. Qingcheng, was she still there?

With every passing thought, the sorrow in his heart got even more cutting. His gaze were like the edge of a blade, he wanted nothing more than to slaughter his way up the Pill Emperor Hall once more.

But where had the pill Qingcheng refined with her life force gone to?

As he was unconscious, Qin Wentian had no idea of how the events played out after he fainted. He thought that he would surely die, yet when he awoke, he realised that he was on the delicate frame of a fairy-like maiden. Qing`er had been carrying him on her back.

In the distance, a wind gusted by, only to bring a flickering yet beautiful silhouette , instantly appearing before the great roc. In her hands were some medicinal herbs that she wanted to feed to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian stared at Qing`er, opening his beak and allowing

Qing`er to place the herbs inside. After which, she crouched before him, preparing to carry him again.

“Qing`er.”

At this moment, the great roc spoke, causing Qing`er's countenance to falter as she slowly walked to the side of him and stood there quietly.

She was still the same as before, a woman of few words.

Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice, “There's no need to carry me, I just need a few more days of rest before my injuries fully recovered. But what actually happened during the time I was unconscious? And as for Qingcheng, what happened to her...?”

Qing`er gazed at Qin Wentian, shaking her head as she candidly replied, “I don't know what happened to her.”

She truly didn't know. She was only clear that there was an extremely powerful expert who told her not to tell Qin Wentian. She believed that the mysterious figure meant no harm and was instructing her like this for Qin Wentian's sake. As for Mo Qingcheng, Qing`er wasn't that clear of what happened to her.

Qin Wentian lapsed into silence. His gaze shifted as he stared once more at the horizons.

Qing`er could clearly sense the sorrow in Qin Wentian's heart,

yet she didn't know what she should say to comfort him. Both of them basked in the silence for a long time and only after several moments did Qing`er add, "Maybe, she's still alive."

Qin Wentian's expression changed as he glanced at Qing`er. However, he didn't say anything and his hopeful expression also dimmed. Maybe Qing`er was trying to console him.

"Qing`er, thank you."

Qin Wentian mumbled, his words causing Qing`er's body to tremble slightly. After which, she just sat on the ground, quietly accompanying Qin Wentian.

In the past, she was always extremely mysterious and would never appear or interact with him, unless there's a good reason to. But now, she actually voluntarily sat down beside Qin Wentian. She could feel the sadness and sorrow in his heart that was tormenting him.

The actions of Qin Wentian in the Pill Emperor Hall had been personally witnessed by her.

Right now, she felt truly exhausted, sitting there like that. As the night arrived, Qing`er closed her eyes and drifted into sleep. Her delicate frame lightly leaned upon Qin Wentian's body. Even in sleep, her beauty was extremely dazzling.

Qin Wentian sighed. In his heart that was drowned by sorrow, he

felt slightly moved by Qing`er's actions.

He obviously knew that Qing`er was injured. Not only that, her injury wasn't light. Yet, she still continued to carry him on her back, all the way from the Moon Continent to the forested mountain regions outside the Demon Continent.

Humans weren't made of stone or wood. How could Qin Wentian not be moved?

The gentle rays of the sun cascaded down onto the area, as the myriad beings in the forest stirred to life. Today, Qin Wentian could finally stand up with his own strength and slowly walked forwards. Qing`er was beside him, walking together with him, ready to lend her aid if needed.

A few days later, Qin Wentian's speed gradually increased.

And a few more days after that, he could spread his wings and sustain flight. In the middle of the air, soaring through the clouds, Qing`er sat on his back as she gazed at the scenery below.

During evening, the moon rose and cast its sparkling luminescence onto the forested mountains.

In this forest, there were a few experts currently making their way through it. These were all adventurers who came to hunt demonic beasts.

One of them casually glanced at the rising moon, and as his eyes shifted, he instantly froze as though he just witnessed an incredible thing.

On the peak of an ancient mountain ahead, there was a huge rock. Atop that huge rock, a gigantic roc was standing there, staring at the heavens. The blackness of its body, strangely contrasted beautifully with the silvery moonlight, constituting a picture so beautiful that it caused one to be breathless.

Not only that but there was also an extremely beautiful silhouette beside the great roc. Right now, her features were no longer masked; her countenance was so unmatched that it could only be described as ‘out of this world.’

A celestial maiden standing together with a tyrannical great roc. The powerful impact this scene gave to the onlooker was way too intense.

“Hmm, what’s going on?” His companions asked, and as they followed his sight, as their eyes fixated on that ancient mountain, they too froze as their attention was totally attracted there.

The celestial maiden walked to the back of the great roc and sat there. The great roc spread its 3,000 metre wings and abruptly flapped it, causing a massive wind to roar through the forest, as it shot straight up the skies, looking as though it wanted to fly towards the moon.

The speed of the roc was astonishingly quick, causing terrifying

gusts of wind to buffet Qing`er, yet she remained quietly sitting there, admiring the scenery from the air.

“How beautiful.” Qing`er stretched out her hand, trying to catch the silver light, only to discover that it was impossible.

“The secret art you used...are you unable to turn back into a human?” Qing`er murmured, her voice drifting into Qin Wentian’s ears.

“The Demon Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art allows me to form an innate connection with the demon divinities of all eight directions, granting me ridiculous amounts of power. The price of I have to pay is this. This secret art is irreversible,” Qin Wentian flew on, as he replied. Yet his heart was sighing as well.

Although his power skyrocketed after transforming into a true demon, he, who was originally a human, how could he be willing to live out the rest of his life as a demon?

“There will surely be a solution.” Qing`er mumbled softly as a look of contemplation flickered in her eyes.

“So what if I have to live forever as a demon? A sky sovereign roc, the sovereign of the skies. Even as a demon, I want to be the overlord of the skies.” Qin Wentian’s voice contained a hint of fierceness, his wings flapped even more furiously as he zoomed forwards like a bolt of lightning.

After a moment of silence, Qing`er continued, “But I still want you to return to being a human...”

Qin Wentian trembled ever so lightly, as he flew onwards.

A human and a demon continued their journey. Finally, a vast demon city appeared in the wilderness, plainly visible when looking down from the skies.

Within the Celestial Lake Palace, a massive windstorm suddenly kicked up as a terrifying great roc descended suddenly from the heavens. The countenance of the members of the Celestial Lake Palace underwent a drastic change, letting out exclamations of alarm when they felt the tyrannical aura the great roc was emitting.

“Wait, isn’t that Qing`er?”

At this moment, their gazes shifted onto the silhouette mounted on the great roc’s back. Only then did their nervousness dissipate, as their heart started beating normally once again.

“Qing`er actually returned on the back of such a powerful roc!” Several figures crowded forwards. The great roc let out a shrill cry; great gusts of wind billowed about, as it landed in the vast courtyard. Its large eyes swept over the surroundings, causing those who saw it to tremble in their hearts.

At this moment, a few figures slowly flew over in the air. The

person in the lead was a woman of extreme beauty, exuding an aura of imposingness.

Only to see the her gaze was fixated on that great roc, as a warmth and gentleness could be seen in her eyes. When she arrived next to Qin Wentian, her solemn countenance faded, replaced by one of concern, “Child, it has been tough on you.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance flickered as bewilderment flashed past his eyes. That beautiful woman in the lead smiled and added, “My name is Qingmei.”

“Fairy Qingmei!”

A bright glow of light glinted in Qin Wentian’s eyes, he opened his mouth and greeted, “Junior pays his respect.”

Fairy Qingmei stretched her hands out and gently caress his head before sighing and shifting her gaze to the female figure on Qin Wentian’s back. “Qing`er, are you alright?”

Qing`er lightly shook her head but didn’t say anything.

The other members of the Celestial Lake Palace stood there stunned, Fairy Qingmei actually personally showed up? Not only that why was she so gentle towards the primordial great roc?

Who was this great roc exactly?

The Celestial Lake Palace's location was situated in an extremely remote part of the Demon Continent, deep in the depths of the forested regions. They had almost no dealings with external powers and hence, any news of Grand Xia wouldn't be delivered to them in a timely fashion. Other than Fairy Qingmei and a few selected people, none of the other members knew of what happened to the Pill Emperor Hall.

"Everything that you see now must be kept an absolute secret." Fairy Qingmei instructed, her voice carried the ring of command, resounding in the air.

"Understood, Fairy." Fairy Qingmei was like a legend to them, a vast majority of them had never even met Fairy Qingmei before. Naturally, they held her with great reverence in their hearts, how could any of them disobey her commands?

"Come with me." Fairy Qingmei then turned her attentions back to Qin Wentian and Qing'er, before turning and walking away.

AGM 432 – Qing`er, A Princess?

Fairy Qingmei brought Qin Wentian and Qing`er to a beautiful garden landscape. Now that Qin Wentian had the form of a great roc, there were no buildings large enough for him to fit in.

“This should be the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation right?” Fairy Qingmei who was leading the way suddenly halted her steps, glancing back at the great roc.

The great roc lightly nodded its head, “This is a secret art I obtained in the Vermilion Bird Formation World, the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art. This art allowed me to form a connection with the Demonic Divinities in all eight directions, turning me into a primordial demon, allowing my strength to skyrocket explosively. In my current state, the power of the bloodline in my body could be said to have been perfected. The only drawback is that the transformation is irreversible.”

“I’ve once heard of this secret art, indeed it’s truly tyrannical and I would never have expected that you would barge into the Pill Emperor Hall all alone, and taking on your current form.” Fairy Qingmei sighed, “During the ancient era, the power of the Ancient Grand Xia was many times stronger even when compared to all thirty-six of the transcendent powers added together. Since this is a secret art from that era, if they said it’s irreversible, it’s irreversible. Even I who have lived for thousands of years, do not have a method for you to recover.”

Qing`er frowned when she heard Fairy Qingmei’s words. Qin Wentian’s countenance remained as calm as ever as he stated, “No

matter. I can still live as a supreme primordial demon.”

Fairy Qingmei stared up at the skies, looking back on her memories as she mumbled, “You and the Azure Emperor are truly similar. The him back then, also had no background to speak of, yet his natural disposition was that of an untamed steed. He didn’t like people to bind him, preferring to soar free throughout the entire Grand Xia, unfettered by others. Because of his temperament, he offended many, there were even some that were jealous of his talent. In the end, in order to contend with the others, he set up the Azure Emperor Palace with the power of one man. Yet sadly, in the end, the genius of a generation still couldn’t avoid death.”

“Although you and the Azure Emperor have different experiences, both of you are one of a kind, just as outstanding as each other. I don’t wish for you to follow in his footsteps.” Fairy Qingmei slowly spoke, the Azure Emperor’s downfall was her greatest pain.

Qin Wentian stayed silent, he had long known that Fairy Qingmei’s love for the Azure Emperor was exceedingly deep. If not, after three thousand years, any emotions between them should have already faded. Why was he still constantly on her mind? She still couldn’t forget the Azure Emperor.

“Although my strength is extraordinary, I’m also very clear that at my current level, to break through to the next level is no longer a matter of absorbing external energy sources. The Celestial Phenomenon Realm requires one to walk through it step by step, deepening their comprehensions and insights of the constellations

they had chosen. I'm already at my limit and it's almost impossible for me to advance anymore. Hence, I can only lay my hopes on the younger generation, and you...are none other than the successor of the Azure Emperor."

"Since he has chosen you. I don't wish for you to remain in this form forever. After all, I wish that the Azure Emperor Hall would reemerge with their former glory and prominence, standing at the pinnacle of Grand Xia. Maybe, these are nothing but my own selfish wishes.." Fairy Qingmei mumbled to herself before turning and departing the area.

Qing'er's expressions flickered. She glanced at Qin Wentian before adding in a low voice, "I'll go take a look."

After speaking, she also stepped out, following after Fairy Qingmei.

Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring at the skies. His huge eyes flashed with a sense of loss. Only the thoughts of revenge kept him continuing on now.

"Bzzz!" A raging wind kicked up. The great roc flapped its wings and soared up into the skies.

Fairy Qingmei and Qing'er halted their steps, looking at the silhouette of the great roc flying in the skies, sighing in their hearts.

“This young man has terrifying talent and an even more terrifying will. As a human, he was a human above humans, as a demon, he also wishes to be the overlord of demons.” Fairy Qingmei sighed as she continued, “Sadly, even I who have been alive for so long, have no methods that I know of which would be able to help him.”

“I can try.”

Qing`er softly spoke, her words causing Fairy Qingmei’s eyes to flicker with a sharp glint of light. “Are you going to look for them?”

Qing`er didn’t looked at her master, but rather, she remained silent.

“You should know the reason why I chose to relocate here. If you went to look for them of your own volition, I’m afraid... and, how do you even know they would agree?”

“They will.”

Qing`er treated words like gold, she was a woman of few words. But once she said something, she would definitely make sure to achieve it.

“No. I don’t agree.” Fairy Qingmei vehemently rejected, “Even if they have a solution, they would surely take you away from me. I will never permit that to happen ever.”

“They won’t.” Qing`er lightly shook her head, staring at the great roc flying in the skies.

“I still want to see him dominating Grand Xia.” In Qing`er’s ice like tone, Fairy Qingmei could hear a resolute determination. Looking at her beloved disciple, Fairy Qingmei felt intense waves crashing into her heart.

She understood Qing`er too well.

Once she set her mind to something, nobody could change it. Not even her, her master.

However, she knew of Qing`er’s true background. The energy sealed in her body was powerful enough to even cause an existence like her to feel breathless. As to why Fairy Qingmei ordered Qing`er to protect Qin Wentian back then, she actually had her own motives in mind. Just like what she said to Qin Wentian earlier, she too, wanted the Azure Emperor Palace to rise up again in Grand Xia.

It was because of him she chose to live on for three thousand years, helping his successor to fulfil his legacy.

Three thousand years of conviction and resolution. To Fairy Qingmei, the importance of the Azure Emperor eclipsed everything, even more important to her than Qin Wentian or Qing`er, and even her own life.

However, now that Qing`er was planning to reveal herself, Fairy Qingmei felt a strong sense of extreme reluctance. She didn't want Qing`er to be taken away. She had long treated Qing`er as she would her own daughter.

"Master, wait for me." Qing`er stated in a low voice as her silhouette flickered, vanishing from this place. Fairy Qingmei only felt an indescribable emotion in her heart as she stared in the direction Qing`er was speeding off to.

A few hundred miles outside the Demon Continent, there was a land completely filled with mist, a stand-alone region.

Half a year ago, this location was the same as any other place – a forested haven for the demonic beasts. But abruptly, a strange mist descended on this area. When humans and demonic beasts entered the misty region, they could discover nothing except for the fact that the mist would disorient them and only after a long while would they be able to find their way back out.

Hence after that, nobody came to this place. Even the demonic beasts avoided it.

However at this moment, a figure of unmatched beauty slowly descended from the heavens, landing outside the region of mist.

This figure was none other than Qing`er. She stood there just like that, outside the region of mist, serenely and silently, as though she was waiting for something.

A moment later, a number of silhouettes appeared before her.

These silhouettes were all females of extreme beauty and clad in white. They arranged themselves in two rows, coming before Qing`er, kneeling on a single knee as they respectfully greeted, "Paying respects to Princess."

"I'm not."

There was no fluctuations to Qing`er's countenance as she replied in an icy tone.

"Princess, if you please." Two rows of figures knelt by both sides, leaving a gap in the middle where Qing`er stood.

Qing`er didn't reply but continued standing there, those figures continued kneeling quietly as well, to the point where the silence felt somewhat terrifying.

In the distance, a sharp glow flashed as a pair of eyes stared over in this direction. That pair of fiery eyes belonged to an extremely powerful demonic beast, a flame-eyed rhino.

However at that instant, one of the kneeling figures frowned as she shifted her gaze onto that rhino. In the blink of an eye, that figure disappeared from sight. An instant later, a blood curdling shriek echoed out as the rhino who had a cultivation base at the peak of Yuanfu was destroyed in an instant.

That figure who acted earlier returned to her original spot, silently and noiselessly, without even a speck of dust on her body. It was as though she had never left her position and had always been kneeling there.

“Sha sha sha...”

Shuffling sounds rang out as a few figures walked out from the mist. An old man, and two young men.

“Paying respect to the princess.” The old man bowed to Qing`er, while the two young men knelt on a single knee, with expressions of pure respect on their faces.

If these two young men were in Grand Xia, they would be cream of the crop, top among their generation. Yet at this moment, they knelt with sincerity in their hearts, with no hint of unwillingness.

“Princess, you can’t break that seal, you would only hurt yourself more.” The old man glanced at Qing`er as he gently admonished her.

“I need a kind of technique, or a special art.” Qing`er stared directly at the old man, ignoring his words. She continued coldly, “The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation borrows the power of the demonic divinities and transforms one into a primordial demon, granting one an explosive increase in strength and allowing their bloodlines to be perfected. Yet, this is an irreversible change. I need a way to negate this.”

The old man's eyebrows twitched as an expression of pondering appeared on his face. After which, he stated in a low whisper, "Princess, by all means, please remember never to lift that seal again, if not, the damage to your body isn't something this old subject would be able to bear. As for Princess's question, this demonic transformation art uses the power of the actual demonic divinities. Wanting to negate something like this is just too difficult, it might even be impossible."

"I must negate it." Qing'er's already cold voice dropped several degrees, her words causing the old man to lock his brows. After several moments of contemplation did he speak again, "To my knowledge, there's only one possible way to negate this transformation. The method i'm speaking of, is a celestial art that allow one to cultivate another true-body, completely replicating himself. According to princess, even if the person in question had already transformed into a demon, the true-self he cultivates would use his original base as a mold. If he successfully cultivates this art, a new true-self for him would be birthed, able to exist simultaneously with his true demonic body together."

"However, I'm sure princess have heard of the ability of this art before, and should be very clear of how precious it is. Even our clan might have to pay a terrible price, waging a heaven-shaking and earth-shattering great war before we can get hold of it." That old man persuaded.

"That's right, that's the art I want." Qing'er interjected, causing the old man to be speechless. This princess who had stayed away from their clan for so long might not have a clear idea on how valuable the art is. With just two words, 'that's right', she replied

him that that was the art she wanted.

But how could he acquire that so easily?

At this moment he was contemplating that for whose sake did Princess Qing`er want that art for.

Wasn't that person's luck too godly?

"I have to use the space array to report this matter up, awaiting the clan elder's decision. Not only that, I'm afraid I would require princess to come along with me, and for princess to personally discuss this with the elder." The old man bowed, with his head lowered, no longer saying anything.

"Okay."

Qing`er lifted her foot and walked to the front. She had no hesitation, her decisiveness causing the old man to be taken aback. When she neared the old man, he immediately opened up a path, allowing her to pass through.

"Go and investigate this matter clearly. For whose sake did the princess want this particular art."

That old man transmitted his voice to a girl in white who was still kneeling by the side. As Qing`er stepped into the mist, he waved his hand, giving a signal – the silhouette of the white robed maiden flickered, vanishing from sight, off to accomplish her

delegation!

AGM 433 – Even As A Demon, I Want To Be The Emperor Of All Demons

The vast desolate area of wilderness outside the Demon Mountain City was filled with dangers in every corner. However, inside the city, it was a place where powerful cultivators lived together in harmony with powerful demonic beasts.

After stepping into the Heavenly Dipper, the demonic beasts would be able to take the form of humans. There were some demons that were willing to wander the world in the form of a human, but there were also some that preferred to continue living in the world of demons.

Qin Wentian used the Demon Divinity Sacrificial Transformation, sacrificing his humanity and transforming himself in body and essence into a primordial demon. Even though he was at Heavenly Dipper, it was impossible for him to turn back into a human. At this moment, he was in the world of demons, deep inside the forested regions.

Atop a huge rock, the great roc stood straight, with its eyes sharply gazing at a group of powerful demonic beasts before it.

“Scram!”

The great roc was staring at a Grand Earth Demon Bear. In the eyes of the great roc, there flickered with a supreme sense of majesty, like the monarch of all demons looking down on his subjects.

This Grand Earth Demon Bear was a bear king, a tyrant that was crowned king in an area of about a thousand miles. Upon seeing a great roc appearing on his territory, a brutal and icy intent flashed in its eyes, as an aura of bloodlust emanated forth from it.

However, the stature of the great roc was too immense; it resembled a sky sovereign roc from the ancient times, a demon emperor that was able to soar through the nine heavens. The dangerous aura Qin Wentian was exuding caused the bear king to feel extremely stifled. It didn't dare act rashly.

As the bear king looked, the eyes of the great roc flashed with a heavy disdain as it towered over the bear king. The demonic bear howled in anger, and instantly, the earth was shuddering from the impact, as the group of demon beasts that had submitted to the bear king rushed the great roc.

“BZZZ!” A massive wind kicked up, as a terrifying demonic qi gushed forth. The wings of the great roc spread, fanning out violently. In an instant, the surrounding demonic beasts were all buffeted by that terrifying windforce and sent flying away. The pupils of the demonic bear narrowed, feeling the threat represented by the great roc. It then retreated with explosive speed, only to see the great roc's silhouette flickering by then vanishing from the edge of its vision.

Roc Flash, this technique was now used by Qin Wentian and executed in his roc form. How terrifying was that? In just an instant, the sharp talons directly penetrated the flesh of the demonic bear, piercing its body and pulling the huge body of the

bear up into the air.

With a shrill shriek, the great roc shot up towards the heavens, violently flinging the demonic bear out.

“BANG!” A thunderous sound resounded. The huge body of the demonic bear was blasted into a mountain far away, and the full force toss caused the entire mountain to crumble apart from the impact.

The great roc screeched in victory, zooming forward with impressive speed. When its altitude lowered, the forested regions below trembled. As the demonic beasts hiding within prostrated themselves on the ground, they inclined their heads and stared at the terrifying silhouette in the skies, as though they were looking at their sovereign.

In the air, Qin Wentian imperiously gazed downwards, as his eyes swept over everything. Not even one of the demonic beasts below dared to match his gaze directly.

“BZZZZ!”

The angry howl of a raging wind echoed as the great roc landed atop an ancient mountain peak. His eyes felt as though they were capable of penetrating past everything. He stared at the demonic beasts below as he stated in a cold voice, “In this region of ten thousand miles, I am the Emperor. All demonic beasts can either scam from my territory, or come forth in worship. Now go, transmit my orders to others you find.”

This voice echoed with the ring of command, the sound waves drifting towards the distance, as the demonic beasts prostrated themselves in deeper reverence.

The law of the jungle was something the demonic beasts deeply believed in. The strong would be the leader.

And now, this primordial roc wanted to proclaim himself Emperor in an area of ten thousand miles, wanting the demonic beasts living within the region to come worship him.

“GO!” Seeing how the demonic beasts were still prostrating, not daring to move, the great roc suddenly howled its command. Instantly, the demonic beasts rushed off in all directions, their movements causing the entire forest to shake as they rushed to obey the great roc’s orders.

The great roc stared on impassively at the departing demonic beasts. Even as a demon, he also wanted to be the sovereigns of all demons within this region.

In this life, if he was never able to return to being a human, after he was strong enough, he would lead hordes of demonic beasts and trample the Pill Emperor Hall.

In this region that spanned ten thousand miles, thousands of demonic beasts came to the great roc in worship. Staring at the great roc on the ancient peak, all of them felt a vast magnificence bearing down on them as they prostrated themselves in worship,

paying their respect to the sovereign of demons.

An immense commotion completely rocked the region, even the demonic bear who used to be the king of this region came to worship him. Flying beasts, as well as those on land, flooded the area, as this place suddenly became a gathering point for demons.

Such a scene involuntarily caused Qin Wentian to remember the scene in the Dark Forest when he was still back in Chu. Back then, the statue of an ancient demon made the demonic beasts within go forth in pilgrimage, to worship it. Under great risk to herself, Mo Qingcheng went into the depths of the forest looking for him, to tell him of the happenings in Chu. Even now, the scene back then was still vivid in his mind.

However, the grandness of today's views far exceeded the scene back then. There were even more demonic beasts here in the wilderness of the Demon Continent.

Despite the number, right now, this region was in total silence. The vast majority of the demonic beasts had submitted to Qin Wentian completely, not daring to randomly move about because the great roc standing atop the ancient peak had yet to speak.

Qin Wentian stared at the multitude of demons, singling out the strongest among them. These powerful demonic beasts were all hovering in the air with their heads lowered in deference to him.

In the air, below them, there were another group of demonic beasts, followed by the beasts prostrating themselves on the

ground. These were the obvious tiers of power, with the strongest standing the highest in the air.

The strongest among these demonic beasts were all glaring at the great roc with sharpness in their gazes. The great roc shifted its gaze onto them as it coldly regarded these beasts. The might radiating from it caused these proud beings to lower their heads submissively. None dared to match its gaze.

Gradually, one after another submitted. This entire region was doused in silence, waiting for the great roc to speak.

“I desire to command the demonic beasts in this entire region. If you are unwilling to submit, get out of my sight. But if you are willing to serve under me, proclaim me as your Emperor.” The voice of the great roc resounded out, and, in a moment, all of the demonic beasts prostrated themselves, indicating their willingness to follow him.

For these demonic beasts that came here today, they only had one intention. They hoped that there would be a powerful demon Emperor who was able to lead them. For those that stayed away, they had already left the region, as they were unwilling to submit.

“Before me, who were the kings of this ten thousand miles region?” The great roc emotionlessly spoke. As the sound of his voice faded, a total of nine extremely powerful demonic beasts came forward. The weakest among them had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Since they were each kings of an area, they naturally had power far above the other beasts.

“Good. The nine of you shall be the leaders under me, aiding me to govern the others. Since I said to govern, it means that I need you to be able to instill order. Are you able to accomplish it?” The command of the great roc was filled with commanding strength. The nine demonic leaders all bowed, and one among them spoke the speech of humans, “Emperor, we will follow your orders. However, the reason for the chaos among us was because there was no leader powerful enough to lead us all. Now that you are here, we will naturally follow you.”

“As for the other regions about the Demon Continent, each of them has an Emperor of their own. Frequently, they would lead their beasts and invade our region. What should we do if we encounter an invasion?”

“Eight among you shall be responsible for the governance, while the last group will familiarise yourself with the other regions and be in charge of strategy and information collection, keeping me updated with the happenings in the demon city.” The great roc stood on the peak of the mountain as it continued relaying its commands. The light in its eyes were extremely brutal, emanating an aura fit for an Emperor, resembling a true sky sovereign roc and causing the other demonic beasts to involuntarily submit.

Precisely, it was the sense of majesty that the great roc projected which made these demonic beasts willing to submit to it. One has to take in account that demonic beasts were chaotic in nature, and it was almost impossible for them to behave in an orderly manner.

But from this moment onwards, this region of ten thousand miles was re-organised, becoming the first ever bastion of Qin Wentian's military might.

Qin Wentian fitted the structure of a human sect and educated the demon leaders under him of it. To make the demonic beasts grow stronger, firstly, they had to centralise their power.

Seven days later, the great roc demon emperor kicked off the first storm of commotion.

In the region outside of the ten thousand miles, there was another demon emperor. This demonic beast was an extremely powerful Scarlet-Winged Earth Dragon and was descended from one of the eight ancient demonic divinities. Undoubtedly, it ruled unchallenged in the skies and on the earth; its power enabled it to disdainfully look down on everything. The temperament of this beast was extremely cruel, in addition to having a greedy and lustful nature. It was only because he didn't want any trouble, as well as the presence of the great roc, that it had not led its demonic beasts to take over the ten thousand mile region.

But now, the great roc actually wanted a war?

The two demonic regions erupted with storms of blood and gore as the fearsome beasts on both sides engaged in an all-out slaughter.

A massive serpent was exceedingly powerful, anything it sank its

venomous fangs into would perish without a doubt.

However, right at that moment, in the location where the battle was being fought, a massive windstorm kicked up, as a terrifying demonic qi permeated the area. A group of demonic beasts all revealed looks of excitement on their faces, their newly crowned emperor had arrived.

As for the demonic beasts they were fighting against, all of their pupils narrowed as they stared at the great roc which abruptly appeared in the skies. The great roc coldly swept its gaze onto the participants of the bloody battle down below it.

“Bzzz!” A gust of wind billowed, as blood splattered in the air. That powerful serpent was directly sliced off into two. The sight of its death caused the battle in the surroundings to temporarily halt for a moment.

“Those invading my territory shall be killed without mercy.”

The great roc soared into the air, its killing intent gushing out endlessly, projecting an immense pressure pressing down on the enemies below. This overwhelming pressure caused a primal fear to erupt deep in their hearts. Even the stronger ones were no exception. One of them even prostrated itself straight on the ground, “I’m willing to submit.”

“BZZZ!”

A windstorm kicked up once more as a terrifying silhouette flashed through the skies. The Earth Dragon, that was prostrating, was sliced apart as the great roc once again appeared in the skies. “No surrender shall be granted to those that slay my subjects. DIE!”

As the sound of its voice faded, instantly, the opposing demonic beasts were all slaughtered before they could even blink, leaving only a single survivor behind. “Tell your emperor to come, i will be waiting for him.”

After speaking, the silhouette of the great roc flickered as it vanished. The oppressive might of its actions caused the reputation of the great roc to soar immeasurably.

In the blink of an eye, another few days passed. The great roc stood on the ancient peak together with a beautiful silhouette beside him. That silhouette belonged to none other than Fairy Qingmei. She glanced at the great roc as her heart trembled. She didn’t expect Qin Wentian would actually conquer all the demonic beasts in the external regions.

Maybe, this was because of his mettle, or maybe, this was because he lack a better option.

Even as a demon, he wanted to be one above all, an overlord of demons. Since he wanted revenge, he might as well start things off by building up an army, showing his strength of character.

“Qing`er has yet to return, even I have no idea where she went.”

Fairy Qingmei silently sighed, her face painted with worry for Qing`er.

However at this moment, a raging wind kicked up as the great roc soared into the skies.

“Senior,” The great roc spoke, as Fairy Qingmei nodded her head, “Is there something you need my help with?”

“Could you aid me in investigating the movements of Zong Clan from the Sword Reverence City as well as the White Deer Institute from Moon Continent? I might contact them any time.” Qin Wentian stated.

“Fine, leave this to me.” Fairy Qingmei agreed, “I will try my best to help out in all your requests.”

After speaking, she turned and departed while Qin Wentian returned to where he stood earlier, awaiting for the arrival of the demon emperor from another region!

AGM 434 – The Man Named Qin Yuanfeng

Atop the mountain peak, the great roc stood upright, peering at the heavens, projecting an aura that made people want to fall on their knees.

There would be many demonic beasts that would frequent this place to pay their respects to the demon emperor great roc. The great roc who was standing at the peak of the mountains, could clearly feel the sense of loneliness of one that stood at the pinnacle.

He was supreme and unrivalled, staring down at the masses. Staring up at the heavens, he too felt a drive to break through this piece of sky to see what lies beyond it.

The sky sovereign roc resented the fact that the heavens were too low, and died due to repeated collisions against the ceiling of heavens. If the great roc could break through that barrier, how good would that be?

Today, a raging wind gusted as a fearsome demonic might gushed over. The great roc continued staring at the skies, not even bothering to glance at the oncoming threat. He was like the overlord of demons, in his eyes only the sky exists. He would no longer place any of the other primordial demons in his sight.

“ROAR!”

A roar of rage echoed out, only to see that in front of the mountain, an immense figure roughly the size of the great roc

appeared.

Scarlet wings, a malevolent countenance, a horn that radiated sharpness as well as eyes that outlined the brutality and coldness of its temperament. This was none other than the demon emperor of the other region, Scarlet-Winged Earth Dragon.

As a demon descended from one of the ancient demonic divinities, it was also the first time it saw a primordial great roc.

“Do you think you are powerful enough to proclaim yourself the Emperor of this region?” A glacial voice spat out. It’s body was akin to a small mountain, it was unknown how heavy it was.

Only now did the great roc shift its eyes onto the Earth Dragon. Coldness erupted in those large eyes, causing the other demonic beasts to tremble. Even the followers of the Earth Dragon bowed in submission when they felt the aura generated by the great roc.

“Before he arrived here, did he slay any of my demonic subjects?” Qin Wentian questioned.

“He did not.” A underling of Qin Wentian replied. Upon hearing this, the Earth Dragon roared, “This emperor couldn’t be bothered with them.”

The eyes of the great roc bored down onto the Earth Dragon, as it spoke in a soft voice, “Submit, or die.”

The Scarlet-Winged Earth Dragon trembled with fury, an instant later, the pressure was punctuated by a thunderous roar as the earth shuddered violently. A power channeled from the geomagnetic core of the world generated an earthquake that rocked the area. The mountain peak Qin Wentian was standing on shook violently as well, appearing as though it would crumble any moment.

Astral Warbeasts were different to humans, they were born with certain abilities in certain spheres of domains. For this Scarlet-Winged Earth Dragon, it was gifted with the talent to control both fire and earth, and could absorb astral energy from constellations of these two attributes up in the nine heavenly layers without a need to condense astral souls from those constellations. This was a talent that solely belonged to Astral Warbeasts.

In addition, the speed and strength of this earth dragon was extremely powerful. Especially in terms of strength, it overshadowed demonic beasts of the same rank as it.

For those more powerful Astral Warbeasts, as they grew stronger, inherited memories of their ancestors would be awakened, allowing them access to certain innate techniques that only those of their bloodline could employ.

The dependence on bloodlines for demonic beasts was much heavier compared to humans. For example, powerful demonic beasts, especially those that were the descendents of the ancient demonic divinities, all of them would be able to cultivate to above a certain realm. For the weaker demonic beasts, they were doomed from birth to stagnate at a certain level, never breaking through it

unless they encountered extreme good fortune and obtain a heaven-defying opportunity to change their destiny.

The great roc stared at the earth dragon as a force of absolute obedience, an aura belonging to emperors, blasted out of it. The bloodline of the great roc was burning, manifesting an almost palpable halo shining around him. That was the power of his blood.

The pupils of the Earth Dragon narrowed as its countenance turned incredibly unsightly. Why would this great roc have such a powerful bloodline, even suppressing his? Was its ancestor one of the demonic divinities, the Sky Sovereign Roc?

The aura of the great roc climbed without reserve, before stabilizing at the peak of Heavenly Dipper. Spreading its wings, the great roc soared into the air, staring down at the Scarlet-Winged Earth Dragon as a formidable pressure gushed out of it.

That forcefield, was something a lower-tier demon would face when facing a higher-tier demon. A kind of absolute suppression. That aura caused the Earth Dragon to convulse violently, not only did the strength of the great roc exceed its own strength, the senses of demonic beasts warned it that the bloodline of the great roc was superior to its own bloodline, a higher-tiered being. A natural-born king.

“I shall say it once again. Submit, or die.”

The ice-like words of the great roc were akin to a tyrannical bolt

of thunder booming out in the mind of the Earth Dragon. Although its cultivation base was at the same level of the great roc, the pressure it felt from it was too overwhelming, due to a superior bloodline.

Looking into the eyes of the roc, it was as though it could see the shadow of the sky sovereign roc within it. The head of the Earth Dragon gradually lowered in submission, it didn't dare to match the gaze of the great roc.

The other demons upon seeing their emperor in surrender, all felt great shock blooming in their hearts.

"I'm willing to serve under you." The Earth Dragon spoke, its voice coming out like a rumble. As it spoke the words, the glimmer of emperor's might faded around him.

The hearts of the various demonic beasts were filled with disbelief, but soon after, reverence filled their gazes when they stared at the great roc hovering in the skies. The sharpness in its eyes was something no other demonic beasts would dare to match.

As for the subjects that originally submitted to the great roc, they all felt incredibly moved in their hearts. This was their emperor, a true emperor. Even before they battled, the Earth Dragon had already conceded. How awe-inspiring was that?

"Since you are the emperor of a region, and considering the fact that you never killed a single one of my subjects when you entered my territory, I shall bestow upon you the position of a demon

general. The nine demon leaders shall serve under you, and in the future when I'm not here, you will govern the territory on my behalf. However, you will still need to abide by my rules. From now onwards, the demonic beasts of the two regions shall be united under one banner, none among them can fight against each other. For those who break this rule, death awaits them. Do you accept?"

The voice of the great roc was detached, the Scarlet-Winged Dragon knelt on a knee as it roared, "I, the Demon General accept the command of my Emperor."

"My ambition does not rest here. The ownership of these regions will belong to you guys sooner or later. Now, leave me." The great roc emotionlessly spoke, the other demonic beasts exchanged glances before retreating from the area. They understood that the great roc had even higher aspirations, so high that they might not even be qualified to follow even if they are willing to.

His aim, was beyond this piece of sky.

The earth dragon returned to its former territory, informing them of a new world order. The great roc returned to that ancient peak and stood there, gazing up at the skies. It was as though it had been there since all eternity.

The demonic beasts below watched on impassively, they would never understand the loneliness of their emperor, of one standing at the pinnacle.

He, originally a human, had now become an emperor in the world of demons.

Time flowed by, the leaves of the forest all turned into beautiful shades of red and yellow. Deep in the mountains, falling leaves and snow drifted about, painting a feeling of desolation over the landscape. The demonic beasts of the two great regions all hailed the great roc as their Emperor.

However, their emperor seemed to be perpetually standing there. Every night, they could see resplendent astral light cascading downwards as the great roc absorbed the astral energy. The glow it radiated further contrasted and showed even clearer how lonely the great roc was, standing there alone on that mountain peak in the middle of the night.

Fairy Qingmei hadn't appeared again, Qing'er's whereabouts were also known. Qin Wentian's only thought now was how to get stronger and stronger.

In the external world, news regarding Qin Wentian had almost died off. The vast majority believed that he had already died, however, the Pill Emperor Hall didn't step out to publicly make a statement, which further reinforced the belief that Qin Wentian hadn't died yet to his friends.

In the Mystic Moon Sect of the Spirit Continent, a black-colored robe covered a coquettish frame. The soft velvet of that black robe outlined the contours of that alluring body perfectly. Bai Qing just

returned from external training and the first news she heard was that Qin Wentian had fallen during his battle at the Pill Emperor Hall. Upon hearing this news, she didn't cry, not even a single teardrop fell. She only stood there unmoving like a statue for a total of seven days and nights, stunned by the revelation.

“Little Qing...” Behind Bai Qing, Autumn Snow's eyes glimmered with tears as she called out. Yet Bai Qing stood there unmoving, her eyes still staring out at the horizon.

A wind gusted by, causing the robes of both of these maidens to flutter.

Black clouds gathered up ahead, Bai Qing's lips trembled. Finally, a teardrop trickled down her face, just a single tear.

“Wentian gege, if you died... What did I practice the devil arts for?”

Bai Qing's heart was seized by extreme agony. This kind of pain was as though her heartstrings were snapping one by one. Why did she ignore the price and go ahead to cultivate the path of the devil despite the risks it brought?

“If you died, what use would it be even if the entire Pill Emperor Hall was buried along with you?” Bai Qing mumbled. Inclining her head, she stared up at the heavens as her countenance warped. No longer beautiful, but rather, she now resembled an embodiment of darkness. Her eyes turned cold and pitch black as though they were the eyes of a true devil.

Terrifying devilish might wrapped around her, Autumn Snow by the side felt her entire body going cold, shivering uncontrollably. She retreated rapidly, there was no way for her to stand close to Bai Qing.

That devil might manifested a devilish intent, infusing into Bai Qing. Soon after, her silhouette flickered as she soared up the air and flew off into the distance in a certain direction.

“Qing`er!” Autumn Snow shouted, only to hear a voice drifting over from behind her. “Let her go, since she decided to tread the path of a devil, we have no more control over her fate. Now that her devilish intent is soaring, whether this is a blessing or a curse, would ultimately depend on her own destiny.”

Outside the Demon Mountain City, in that location perpetually cloaked in mist, a group of silhouettes appeared within there and walked out.

Qing`er, that old man as well as the other white-robes maiden walked out of there today.

Within the misty area, all was calm. Yet nobody would know of the tsunami of commotion that lashed out in a place where experts were as common as the clouds, far far away from here.

The Great Nirvana Immortal Art was stolen by someone! An

intense war erupted, ten thousands upon ten of thousands of experts were slain. Various faction of powers many times stronger than the transcendent powers of Grand Xia had fallen and disappeared from the face of this world by due to this war.

Nobody knew of the origin of this tempest. Nobody would have guessed that the actual cause would be because someone in a place called Grand Xia that was located a great distance away, orchestrated this entire war on behalf of another.

Qing`er advanced ahead, the old man stopped his steps as he called out, “Princess.”

Qing`er steps slowly came to a halt.

“Princess, don’t forget your promise to us. This old slave will lead our men away.” That old figure bowed deeply in response to Qing`er’s light nod. After which she continued on her way, as cold as ever, ignoring the existence of others.

Just moments later, Qing`er’s silhouette totally vanished, while a white-robed maiden appeared beside the old man.

“How did the investigation go?” That old man inquired.

“The reason the princess wants this art was because of a young man named Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian should have fallen in the Pill Emperor Hall by right, but a mysterious figure showed up to let him be rescued by Princess Qing`er.” The words of the white-robed

maiden caused the old man to furrow his brows. Momentarily, a sharp glint of light flashed in his eyes, “Surnamed Qin...? Could he be related to that man, Qin Yuanfeng? There shouldn’t be any connection between them right?!”

AGM 435 – Seclusion

The misty region outside the Demon Mountain City vanished completely, disappearing in the span of a single night. The demonic beasts that passed by it, all felt that there was something strange but they couldn't comprehend what was going on.

However, this was merely a matter of the tiniest import. In the entire Grand Xia, nobody even knew of something like this happening let alone understand how greatly this event would impact the history of Grand Xia.

In the demon region, atop a mountain, the great roc continued standing there, projecting an aura of extreme desolation.

However today, a silhouette flashed and zoomed over. The demonic beasts snarled and tried to block, yet mysteriously, space shifted completely, they could not do a single thing to bar the intruder and were instead stuck behind a barrier created by space.

“Stand down.” The cold voice of the great roc rang out. Instantly, the other demonic beasts all retreated, leaving behind that celestial maiden that resembled a snow lotus. The other demonic beasts all felt a sense of puzzlement in their hearts. Was their Emperor acquainted with this human female?

Qing'er silhouette flickered as she arrived at the mountain top, and stood before Qin Wentian.

Only to see her taking out an ancient golden-colored page as well

as an interspatial ring as she passed both items to Qin Wentian. “See if they can be of use.”

Qin Wentian received the items, and allowed his perception to sink into the golden page. Instantly, numerous symbols flashed in his mind as the information regarding the cultivation method for an ancient art of exceptional power was branded into his mind.

Upon contemplating the information, Qin Wentian’s heart clenched. Even his body was trembling involuntarily from the information recorded within.

“Great Nirvana Immortal Art, this art allows one to form a completely similar true-body avatar of the user who cultivates this.” Qin Wentian’s body was shaking when the implications hit him. Terrifying light erupted from his eyes, he shifted his gaze onto Qing`er only to see her staring into the distance, as casual and ice-cold as ever.

“Qing`er, where did you get this?” Even the voice of the normally composed Qin Wentian was shaking. This art...this inconceivable art allows one to fully create a true-self, a true body that shares the exact same characteristics as the original. If one of the two bodies died, the other wouldn’t be implicated. These two true-bodies could cultivate in totally different directions, choosing different cultivation paths to gain insights into more Mandates and could even act independently.

To a Stellar Martial Cultivator, this was equivalent to having another life. Not only that, these two true-bodies could exist together, and could even linked their thoughts and perspectives

together. This art was definitely something that existed in a vastly more powerful place than Grand Xia. No wonder it was called an Immortal Art. The effects were too godly.

“Where has Qing`er acquired this art from? Before this, she was missing for several days. Was it because she went to search for this item? What price has she paid to obtain this art?”

“In the interspatial ring, there’s plenty of cultivation resources, other materials and treasures that you can use to form your second true-body.” Qing`er didn’t reply to his question. She continued casually, “Can you send me back?”

Qin Wentian clutched the interspatial ring tightly, so tight that the talons on his hands dug deep into his palms. The Great Nirvana Immortal Art required many precious treasures to allow a cultivator to form a true-body. He had never heard of this before, but just from how valuable this art is, there’s no doubt that the treasures held within the interspatial ring all bordered on the level of being priceless.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head heavily. With this Great Nirvana Art, not only could he still live as a human, he would still possess a body with the advantages of a great roc. Wasn’t it simply perfect? It’s like possessing all benefits with no cost at all, yet Qin Wentian didn’t seem as happy as he ought to be.

Although Qing`er had an icy personality and didn’t really like to talk much, the magnitude of this debt weighed heavily upon his heart.

Qing`er's silhouette flickered before re-appearing on the back of the great roc.

Qin Wentian then spread his wings, the 3,000 metre large wings blotted out the sun as a massive gale kicked up when it soared up to the skies. A booming sound echoed out, "Scarlet-Winged General, this place shall be left to your governance. The nine demonic leaders are to aid him in this."

As the sound of it's voice faded, the great roc disappeared into the clouds. Qing`er sat on its back just like that, constituting a scene right out of a beautiful painting.

"Qing`er, you should memorise this art as well. If you acquire enough treasures in the future, you could use it to form a true-body as well." Qin Wentian reminded in a low voice. Qing`er nodded lightly, "I've memorised it already, but other than the two of us, as well as my master, Fairy Qingmei, there must not be a fourth person in Grand Xia that knows of the existence of this immortal art."

Qing`er was uncharacteristically solemn as she instructed. Qin Wentian naturally understood, even if Qing`er didn't say why, he also knew what he had to do. This immortal art would caused the entire Grand Xia to go crazy, maybe even resulting in mutual annihilation just to acquire it. And if the news of this art was leaked, the ones that would be involved in the war to obtain it would no longer be merely people from Grand Xia.

After this, even if Qin Wentian managed to form a true-body, the great roc and Qin Wentian must never appear simultaneously at the same time in front of others.

He could afford to let others know that he reversed the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation and turned back into a human but he can never allow other to know that he formed a second true-body instead.

Within the Celestial Lake Palace, the great roc and Qing`er landed into a court yard. Fairy Qingmei suddenly appeared in that location as a smile suffused her face. Qing`er had also imparted the Great Nirvana Immortal Art to her, causing Fairy Qingmei to feel gratified in her heart.

“Wentian, I’ve already located those of the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan.” Fairy Qingmei glanced at the great roc as she spoke.

“Senior, I still need your help to locate the other ‘hidden’ Azure Factions. I will indicate the locations they are at on the map, and in addition, for the matter of establishing my own sect, I would need senior’s guidance regarding the location.” Qin Wentian stated, his words causing a brilliant light to flash in the eyes of Fairy Qingmei. Seems like Qin Wentian had already completed his preparations.

He had already started planning, and the next step would be to gather all the remaining remnants of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction together.

“This matter still needs to be carefully thought out, and take note that safety is of paramount importance. After all, even the combined power of all the ‘hidden’ Azure Factions would not be able to match up to a transcendent power.” Fairy Qingmei reminded.

“I understand, hence when I said to establish my own sect, I meant a total restructuring of all the ‘hidden’ Azure Factions’ current organization structure. Hence I need a secret location that could hide this from the prying eyes of others, accomplishing this in total secrecy.” Qin Wentian nodded in agreement.

“Seems like you already have your plans. Very well, as to the location, I supposed that here, in the Celestial Lake Palace, would be the safest of all places.” Fairy Qingmei recommended.

“Senior, this stele contains within it the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, could you send someone to ensure that the leaders of both the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan received this? Tell them to shore up their strengths, they would understand what I intend upon seeing the nine ultimate arts.” Qin Wentian withdrew the Divine Stele and handed it over to Fairy Qingmei, showing absolute trust. For the sake of the Azure Emperor, she would aid him unconditionally.

Fairy Qingmei glanced at Qin Wentian, as a smile sparkled in her beautiful eyes. “Able to so selflessly take out the nine ultimate arts and bestowing on your subordinates. Your spirit surpasses even the Azure Emperor back then. However, if this matter were to leak out, the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan would face endless danger.”

“The leaders of both of these hidden factions will understand what to do. If they truly considered betrayal, even if I spared them, senior Qingmei wouldn’t spare them.” Qin Wentian laughed, his words causing Fairy Qingmei to nod in agreement. Indeed, it was as he said.

After experiencing so many things, Qin Wentian’s temperament had started to change as well. However, the resolve in his heart had never wavered before.

“I need to enter seclusion. However, I’m unsure of how long it will take.” Qin Wentian added in a low voice. The Great Nirvana Immortal Art would form a second true-body by process of nirvanic rebirth. This wasn’t something that could be completed in a short period of time. Depending on how strong the physique of the original body was, the longer the time needed for a perfect second true-body to be formed.

And now, with him possessing the form of a great roc, he would undoubtedly need even more time.

“I will guard you.” Qing`er stated, causing Qin Wentian’s large eyes to stare at her. Qing`er was still as cold as ever, yet when he stared at her, his eyes were filled with the warmth of a smile.

“Qing`er, you should cultivate as well. I will arrange everything.” Fairy Qingmei shook her head and smiled. “Wentian, just focus on what you need to do. I won’t let anyone disturb your seclusion.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded his head.

“Qing`er, let’s go.” Fairy Qingmei spoke, only to see Qing`er glancing at Qin Wentian before lightly nodding her head, departing the area together with Fairy Qingmei. Very quickly, this location was sealed up and was in total silence, not even sound from the outside was able to bypass the barrier.

Qin Wentian took out that golden page once more as a terrifying light flickered in his eyes. He then stared up at the skies, with a dangerous smile on his face as his eyes radiated an incredible sharpness.

“Qingcheng..” The great roc murmured. In the large eyes of the great roc, it was as though snow was falling. Underneath the ancient trees, that beautiful girl was smiling as she called him dumbo. Just a simple smile from her was sufficient to make the world lose its color.

Qin Wentian started his seclusion. Time, waits for no one. Major events in Grand Xia still happened without his presence.

Regarding Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng, people couldn’t help but to lament, has an immortal couple like them truly vanished forever?

Yet another year has passed. There were too many events of huge

importance that had happened in recent years. One of the most attention-grabbing events was the rise of those from the younger generation. For those rankers on the previous Heavenly Fate Rankings, their improvement speed was beyond terrifying as they easily surpassed members of the older generation of the same cultivation level as them.

There were also many characters who rose to prominence despite the fact that they didn't participate in the most recent Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Foremost amongst their ranks was Hua Taixu. He was only thirty plus years of age and had already broken through to the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper. His combat prowess was such that he could even defeat someone at the fifth level; it seemed as though no one of the same generation could stand shoulder to shoulder with him. He was labeled as a genius seen once every several hundred years with latent potential high enough to step into the Celestial Phenomenon Realm.

Other than Hua Taixu, Chen Wang of the Great Solar Chen Clan, and Shi Potian of the Shi Clan, as well as Ouyang Kuangsheng of the Ouyang Clan were all exceedingly powerful. However, the news that caused the most commotion actually originated from the Unmatched Realm that was famed for staying out of matters of the external world.

Leaving aside the results of members belonging to the transcendent powers, there were some disciples who has no background of the Unmatched Realm that also achieved exemplary results. Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Chu Mang and Fan Le, Grand Xia

gradually learnt their names, these few people would often war against those from transcendent powers during their travels outside, and had no concerns about killing them directly. Because of their ruthless acts, several transcendent powers jointly send out a missive for their capture.

Also, Bai Qing from the Mystic Moon Sect was another fast rising figure. Her devil arts are many times stronger now compared to before and she truly resembled a devil that walked out of purgatory, akin to a god of slaughter in the darkness.

It was unknown how many members of the Pill Emperor Hall, Chen Clan, Wang Clan and the Star-Seizing Manor were ambushed and killed off in the darkness. She herself had also sustained grievous injuries from the clashes but was fortunate to escape with her life each time, continuing her killing spree after she recovered, paying no heed to her safety. Very swiftly, she turned into a thorn in the eyes of many transcendent powers and they even issued a kill-on-sight mission for her to the entire Grand Xia.

But naturally, the young man holed up in closed-door seclusion within the Celestial Lake Palace, knew nothing of these matters!

AGM 436 – Tempest In Ginkou

Roughly two years and nine months had passed since the last battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings. This indicated that the start of the battle for the next Heavenly Fate Rankings, would commence in three months.

However, there were changes to how the ranking battle would be conducted. Before this, the location of the ranking battle would always be held in the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia located in Ginkou. Sounding the drums, bypassing the River of Life and Death, ranking of the battle robes, entering the Vermilion Bird Formation World, plundering of ancient luck and even having an opportunity to obtain secret arts. But today, the formation world was no longer what it was in the past. The controller of this Ascendant-level formation was now the Purgatory Vermilion Bird which Qin Wentian obtained through the ranking battle almost three years ago.

And because of this, the transcendent powers in Ginkou announced that the next ranking battle would be held in the Venerate Heavens Sect in Ginkou instead. Also, because there was no longer ancient luck, the thirty-six transcendent powers of Grand Xia would each take out an extraordinary treasure and bestow them upon the top thirty-six rankers as a reward.

Hence, since the three year time frame was almost up, many talented geniuses of the younger generations arrived in Ginkou. Although all of these people had high aspirations, nobody believed they would be able to match up to expectations, considering how dazzling the participants were during the last ranking battle.

The recent ranking battle more than two years ago was like a golden age, motivating cultivators everywhere to push themselves up to the levels of Qin Wentian, Chen Wang and Si Qiong.

Hidden beneath this bustling period, the chaotic undercurrents in Ginkou could also be clearly felt. Members belonging to the Pill Emperor Hall, Chen Clan and Hua Clan were continually ambushed and killed, creating a palpable terror that hung in the air.

And finally, one day... An astonishing piece of news erupted in the middle of Ginkou.

Hua Taixu caught up to Bai Qing after she killed an expert from the Hua Clan!

Although Bai Qing was powerful, she wasn't able to match up to Hua Taixu. But at the instant before she was captured, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le, Qin Zheng and Yun Mengyi abruptly appeared and joined hands, fighting against Hua Taixu.

Geniuses belonging to two different Heavenly Fate Rankings engaged in a heaven-shaking and earth-shattering battle. Hua Taixu had a higher cultivation base and was on the Heavenly Fate Rankings before them, not only that, he was ranked number one.

With a higher cultivation base, it could mitigate for the disadvantage he suffered in terms of numbers. And despite the number of people ganging up on Hua Taixu, Ouyang Kuangsheng

and the rest were all still seriously injured. But no one could imagined that at the crescendo of the battle, Hua Taixu actually retreated. He was poisoned!

Nobody knew who administered the poison, nobody saw how the poison was administered. But the fact that Hua Taixu was poisoned, brings to mind a single name – Mu Feng.

This name once again appeared in the public after three years of absence, and instantly caused a huge wave of commotion.

The experts from the Hua Clan and Great Solar Chen Clan all arrived, but those from the Mystic Moon Sect, Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan also caught up. Both sides were at a standstill, neither could compromise and as such, the result was another intense battle that erupted between the five transcendent powers. In the end, both sides suffered heavy losses from aftermath of that battle.

However, that battle was merely a prelude to something else. That palpable tension in the air enveloped all of Ginkou, it seemed as though a tempest of blood would kick up at any given moment.

Also, from that battle, many things were apparent to the public. The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was firmly allied with the Jiang Clan, because of the marriage engagement between Ouyang Kuangsheng and the Jiang Clan. Both of these transcendent powers, acted on behalf of Qin Wentian because of Ouyang Kuangsheng's request. From this, one could see how high Ouyang Kuangsheng's current status was, he was directly in line to be nurtured as the next leader of the Ouyang Clan.

At the same time, this incident brought up another name in the minds of the people. Was Qin Wentian truly dead? If he is not, where was he now?

Wasn't it all because of Qin Wentian that terrifying characters such as Bai Qing, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi and Mu Feng stood together? And if Qin Wentian was added into the mix, what would the end result of the battle against Hua Taixu be?

The deeds of that young man were far more astounding compared to those of Hua Taixu's. Both of them were the blazing suns of their generation, and countless held anticipation in their hearts, wanting to witness a showdown between the two of them. But sadly, this battle of destiny is doomed to never take place.

Although initially there were people who believed that the great roc Qin Wentian transformed into didn't die and may emerge once more in Grand Xia, as time flowed by, more and more people believed that he was already dead back when he stormed the Pill Emperor Hall.

Bai Qing, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le and the rest would often have Qin Wentian in their thoughts. Especially after their clash with Hua Taixu, the heavy feeling of uncertainty would weigh in their hearts as they stared up at the heavens and sighed. Was he still alive?

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Far up in the skies above the forested regions outside the Demon Continent, in the misty clouds, the great roc spread its 3,000 metre wingspan as it zoomed towards a certain direction.

Standing on the back of the great roc, was a delicate beauty with exquisitely carved features. She exuded no aura and there was a layer of mist in her eyes, her features were so stunning that people wouldn't forget her even if they only glanced at her once.

The great roc streaked through the clouds like a bolt of lightning, speeding past the Demon Continent and continued forwards relentlessly. After a single day, the great roc arrived at the area in Moon Continent that was under the administration and governance of the Star-Seizing Manor.

This place where they now were, could at most be considered a small city in in the area under the control of the Star-Seizing Manor. Two years ago, a new power arrived here. Although, the majority of the time they were low profile, when they displayed their strength, was extremely shocking to the public.

This new power was none other than the White Deer Institute, they were forced to relocate to this small and remote city from their original location due to the pressure exerted by the Star-Seizing Manor. Firstly, to avoid trouble, and secondly, they were looking for some opportunities to develop their institute.

About a year ago, Fairy Qingmei herself had personally paid a visit to their institute, delivering to them the cultivation methods

of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. From that visit, they also learnt that Qin Wentian was still alive. They naturally understood the intentions behind his decision, the unification of the 'hidden' Azure Factions would soon arrive.

In this past year, the White Deer Institute selected their core members with the most stringent of selection methods before nurturing them. Other than that, for those characters of the older generation that were absolutely loyal were allowed to cultivate the nine ultimate arts, slowly building up the strength of their White Deer Institute. Naturally, they wouldn't display the nine arts out in public.

The White Deer Institute was now waiting, waiting for the arrival of the young man who once trampled the Pill Emperor Hall.

At this moment, in the training field of the White Deer Institute, several of those from the younger generations were sparring against each other. Bailu Yi was there as well, her cultivation base currently has improved by leaps and bounds. She was now at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

As she stared at the lively atmosphere of the younger ones in training, the shadow of a person involuntarily appeared in her mind.

But right at this moment, a massive wind kicked up. The people in the training field stared overhead only to see an immense figure descending from the skies. Abruptly, the gust of wind intensified, knocking down many people who were on their feet.

A few breaths of time later, the gusts of wind calmed down. When the people of the White Deer Institute recovered, they only saw a terrifyingly large silhouette hovering above them, with wings so huge that they blotted out the sun. The sharpness that radiated from its gaze contained an imposing aura that seemed to belong to the monarch of this world.

“Great roc!”

Upon see it, the hearts of the crowd all quaked with terror. Yet, a brilliant glow flashed in Bailu Yi’s eyes as she stared intently at the great roc hovering in the sky.

Had he really transformed into a great roc? And this change was irreversible?

Whistling sounds rang out in the air as the elders and doyen level characters all appeared in this place one after another. All of them were staring at the great roc.

As they stared upwards, they soon noticed a figure standing on the back of the huge roc. Initially, that figure was blocked by the immense body of the roc, but now, they could all see his features clearly.

Why had the great roc brought this man here?

Who was this person exactly?

Only to see that at this moment, Bailu Yi walked up to the great roc as she stretched out her hand, as though she wanted to touch its face. The sharpness in the roc's eyes never diminished, yet it showed no signs of blocking her, lowering its head allowing the soft hands of Bailu Yi to cradle it.

“Little Yi.” A voice rumbled.

The stretched out hand of Bailu Yi trembled, the rims of her eyes reddened as she stared at the great roc. It was true, he had transformed into a demon.

“How are you?” Bailu Yi sobbed.

“I’m surviving well,” The great roc replied. After which, his sharp gaze turned upon the others. The young man on its back walked forwards and stood on its head, gazing down at the members of the White Deer institute as he stated, “From today onwards, I’ll be the one taking control of the White Deer Institute.”

The gazes of the members of the White Deer Institute stiffened as they fixed their gazes on the young man, before glancing again at the great roc. The great roc nodded its head, as it reinforced the statement of that young man. “From today onwards, seeing him means you are seeing me. His commands, are also my commands.”

The hearts of the crowd were seized with bewilderment. Who was this young man exactly? Why would Qin Wentian trust him so

much to the extent of granting him complete authority?

“My name, is [Di Tian](#). From today onwards, I, Di Tian, will unite the remaining remnants of the ‘hidden’ Azure Factions, and restructure the remnants into a brand new power. From now on, all of you shall sever all relations with the White Deer Institute, allowing this name to fade into obscurity. There will be a new transcendent power emerging in Grand Xia.”

帝天 – Di Tian:

Di (帝) = Surname of Di Cang, the Azure Emperor. It also stands for Emperor.

Tian(天)= Sky/Heaven

The figure standing on the great roc spoke with utter certainty, his voice tinged with incomparable arrogance yet also with a terrifying calmness. He wasn’t a mad man. What wild ambition, he wanted to create the thirty-seventh transcendent power of Grand Xia.

Upon seeing how calmly the great roc was reacting, the members of the White Deer Institute understood that the time to act has come. This was also part of the reason why Fairy Qingmei personally paid a visit here about a year ago. The White Deer Institute shall fade to obscurity as the currents from the river of time washes past, disappearing into the history of Grand Xia.

“Choose three of your strongest members to come with me for a trip.” Di Tian commanded. Although the tone of his voice rang with overbearingness, the elder and doyen level members were all nodding in agreement. Soon after, three old men were selected as

they stood with Di Tian on the back of the great roc.

“For the others, make your way to the Celestial Lake Palace of the Demon Mountain City in the Demon Continent. Fairy Qingmei will receive you there. Take note, this matter must be done in absolute secrecy. Split yourselves in batches and leave at different timings to avoid suspicion. The brand new power shall be established in the Celestial Lake Palace.” Di Tian spoke. After that, the great roc flapped it’s wings, directly shooting through the clouds, instantly disappearing from their vision.

The vast majority of the members were all reeling from what just happened. Bailu Yi’s eyes were filled with traces of pain as the memories of the past flashed through her mind. He had transformed into a primordial great roc, even his temperament had changed. Could he ever return to how he was back in the past?!

AGM 437 – Ice Spirit Sect And Skythunder Country

In the ancient kingdom, the great roc soared in the skies. A few days passed. It was unknown how much distance has been travelled.

The primordial great roc flying in the skies, the true sovereign of the skies. How scary was his speed? Even the Winged-Dragon of the Nine Heavens had no way to compare in speed to the sky sovereign roc. After the meeting with the White Deer Institute, Di Tian went to the place where the Zong Clan was located and brought along Zong Yi and two of their strongest members along with him.

Naturally, Di Tian was Qin Wentian. It was only because the great roc and Qin Wentian himself couldn't appear in the same location at the same time. Hence he made use of the art of disguise he found in Di Feng's interspatial ring to disguise himself completely, and adopted the name of Di Tian. Firstly, this was to symbolise the Azure Emperor whose surname was Di, and secondly, Tian was from Qin Wentian's original name. When put together, it meant the Emperor of Heavens. It was also an omen of what was going to come in the future.

As for Di Tian, he was exactly the same as the past Qin Wentian. This was a true-self, that shares the memories, perspectives and soul of the original Qin Wentian.

This was by virtue of the Great Nirvana Immortal Art. Regardless of Astral Souls, bloodlines and even character, he was completely

the same as the original body, with no differences.

The true-body Di Tian was replicated from Qin Wentian's essence before he transformed into a great roc. Hence, the cultivation level of Di Tian, when he was formed, was only at the first level of Heavenly Dipper. But after that long period of seclusion, his cultivation base had already climbed to the second level of Heavenly Dipper.

After cultivating the Great Nirvana Art, only then did Qin Wentian truly appreciate how terrifying this art was. Heaven-defying was the only way to describe this art; no wonder Qing'er warned him never to expose this.

Right now he was thinking, what exactly had Qing'er paid to acquire such a heaven-defying immortal art?

Sadly, the nirvana rebirth process of the Great Nirvana Art could only be used once. If one wanted a third true-body after that, he would have to undergo the process of a true nirvana rebirth.

Standing atop of his great roc body, Qin Wentian stared downwards, his gaze encompassing a few ancient mountain peak so high that they touched the clouds. He then turned his gaze onto the map engraved on the command token, and with an intention of his will, the great roc descended downwards. The great roc and Di Tian were essentially one and the same; they could share thoughts and intentions. They were a single entity, not two.

The raging wind whistled as the great roc landed on one of the

mountains. Qin Wentian stared at the path ahead as he commanded, “The rest of you just wait here. The great roc will go up with me.”

After the others descended, Qin Wentian and the great roc walked up the mountains. They didn’t fly, but chose to walk up step-by-step instead.

The mountain paths were treacherous, but to a Stellar Martial Cultivator, the rocky terrain didn’t pose any difficulty. Although Qin Wentian was walking upwards, his speed remained the same. A single human and a single demon soon arrived at the peak. Over here, there was a simple and dilapidated house. Outside the house, there was a old man in tattered clothing sitting cross-legged on the ground, silently in meditation.

Qin Wentian and the great roc stood before the old man without speaking. The old man also sat quietly there, with his eyes closed, as though nothing out of the ordinary happened.

Several moments passed before the lips of the old man moved, “Since you are here, why don’t you say something?”

“My name is Di Tian.” Qin Wentian retrieved the Azure Emperor Token as he spoke. The eyes of the old man abruptly snapped over as he stared at Qin Wentian as well as the great roc standing beside him, before fixing his gaze onto the Azure Emperor Token. It was only after a long moment before that old man stood up, before he entered the house and didn’t come out for a long time. When he finally exited, that old man had a baggage with him on his back.

“I heard that the Punishment Branch had undergone huge changes through these thousands of years, and currently, only one person remained. Yet, he still waited here, waiting for the day the successor appears, living in seclusion from the rest of the world.” Qin Wentian took a step forward, with respect in his tone.

“Although I am but one man, I can also represent my entire branch. For generations past, and generations that will come, the staff of punishment is for the descendants of my clan to wield. Now, i’m willing to follow the young master of Di Clan, to claim back what was once lost.” That old man bowed towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian nodded lightly as he climbed onto the back of the great roc. “Let’s go.”

The great roc zoomed downwards after the old man climbed onto its back, returning to the original location where it stopped.

Those from the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan stared at the old man, both of their factions had no idea of this old man’s existence, and at this moment, they couldn’t help but seriously contemplate him. They saw a baggage in the shape of a long staff behind his back, and upon hearing that the old man was the descendant of the Punishment Branch during the Azure Emperor’s era, their countenances all couldn’t help but changed.

“Let’s go.” Qin Wentian’s voice was extremely calm. All of them climbed onto the great roc as it soar through the skies again. Those on the back of the great roc still had yet to recover from their shock. Di Tian seemed to be moving too fast. After Qin Wentian handed over authority to him, he acted with the fastest of speeds,

wanting to gather and unite the remnants of the 'hidden' Azure Faction together.

Earlier, Qin Wentian had beseeched Fairy Qingmei to do some investigation on each of the hidden factions. If not, he too wouldn't have known that the Punishment Branch underwent such huge changes.

The current him, with the Azure Emperor Token in his hands, decided to step up and take command.

In the Spirit Continent, located in a remote corner of Grand Xia, the land was of extremely poor quality here, unsuitable for life. Numerous danger zones surrounded the Spirit Continent, yet those from the Spirit Continent reveled in it. They were all intrepid heroes at heart and found it easier to grow in the midst of such dangerous environments.

In the northern region of the Spirit Continent was a land filled with snow and ice. This region was extremely vast and was known as the Arctic Ice Region. Over here, cultivators, who had an affinity to ice and snow, could be found everywhere. This place was like a cultivation heaven to them; it was far easier to gain insights and master ice-attributed arts in here.

The Ice Spirit Sect already had a thousand year history in the Arctic Ice Region. The history of the sect began with a few maidens, before finally evolving up to now where they had over tens of thousands of disciples. However, regardless of the occasion,

the Ice Spirit Sect had always maintained a low profile and wouldn't antagonise others, preferring to live by themselves, disregarding the outside world only focusing on nurturing their strength. Hence, although many other sects feared the Ice Spirit Sect, because of the sect's philosophy, none of the other major powers made a move against it.

And in this region of ice and snow, in a location where many ancient structures could be seen, there were currently several maidens walking about there. Despite their light clothing, it was as though they couldn't feel the cold at all.

“Senior sister, look over there!”

At this moment, one of the maidens stared up at the skies as an expression of shock appeared on her face. In the air, there were a total of eight silhouettes descending.

The young man in the lead projected an extraordinary demeanor while the seven behind him all exuded a powerful aura, giving off a feeling that it was unwise to make them into enemies.

“Report this to the sect leader quickly.” The silhouettes of some of the maiden flickered as they vanished. The disciples of the Ice Spirit Sect were all maidens, the art they cultivated were only suitable for female.

“Who are the lot of you?” At this moment, a middle-aged woman appeared, inquiring as she stared at Qin Wentian and the rest.

“Where is the sect leader of the Ice Spirit Sect?” Zong Yi spoke. His voice was calm, yet radiating a sharpness within as a surge of sword might emanated forth from him, permeating the entire region.

“Sir, do you have any business with me?” At this moment, a voice drifted over. Qin Wentian and the rest turned their gazes onto the horizon as a woman walked over. The appearance of this woman was young, around thirty years of age. Her skin was like snow, as an aura of coldness emanated forth from her.

“The Azure Emperor.”

Qin Wentian’s lips murmured, transmitting a voice message to the woman. Instantly, Bing Yuchan’s countenance changed abruptly, as she spoke, “Come with me.”

After speaking, she turned and walk away. Qin Wentian and the rest followed after her, arriving in front of a majestic ice statue. The features of this ice statue were incredibly vivid and life-like. It was as though a beauty had been frozen solid in the ice.

“Is this the ice soul of the Ice Spirit Sect’s Ancestor?” Qin Wentian glanced at the ice statue as he asked.

“Mhm, the ancestor didn’t recover from her stupor after she learnt of the Azure Emperor’s death. She instructed the others to seal her soul into ice, as a symbol of remembrance of this grudge. One day, if the successor of the Azure Emperor were to come here, he must personally destroy this ice statue. The disciples of the Ice

Spirit Hall doesn't follow her, but the successor instead." Bing Yuchan explained. Qin Wentian took out the Azure Emperor Token. Bing Yuchan involuntarily trembled upon seeing it but soon dipped into a bow as she greeted, "Bing Yuchan greets the young master."

"The heavens can witness how deep the Ice Spirit Sect's Ancestor's feelings were for the Azure Emperor," Qin Wentian faintly remarked. "Relay my orders, this ice statue shall remain here for all eternity, no one can destroy it. Choose three strongest disciples of the Ice Spirit Sect and follow me. Thereafter, commence with the dissolution of the Ice Spirit Sect, and head over to the Celestial Lake Palace in the Demon Mountain City of the Demon Continent. Fairy Qingmei will receive the rest of your sect members there."

Upon hearing the name of Fairy Qingmei, Bing Yuchan's countenance changed slightly. But she soon nodded her head, "Allow me to make the arrangements."

After some moments, Bing Yuchan and two other maidens from the Ice Spirit Sect appeared before Qin Wentian. The eyes of those from the Ice Spirit Sect couldn't help but narrow when they took note of the great roc, yet they didn't question too much before climbing onto it.

Qin Wentian spoke, "My name is Di Tian, you guys should have already heard of the rumors floating around Grand Xia. There's no mistake, this great roc is Qin Wentian. He is then the true successor of the Azure Emperor. However, as he is in the form a great roc, everything will be handled by me. He and I hold the

same level of authority. However, do not spread this matter, only members of the ‘hidden’ Azure Factions have the qualifications to know.”

“I hear and obey,” Bing Yuchan nodded. Qin Wentian didn’t continue speaking. This trip to the Ice Spirit Sect was extremely successful; despite the passing of years, they were still loyal to the Azure Emperor. But of course, the fact that there were so many powerful cultivators around Qin Wentian also somewhat influenced their decision. If it was that young man who came to the sect alone, just like how he entered the White Deer Institute when he was in Moon Continent, it was impossible that things would go so smoothly.

Within Grand Xia, there was a country named the Skythunder Country. This country did not fall under the administration of any of the transcendent powers, and their level of strength was extremely high in comparison.

In the past, this country was not named the Skythunder Country. But about eight hundred years ago, the Skythunder Clan suppressed the then Royal Clan, and it took over the Emperor’s Authority. In a violent war, they plundered the rights of rulership, and changed the name of the country to the Skythunder Country. Throughout these eight hundred years, the Skythunder Country had constantly expanded and annexed three other smaller countries, causing their strength to rise as a whole.

The royal clan of the Skythunder Country was also extremely intelligent, proffering immense benefits to attract powerful

cultivators from all around. Even if it was experts at the Heavenly Dipper level, the Skythunder Country possessed many of them.

Today, Qin Wentian and the rest arrived in the borders of Skythunder Country. After they stepped down, they didn't immediately make their way to the Royal Palace, but rather, they went to the ruins left behind by the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan in the great war eight hundred years ago. This place used to be the residence of the Skythunder Clan then, but not a person remained here now. Glancing at the scars on the land, a terrifying cold intent erupted in Qin Wentian's eyes.

Regarding the 'hidden' branches of the Azure Faction, it was understandable that throughout the years, some of them have already been swallowed by the river of time. Right now, other than the remnants he had already gathered, the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan was the last remaining remnant.

Yet, it seems that the descendents of the Skythunder Clan had long forgotten the ancestral edicts, instead of keeping a low profile and waiting for the successor, they took high profile actions, conspiring to increase their power, turning the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan into the Skythunder Country of today.

Seeing the ruins where the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan used to be at, a fearsome pressure gushed forth from Qin Wentian. It seems that the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan had long forsaken their roots and wanted to fly up high in their own independence.

AGM 438 – Domineering Fashion

Zong Yi's eyes flickered with sharpness as he added in a low voice, "Skythunder Aristocrat Clan, it seems like that had chosen to ignore the edicts passed down by their ancestors. How should they be dealt with?"

"It has already been for a few thousand years. Who can truly keep to their promises and ensure that their descendants all follow the edicts? The Azure Emperor would surely be gratified knowing about the rest of you. The Skythunder Aristocrat Clan ignored the edicts; although they were in the wrong, it doesn't mean that they can't be forgiven. Uncle Zong, follow me into the Skythunder Palace. As for the others, temporarily stay hidden for now. Let us go take a look to see what the attitudes of those from the Skythunder Clan will be when facing the successor of the Azure Emperor."

Qin Wentian instructed as the others behind him nodded in agreement as they marvelled silently at Di Tian's arrogance as well as his optimism.

"Let's go." Lifting his feet, Qin Wentian and the rest entered the Skythunder Palace.

The Skythunder Royal Palace was extremely vast. There was an ancient path after the palace gate leading all the way towards the interior of the Royal Palace. There were countless palace guards milling about before the gate, and there was a high vantage point at the back of the Royal Palace, allowing one to gaze down on the surroundings if one stood upon it.

At this moment, there were two figures leisurely advancing forwards. Very swiftly, they soon arrived before the gates.

“Halt.” Upon seeing the arrival of Qin Wentian and Zong Yi, the spears in the hands of the guards pointed towards them. However at the same time, both of their silhouettes flickered as they disappeared in a gust of raging wind, directly soaring up the skies, stepping beyond the palace gate and landing on the ancient path behind.

On the vantage point, a burst of lightning flickered as a thunderous sound boomed out. Immediately, several imperial guards rushed over after hearing the signal.

Qin Wentian and Zong Yi continued their leisure pace forwards. When the multitude of guards descended on them, Zong Yi merely took a step forwards as a terrifying sharp sword intent permeated the entire space, causing the imperial guards to become breathless. Nobody dared to make a move randomly underneath that sort of pressure.

“Who are the two of you? This place is a restricted place of my Skythunder Country. If you have any matters, please speak.” The leader of the imperial guards walked out, blocking Qin Wentian and Zong Yi’s pathway forwards.

“I want to meet with the Emperor of Skythunder.” Qin Wentian calmly spoke. Zong Yi continued standing behind him. A terrifying sword might bore down on the leader of the imperial guards.

Evident rivulets of sweat could be seen on his forehead as the leader's countenance paled.

How powerful. Although he was one of the lead members in the Royal Palace and had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, the sword might Zong Yi was exuding was so oppressive that he couldn't even breath.

Seeing how Zong Yi continued advancing, the silhouette of the leader of the imperial guards flickered as he madly retreated. While in the meantime, more and more experts gathered in this place, yet no body dared to bar Qin Wentian and Zong Yi.

After a short while, Qin Wentian stepped into the internal regions of the Royal Palace. Abruptly, a row of figures appeared in front of him. The two figures in the lead were a pair of young man and woman. The young man was good looking with a golden crown on his head; while the woman had exquisite features, projecting an aura of nobility. Whenever she smiled, a charm would twinkle in those eyes of hers, causing people to be mesmerised.

Behind the two of them, there stood several powerful experts. It was evident that they were all extremely powerful characters from the aura they emanated.

“Upon meeting the Majesty, why are you still not on your knees?” An old man with a cold gaze stared at Qin Wentian and Zong Yi as he berated. Anger clouded his features; as the sound of his voice faded, a long spear appeared in his hands as he stabbed it towards Qin Wentian.

Zong Yi lifted his hands as a burst of sword light flashed, breaking the long spear into two. “Let the Emperor of Skythunder speak for himself.”

“Overestimating yourself.” That old man coldly snorted, glaring at Zong Yi. Although Zong Yi’s cultivation base was high, weren’t his words too arrogant? He wanted the Emperor to personally come out to speak?

As for that prince with a crown on his head, he had a smile on his face as he stepped in to diffuse the situation. “I’m sure both of you must have travelled a long distance to arrive here today. Since you barged in so hurriedly, I’m sure there must be a good reason. Why not share the reason with us? I will ‘take good care’ of both of you lords.”

“You are the prince of Skythunder?” Qin Wentian inquired as he stared at the young man.

“Yes.” The young prince similarly contemplated Qin Wentian. He wanted to know what identity did these two unwelcomed guests have. They actually dared to barge into the Royal Palace.

“Azure Emperor.” A voice transmitted into his mind. The smiling face of the prince instantly changed, as his pupils narrowed. However, he was stunned only for an instant, and recovered swiftly as he stated, gesturing to a path behind him, “Please.”

After which, he stepped aside, his actions causing the guards by

the side to feel extremely puzzled. Why was the prince so polite?

Qin Wentian and Zong Yi didn't hesitate as well and directly went ahead. After the two of them passed him, the prince transmitted his voice to the rest of the guards, "Lock down the entire Royal Palace. Do not allow anyone to enter or exit."

After that, he arranged for some of the guards to remain here, while some followed behind him.

Qin Wentian and Zong Yi arrived at a large public square inside one of the palaces. This place was extremely quiet, making it suitable for Qin Wentian's plans.

At this moment, only three guards followed behind the prince, but soon after they arrived, the sounds of footsteps rang out as experts from the Skythunder Clan arrived.

Their gazes turned to the Skythunder Prince, as a bewildered light shone in their eyes.

"You actually know the secret between the Azure Emperor and our Skythunder Country." The Skythunder Prince's eyes bore into Qin Wentian, his voice carrying a threatening hint of frigidness.

Momentarily, the countenances of the surrounding experts all changed. Shock could be seen on their faces as an ice cold intent radiated out from them when they stared at Qin Wentian and Zong Yi.

“People of Skythunder hear my order.” Qin Wentian took out the Azure Emperor Token, stretching his hand out, displaying it in front of the crowd. An instant later, the expression on the prince face drastically changed, yet he had already expected something like this would happened. Expressions of disbelief now echoed on the faces of the others.

That was, the Azure Emperor Token?

“Isn’t father here yet?” That prince ignored Qin Wentian, as he mumbled to himself before he spoke, “The Azure Emperor had already fallen for so many years, how dare someone actually use his name in such a pretentious manner. You two ought to be killed.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the killing intent in his eyes thickened.

In this eight hundred years, there was always a matter weighing on their hearts – The Azure Emperor.

As one of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction, according to their ancestral edicts, they had to await the successor of the Azure Emperor. However, as their power grew, eventually becoming the ruler of a country, how could they still be willing to follow the orders of a successor of a dead man?

And today, the successor of the Azure Emperor finally appeared.

Since he dared to appear here, he shall disappear from this world forever.

“IMPUDENT!” Zong Yi stepped out as a terrifying sword intent whistled through the air. However, the instant his feet landed, the experts behind the prince all dashed out in retaliation. It was obvious that they were already prepared; the prince had been secretly transmitting voice messages to them throughout the whole confrontation.

“Do the others intend to betray the Azure Emperor as well?” Qin Wentian was as calm as ever, sweeping his gaze through the rest in the crowd. For some reason, although their cultivation bases were higher compared to Qin Wentian, when they met his eyes, they involuntarily felt a wave of coldness sweeping across their hearts.

He used the term ‘betray.’ If the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan had acted the same way as the White Deer Institute back then, adopting a wait and see approach, this matter would still be understandable.

However, because the prince before him wasn’t even the slightest bit interested in parlaying, he directly ordered for their deaths instead.

“A dead man using the term ‘betray?’” The charming young woman beside the prince giggled. That smile in her eye showed no hints of respect to the Azure Emperor. And her speech, the word ‘dead man’, had already showed that they had no intentions of

pleading allegiance.

“Shut up.” The prince snapped. “The Azure Emperor has close ties to our ancestors and is a character worthy of respect. What’s unforgivable is that these people actually dared to use his name in pretense. They must die.”

Although Zong Yi was extremely powerful, but since both he and Qin Wentian had already arrived here, it was impossible for them to exit the Skythunder Palace any longer.

Qin Wentian’s perception stretched out, and indeed, the entire region had been sealed. Every entrance and exit were heavily guarded by experts.

How could Qin Wentian not understand the current scenario? However he didn’t say anything, and merely stayed silent watching the scene played out before him. He wanted to see if the others of the Skythunder Aristocrat Sect would act the same way as the young prince.

And at this very moment, an imposing man appeared. This man also had a crown on his head, and upon nearing, the others all dipped into a low bow as they greeted, “Your Majesty.”

The middle-aged man waved his hands, his eyes instantly landed upon Qin Wentian and Zong Yi as he walked nearer, exuding an imposing presence.

Qin Wentian calmly stared back at him, in silence.

“Kneel!” Beside the middle-aged man, two guards shouted, stepping out as a domineering pressure gushed forth from them, pressing down onto Qin Wentian.

“If there’s still anyone who acknowledges the Azure Emperor, kneel down and pay your respect to him in front of his authority token.” Qin Wentian took the Azure Emperor Token out once more, but how could there be anyone willing to kneel just like this? The entire place was doused with silence, nobody cared about that token in the young man’s hands. Even if they truly respected the Azure Emperor in their hearts, under such conditions, nobody would be willing to take the initiative to stand out and go against the Skythunder Emperor. Everything would still have to depend on the Skythunder Emperor’s attitude.

“Show me the Azure Emperor Token.” The Skythunder Emperor spoke after a few moments. Qin Wentian’s hands flickered as the Azure Emperor Token flew through the air, landing in the palms of the Skythunder Emperor. Upon seeing Qin Wentian’s actions, the Skythunder Emperor couldn’t help but have a hint of fear in his heart.

Since this man could become the Emperor of a country, it was needless to say that he excelled in schemes. And seeing how calm and unflustered Qin Wentian was when handing over the Authority Token with no hesitation, he couldn’t help but marvel.

“Where did this token come from? We would need some time to investigate first, and moreover, both of your identities are

unknown, we would still require both of you to stay in our palace for sometime until we conclude the investigation.” The Skythunder Emperor calmly spoke. his deadly gaze was fixed directly onto Qin Wentian as though wanting to see through him.

“In front of the Azure Emperor Token, I command all of you to kneel before it in the space of ten breaths.” Qin Wentian crossed his arms as he swept his gaze onto everyone in the surroundings. His voice was filled with imperiousness, causing the expressions of everyone to stiffen. Why was this man so confident?

That charming young woman giggled softly as though she heard the funniest joke in the world.

“Are you kidding?” On the contrary, after hearing Qin Wentian’s words, the vigilance and sense of danger the Skythunder Emperor felt, actually increased.

“I’m not. Seven breaths of time remain.” Qin Wentian emotionlessly stated.

The others all burst out into cold laughter, with the prince and the young woman laughing the loudest. Mockery was evident on all their faces.

Obviously, in their eyes, Qin Wentian was nothing but a fool. Yet at this moment, the sounds of kneecaps hitting the ground echoed out; there was actually someone who knelt on one knee, calling out, “I’m willing to follow the orders of the successor. Your subordinate greets young master.”

“Royal Uncle, you...?” That joviality the prince felt was instantly wiped away, replaced by incredulousness.

“Plop, plop...”

After that, a total of six to seven people all continually knelt down. “Your subordinates pay their respect to the young master.”

This scene caused the expressions on the faces of the prince as well as the young woman beside him to stiffen, as they stared on blankly, completely dumbfounded!

AGM 439 – Punishment

The sight in front of their eyes was beyond any of their expectations and caused great mayhem in the hearts of those still standing. A terrifying cold glint of light erupted in the Skythunder Emperor's eyes when he saw those who knelt down in acknowledgement of the Azure Emperor Token.

This indicated that those who knelt had already betrayed him. In that case, they could all die here together with the successor.

In the Skythunder Country, he was the Emperor. Throughout the history of the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan of the past, his branch was the strongest. Those of the other branches were suppressed by him, and in normal times when he was high up and mighty with no challengers, these people naturally wouldn't dare to cause trouble.

But now, when one person took out the Azure Emperor Token, this was an opportunity for the branches that had been suppressed by the main branch in the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan. Let alone the fact that the Skythunder Emperor had offended the successor earlier with his actions earlier. These people who chose to kneel, they were all gambling.

Gambling on the fact that the arrogance the successor had shown meant that he came here prepared. As long as they gambled correctly, it didn't matter even if they pledged their allegiance to the successor. Because in that case, the rights to the Skythunder Country would fall to them.

The Skythunder Emperor glanced at those who knelt, these were people of two branches of the Skythunder Clan that had close connections with each other, and if they worked together, their level of power didn't lose out to the main branch of the Skythunder Clan. In addition, when the successor of the Azure Emperor was thrown into the mix, they then would have enough strength to overthrow the Skythunder Emperor.

These people must have discussed in secret and surrendered at the same time after coming to a conclusion.

Since the Skythunder Emperor could tell what these people were thinking about, how could Qin Wentian fail to surmise that? The him now was no longer the naïve young man that he was years ago.

Although they did so, regardless of the machinations and schemes of these people, everything was useless in front of absolute strength.

“Three more breaths.” Qin Wentian calmly spoke, as the eyes of the crowd flickered, their hearts pounding with a struggle. They were now faced with an extremely difficult choice. Now, the matter was no longer as simple as pledging allegiance to the successor, but rather it was to stand with or stand against the Skythunder Emperor.

In the last three breaths of time, another three knelt down, choosing to side with the successor while the others still continued standing. This meant that from the start, their conviction in the Skythunder Emperor had never wavered.

“All of you, excellent.” The Skythunder Emperor’s voice contained a thick killing intent as he stared at those who knelt. The young woman by the side of the prince involuntarily laughed, she never expected that there would be such delicious drama, that the arrival of the Azure Emperor’s successor actually created an internal conflict in Skythunder.

“Time’s up.” Qin Wentian’s detached voice seemed to contain a hint of coldness within. These people hadn’t simply forgotten the ancestral edicts. They wanted to kill him.

“You can have the authority token back.” The Skythunder Emperor tossed the token back yet Qin Wentian didn’t catch it. He took a slight step forward causing a burst of astral light to inundate the area as his silhouette vanished from sight. In the instant he disappeared, a thunderbolt struck down on the area he was standing at an instant ago. It was like a real thunderbolt from the heavens, containing exceedingly tyrannical attack power within. The heat energy contained within that attack was sufficient to roast Qin Wentian to a crisp were he to be struck by it.

As for the Azure Emperor Token, it was already destroyed as the thunderbolt shot out. However to Qin Wentian, the token no longer served any purposes, he had already accomplished the things he needed to do using it. After the remnants of the ‘hidden’ Azure Faction were gathered, this meant that the first step had come to an end.

The Skythunder Emperor struck out suddenly, he had initially planned to slay the successor before taking care of the traitors. Yet

he didn't expect Qin Wentian's reaction to be so swift.

Inclining his head and staring up at Qin Wentian, coldness flickered within his eyes. The sharpness radiated was so intense that it seemed as though he wanted to pierce Qin Wentian's sea of consciousness with a bolt of his thunder. However, Qin Wentian's figure soared higher and higher. Zong Yi appeared behind him as both of them stood in the middle of the air.

"That movement technique earlier...was it Stellar Transposition?" The Skythunder Emperor had a look of astonishment on his face.

As for Zong Yi, he didn't find it strange that Di Tian was able to use it. Qin Wentian beseeched Fairy Qingmei to pay a visit to impart the nine ultimate arts to the White Deer Institute and Zong Clan back then, it wasn't weird for Di Tian who was the representative of Qin Wentian to know the nine ultimate arts.

"Since you have made your choice, there's no longer a need to spare traitors who have turned against the Azure Emperor." An overwhelming pressure gushed forth from the air. As the crowd glanced upwards, they only saw a group of people descending from the skies. Although the number wasn't that great, the aura all of them exuded was extremely powerful.

At the very least, every one of the new arrivals was at the third level of Heavenly Dipper which was more than a match for the strongest experts in the Skythunder Country.

The expressions of those from Skythunder all changed. The successor of the Azure Emperor had already subdued so many powerful characters? Maybe, if the Skythunder Country were united, they might still be able to put up a fight against them. But now that there were besieged by internal conflict, in addition to this external threat, they knew that they had no chance of victory.

“The matters between us, are still our internal clan affairs. Join with me to expel these enemies and I shall forget the matter regarding all of your betrayals today. How about it?” The Skythunder Emperor were still extremely composed at this moment.

Yet, nobody replied to him. Those who pledged allegiance to Qin Wentian knew that an arrow that was fired would never return to the bow. The strength of the allies Qin Wentian brought with him far exceeded their expectations. They would not regret their decisions now, because if they did, it only meant death.

The experts on Qin Wentian’s side all landed on the ground, their terrifying aura enveloping this entire region. The crowd only saw that there was an old man clad in extremely tattered clothing, retrieving baggage from his back. After untying the knots, he took out a wooden staff from within and the instant the Skythunder Emperor saw that staff, his countenance paled immediately.

“Staff of punishment.” You are a descendent of the Punishment Branch of the Azure Emperor?” The Skythunder Emperor’s countenance was now incredibly unsightly, as someone from a hidden Azure Faction, he had naturally heard of some secrets. Back in the era where the Azure Emperor was still alive, the Punishment

Branch enjoyed the greatest prestige and authority out of all the other branches. They were the strongest faction supporting the Azure Emperor, and there were times where they invoked even more terror than the Azure Emperor himself.

Because, they were the one who meted out the punishment, not the Azure Emperor. They punished those that the Azure Emperor didn't want to punish, they killed those that the Azure Emperor didn't want to kill. In the Azure Emperor Palace, their authority was only exceeded by the Azure Emperor himself. Even those of the direct line of descent feared the people from the Punishment Branch.

“Now, the ‘hidden’ factions will all undergo restructuring and I shall take up the position of the Punisher. Today, the whole lot of you turned traitor and even dared destroy the authority token of the Azure Emperor, your crimes are utterly reprehensible and by the rules, all of you shall be killed without mercy. However, taking into account that thousands of years have passed, I shall give you a chance to save the majority of your clan members.”

The punisher spoke in a low voice as a dangerous pressure gushed forth from him. He stared at the Skythunder Emperor as he continued, “You can choose to commit suicide now, or I will exterminate your entire clan using my staff of punishment.”

“I wonder if the punisher of this generation is still as powerful as what the legends mentioned.” The Skythunder Emperor grimly smiled. He soared into the skies and directly faced the old man. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed, as arcs of electricity blinked around him, exuding a terrifying might.

“Although the Punishment Branch has whittled down to one, I will still uphold this mantle.”

The old man of the Punishment Branch serenely stated. Wielding the staff of punishment in his hand, he slowly took a step forward as he smashed forth with a seemingly ordinary-looking staff strike ahead.

However, the countenance of the Skythunder Emperor was extremely complex, he didn't dare to underestimate his enemy at all. Rushing out, an endless number of lightning serpents sprang into being as they self-destructed, caging the old man inside a forcefield of lightning.

The old man was seething in anger. His hair and beard fluttered in the wind as a layer of light enveloped his body. With a strike of his staff, a black hole manifested at the tip, warping space and tearing apart the void, as he escaped the force field cage of lightning. An instant later, the black hole tore through all of Skythunder Emperor's defences and pierced through his chest. As copious amounts of blood flowed out, the arcs of electricity around the emperor faded as he fell from the air, slamming heavily onto the ground.

There was actually a cavity that appeared on the Skythunder Emperor's body! Staring at the old man in the middle of the air, the emperor roared, “FINE, as expected of the punisher, it would be hard to find an opponent able to match you under the Celestial Phenomenon Realm. I will accept your terms.”

After speaking, a sorrowful look flashed past his eyes as he slapped his hands onto his forehead, summoning a bolt of thunder to fry his brain. The ruler of a country fell just like this.

He was very clear that there was no more hope for him to survive. Only through his death would his branch members not be massacred. The Punishment Branch was famed for their iron words, if they proposed a term, they would keep to it and vice versa, if they wanted to punished someone, no matter who pleaded for the offender, they would still administer the punishment. Back then, there was a case that the Azure Emperor himself personally stepped in to plead for leniency, but it was useless. This, was the job of the Punishment Branch, this was their authority.

The expressions of the remaining survivors were like dead ashes. That prince as well as that charming young woman beside him had no way to smile any more in this circumstances. Their pale countenance were also warped by a terror blossoming in their hearts.

“Your highness, I don’t want to die.” That charming young woman looked to the prince with a pleading tone in her voice. Yet, right now, how could the prince have time to listen to her nonsense? As the punisher shifted his gaze onto him, he could feel the impending crisis of death, hovering around him like a spectre.

“I shall follow my father in death. I hope the rest of my branch members would be spared. As for those that surrendered, don’t be too harsh on them, after all regardless of what happened...we, still share the same bloodline.” The prince decisively spoke as he glanced at those who knelt down earlier. After which, he slammed

his palms into the heart of the charming young woman before committing suicide as well.

Making the wrong choice at a crucial moment, the only path remaining is death.

For the rest of the traitors that were directly involved, they too knew that they had no hopes to live today. Although they had an intense desire to survive, they knew what their fates were going to be just by looking at the eyes of the old man. In the end, all of them committed suicide, slumping onto the ground, littering the area with their corpses.

Qin Wentian emotionlessly gazed at the scene unfolding before him. The him now had experienced so many things like this that his heart had already hardened. A general builds his success on ten thousand bones. On the path of the strong, corpses were a common sight, there was nothing surprising.

AGM 440 – Devouring Constellation?

Qin Wentian and the rest stayed in Skythunder for seven days, restructuring the Royal Clan, gaining the ruler's authority. He didn't request that the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan dissolve and head over to the Celestial Lake Palace. Instead, he chose over ten experts from them to join him on his journey. As for the rest that remained, they gained control of the Skythunder Country with the royal authority passed on to them.

The Skythunder Aristocrat Clan had controlled the Skythunder Country for about eight hundred years. Naturally, they had strong foundations and deep roots. Also, in Skythunder, there were many experts under them, as well as a huge amount of cultivation resources and wealth. How could Qin Wentian give that up just like that?

Hence, Qin Wentian brought along the strongest experts from the Skythunder Aristocrat Clan and left behind some of his trusted subordinates to work with the remaining core members to govern the Skythunder Country.

The Skythunder Country could act as reinforcements in the future. After withdrawing a large amount of resources from the treasury, Qin Wentian departed.

Currently, the powers under Qin Wentian's control were: White Deer Institute, Zong Clan, Ice Spirit Sect, Skythunder Country, as well as the old man representing the Punishment Branch.

However, all these hadn't come to an end yet. Qin Wentian personally requested that Fairy Qingmei lead the 'hidden' factions to pay a visit in order to restructure the last remaining faction – the Di Clan.

The Di Clan, after that battle back then, had almost been exterminated completely, with only a few survivors remaining. The Azure Emperor handed them the Azure Emperor Token and instructed them to find a new successor to reinstate the Azure Emperor Palace. But sadly, even the Azure Emperor didn't expect for those survivors, a few thousand years later, to be divided.

The ideology of the current Di Clan was split into two schools of thought. One of them was the branch Di Yi (headmaster of Emperor Star Academy) belonged to. They held fast to Azure Emperor's instructions and were involved in the test for the selection of a successor. As for the other branch, Di Feng hailed from there. They wanted to take over the entire Di Clan, choosing a successor from their own bloodline. Their reasoning was that since their veins flowed with the blood of the Azure Emperor, why was there still a need to depend on choosing from outsiders for the successor? Hence they began their investigations, but after so many years, they only discovered that the White Deer Institute was part of the 'hidden' Azure Faction.

Fairy Qingmei brought along a bunch of experts from the 'hidden' Azure Faction and descended onto the location of the Di Clan. Using the most ruthless methods, she suppressed Di Feng's branch, together with the Punisher, even directly slaying those who chose to betray the Ancestral Edicts. No mercy was shown, not even to those who had the blood of the Azure Emperor running in their veins.

In a mere three days, the restructuring was completed at the cost of many lives and blood. The remaining survivors all followed Fairy Qingmei back to the Celestial Lake Palace.

Yet, this matter didn't cause too much of a commotion in Grand Xia. Nobody noticed the actions of the Celestial Lake Palace.

Right now, the attention of the masses were focused on Ginkou. The happenings there determined Grand Xia's future.

Hua Taixu and Bai Qing caused a total of five transcendent powers to clash. This was no small matter and could very well erupt into a terrifying tempest of unimaginable proportions.

And just when the restructuring of the Di Clan was ongoing, the date for the next Heavenly Fate Ranking Battle got nearer and nearer. In preparation for the coming storm, the various transcendent powers were all gathering their strength.

During these few days, the Mystic Moon Sect, Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan gathered several experts and entered Ginkou. There was no other reason than that a battle could erupt any time against both the Chen Clan and the Hua Clan. Naturally, they had to increase their strength since Ginkou was the territory of the Chen Clan.

Simultaneously, there were endless clashes among those of the younger generations, leading to many wounded and even dead.

Today, a young man named Di Tian stepped into Ginkou alone.

After three years, Qin Wentian stepped into Ginkou once more.

Back then, he came here together with the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. But today, he was all alone, stepping into the ancient ruins that were once the kingdom of Grand Xia.

Currently there were also other visitors around the area. They, too, wanted to witness the glory of the past era for themselves.

Qin Wentian stood outside the ancient kingdom, lost in his memories as he sighed in his heart.

Three years.

Three years ago, to gain the approval of White Deer Institute, he had to be ranked within the top three on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

At the same time, for Luo He not to interfere with his matters with Mo Qingcheng, he had to defeat Zhan Chen.

In the following ranking battle, he defeated the talented geniuses of Grand Xia and acquired the position of the top ranker. Yet, what awaited him was a nightmare. For his sake, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird transformed into the formation true soul and took

control of the formation world.

Yet the nightmare persisted even after that. Qingcheng was taken back to the Pill Emperor Hall, and Luo He arranged a marriage candidate selection for her. After which, she was taken by force into the abyss of corpses, and up till now, he didn't know whether Qingcheng was dead or alive.

He himself transformed into a great roc; wielding the demon sword, he split apart the Pill Emperor Hall. Now that he thought about it, everything seemed as fleeting as a passing dream.

With the snap of the fingers, three years passed in the twinkling of an eye. Right now, he had already united the 'hidden' Azure Factions and was restructuring them with Fairy Qingmei's assistance. He now had a power to call his own, with countless experts at his beck and call.

As for his other body, the great roc, after sending him to Ginkou, the great roc returned back to the demonic regions near the Demon Continent and continued to wage war, conquering the other demon emperors of the other region, in preparation for an all-out earth-shattering and heaven-shaking war in Grand Xia.

And now, he came to Ginkou once more, standing outside the ancient kingdom.

Right at this moment, a terrifying aura emanated from the middle of the ancient kingdom, permeating the entire region.

“The Vermilion Bird Formation is activated, quickly leave!” Someone shouted, as the other visitors all retreated. The dangerous aura soon enveloped the entire space, including Qin Wentian within. After which, the Purgatory Constellation appeared overhead as the astral light it cascaded fell on Qin Wentian.

“Yiyiyaya!”

A light and familiar voice echoed in his head. Qin Wentian’s gaze flickered, only to see a white blur of shadows dashing over and jumping into his hug.

“Little Rascal!”

Qin Wentian smiled. He didn’t expect that even after he disguised his facial features, Little Rascal would still know that it was him.

“Bzzz!” A warm current of air blew on his body. Qin Wentian stared ahead only to see the faint shadow of a Vermilion Bird flying over, before hovering in spirals above him, while letting out shrieks of joyfulness.

“Purgatory!” Qin Wentian’s heart trembled. Hadn’t the Purgatory Vermilion Bird already transformed into the true soul of the formation world?

But there was no mistake, that bird flying in the air was that Purgatory Vermilion Bird which he had obtained back then in the

trials of the Heavenly Fate ranking battles.

“Little Rascal,” a melodious voice drifted over. Qin Wentian glanced in that direction as he saw a beautiful lady clad in red. The contours of her body were further accentuated by her clothing, as well as that charm in her eyes; it was sufficient to move the souls of those who were looking in them.

Luo Huan stared at Little Rascal, as well as the faint shadow of the Vermilion Bird crowding around the young man, in bewilderment. Moments later, a bright light flashed in her eyes as she probed, “Are you junior brother?”

Based on Luo Huan’s understanding of Little Rascal, it would definitely not be so close to a random stranger unless that stranger was a female. Based on the horny nature of that puppy, other than Qin Wentian, it wouldn’t allow any other males to touch it.

A warm light flickered in Qin Wentian’s eyes as he looked at Luo Huan. Senior Sister Luo Huan had always been intelligent; it was impossible to hide things like this from her.

Naturally, he had complete trust in this senior sister of his.

“Senior Sister,” Qin Wentian called out, the corners of his lips curled into a smile as his facial features rearranged themselves and returned to his original look. The glow in Luo Huan’s eyes brightened. She then stuck her hands on her hips and laughed gaily, “You finally remember to come for this senior sister of yours?”

Qin Wentian walked up, glancing at her beautiful figure before embracing her into a hug. “Sis, how are you and teacher faring here? It has already been almost three years.”

“Tormented by utter boredom. Luckily, Little Rascal is here to accompany us, filling our days of boring cultivation with laughter with its antics. What about you? Why are you here so fast? Even if you are in disguise, you have to be careful in Ginkou. Currently there are many transcendent powers here.”

“Don’t worry about it. After the news of our departure was leaked, the various transcendent powers long stopped paying attention to their monitoring of this place.” Qin Wentian and Luo Huan continued walking, when suddenly another figure appeared before him.

Qin Wentian had a smile on his face. Mustang was similarly moved when he saw Qin Wentian. “Wentian, seeing that you are fine, I can put my worries to rest now.”

“Teacher.” Warm currents flowed in Qin Wentian’s heart. Mustang pulled his hand as he continued, “Come sit down, tell Teacher about your experiences and the changes in Grand Xia.”

“It’s a long story.” Qin Wentian sat down as he sighed and informed Mustang and Luo Huan about everything that happened, including Mo Qingcheng’s unknown fate and the fact regarding the unification of the Azure Faction, his words causing a myriad of expressions to flash upon their faces.

After the story concluded, the smiles on their faces became looks of worry and sorrow instead.

“Qingcheng is a good girl, I hope nothing happens to her.” Mustang’s eyes reddened slightly. Back then, in the Emperor Star Academy, Old Gu was the maternal grandfather of Mo Qingcheng, while he himself was Old Gu’s disciple. Of course Mustang was extremely supportive of the relationship between his own student with Mo Qingcheng. Yet he never expected such an ending.

“I hope so too...” Qin Wentian murmured.

“Wentian, in these two years, we actually prepared a surprise for you.” At this moment, Luo Huan suddenly erupted into laughter, as though she wanted to intentionally shift the topic aside, in case Qin Wentian might be hurt from recalling the bad memories.

Qin Wentian naturally understood Luo Huan’s intentions; he also smiled and asked, “What surprise?”

“Little Rascal, show him.” Luo Huan turned her gaze onto Little Rascal. Little Rascal let out a torrent of excited barks as it jumped out of Qin Wentian’s hold, rushing out of it to a location directly under the Purgatory Constellation. An expression of satisfaction appeared on its face as it lifted its head before opening its mouth and deeply inhaling.

Instantly, above the air, the astral light emanating forth from the constellation all transformed into a thick strand of light that

flowed into Little Rascal's mouth. And very swiftly, that majestic constellation dimmed, as the light was endlessly devoured into Little Rascal's stomach.

Even the true soul of the formation world was sucked in.

Gradually, Little Rascal's body underwent a transformation. It grew large in size as the wings of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird appeared on its back. Golden runes appeared on its forehead. It seemed as though it had fused together as one with the Vermilion Bird's true soul. It continued devouring the constellation at a frantic speed, appearing as though it even wanted to swallow up the entire sky.

"This..." Qin Wentian was flabbergasted upon seeing this. He had always felt that Little Rascal was extraordinary. Was the reason why it didn't want to leave the formation world back then because of this?

It could actually devour constellations?!

AGM 441 – Little Rascal's Innate Ability

“Enough, enough. If you continue devouring, the formation world will be all gone,” Luo Huan scolded before Little Rascal stopped. Turning its head, it walked up swaggeringly to Qin Wentian as a series of excited yips and yaps rang out in Qin Wentian's mind.

Under the stunned gaze of Qin Wentian, Little Rascal's eyes flickered with a burning fire. Spreading its wings proudly, it rubbed its head against Qin Wentian.

“Little Rascal, you fused with Purgatory?” Qin Wentian asked in astonishment.

“Yiyi!” The flame in Little Rascal's eyes faded, transforming back into normal as it unceasingly nodded its head. Qin Wentian could only smile bitterly and shook his head, even now he didn't know what kind of demonic beast Little Rascal was.

“With your current cultivation, you should already be quite strong right? Why can't you speak properly nor take human form yet?” Qin Wentian asked in confusion. Earlier he hadn't noticed Little Rascal's cultivation, but at the moment when it devoured the constellation, Qin Wentian could clearly feel an aura belonging to Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns emanating forth from it.

Unknowingly, that little pervert of a dog already became this strong.

After hearing the words of Qin Wentian, an expression of shrugging flashed on Little Rascal's face, as though it was unhappy about something. Sounds of yiyi yaya rang out again as though it was trying to explain, yet the words it mumbled were all unintelligible.

Looking at the adorable face of Little Rascal, Qin Wentian suddenly had a notion flashing through his head. Could it be that even at Heavenly Dipper, Little Rascal was still considered a juvenile?

If that's the case, at what cultivation realm would it be considered an adult?

"Quickly grow up." Qin Wentian sliced open the surface of his palms as a trickle of blood appeared. "Back then the reason you followed me, was it because the qi emanated from my bloodline had attracted you?"

This wasn't the first time Qin Wentian fed his blood to Little Rascal. He also knew that he himself possessed the blood of a supreme demon, hence, he couldn't help but ask.

Little Rascal heavily nodded its head, indicating that Qin Wentian's conjecture was right. If not for this, how could the lusty little puppy follow a male around? Fatty Fan Le was a very good example; he was coldly rebuffed by it whenever he tried to hug it.

An extremely fearsome aura emanated from Qin Wentian's vibrant drop of blood. Now that his bloodline had been somewhat

awakened, the might hidden within it, naturally, had also been unlocked to a certain extent. Little Rascal wagged its tail and opened its mouth, allowing the drop of blood to drip into it. Initially, when Qin Wentian wanted to feed it with his blood, Little Rascal was actually unwilling to do so. But right now, it had already accepted this as a way for it to faster mature.

A while later, after Little Rascal was satiated, it immediately zoomed back into Luo Huan's embrace and fell asleep. Qin Wentian could only roll his eyes at Little Rascal. What a lazy bum, it sure knew how to enjoy life.

“Senior Sister, when did Little Rascal become capable of devouring constellations?” Qin Wentian asked in curiosity.

“Before you guys departed, it could already devour a little. You don't know how many times it had almost devoured the entire formation in these past two years. Luckily, we force it to spit it back out.” Luo Huan was also stunned into speechlessness when she witnessed Little Rascal's capabilities back then.

“So powerful?” Qin Wentian was shocked.

“Yeah, not only that, it could also swallow the constellation manifested by the Vermilion Bird Formation to strengthen itself. This was how it broke through to Heavenly Dipper. And if it wasn't for us fearing for our lives without the protection of the formation, I think it would have long devoured the entire formation into its stomach.” Luo Huan rubbed Little Rascal's tummy as she replied in a doting voice. Throughout these two years, the relationship between her and Little Rascal had grown

exceedingly close.

“Not only that, it even has an innate ability that seemed to be from inherited memories.” Mustang who was standing by the side also laughed. Qin Wentian’s eyes brightened; he knew that some extremely powerful demonic beasts had inborn techniques that they would naturally learn after they grew up.

“What innate ability?”

“Not that powerful, but I shan’t tell you. Wait for Little Rascal to display it for you.” Luo Huan giggled, further whetting his curiosity.

The three of them sat down and continued chatting. It had been a long long time since Qin Wentian was able to relax like this. Little Rascal slept for a long time before it lazily opened an eyelid, instantly leaping from Luo Huan’s embrace to Qin Wentian’s as it woke up.

“Come, show me your innate ability.” Qin Wentian rubbed Little Rascal’s head.

Little Rascal blinked, turning to glance at Luo Huan before it leapt into the air, soaring into the sky.

Spreading its crimson wings, Little Rascal let out a soft bark. Momentarily, its body underwent a transformation as a Purgatory Vermilion Bird appeared from where Little Rascal was. This

Purgatory Vermilion Bird was the exact same one as Qin Wentian remembered. This scenario made Qin Wentian stand up, as he stared up in the sky.

The gentleness and warmth in the eyes of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird couldn't be fake, it was obviously the Purgatory who had sacrificed itself for him back then. After some moments, Little Rascal let out another bark as it transformed into an extremely terrifying looking demonic beast that exuded a murderous, baleful aura. This was Qin Wentian's third Astral Soul, the Demon Sovereign.

“Metamorphosis.” Qin Wentian mumbled.

“Yeah, Little Rascal's innate ability is Metamorphosis. However, it cannot increase its combat strength nor acquire the innate ability of other demonic beasts it transforms into. An example, although it could take the form of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, it had no way to use the flames of purgatory to burn enemies,” Luo Huan explained. But even so, she still felt extremely astounded by it. She had never met a demonic beast like Little Rascal before.

“Teacher, Senior Sister, there's no need for you guys to remain trapped here in the formation world. I've already commanded someone to come and pick you up. You guys wait for my return in the Celestial Lake Palace first.” Qin Wentian gazed at Mustang and Luo Huan. The two of them didn't feel surprised by Qin Wentian's words; they already knew of Qin Wentian's secret, that his other body, the form of the great roc, was situated in the Celestial Lake Palace. Naturally, he could issue his commands over there, informing people to come pick them up.

“Little Rascal, after Teacher and Senior Sister leave here. You stay here and silently devour the rest of the formation. But don’t digest it, I don’t want Purgatory (vermilion bird) to disappear.” Qin Wentian stared at the sky. Little Rascal turned back into the form of the Vermilion Bird, perching on Qin Wentian’s shoulder. Qin Wentian smiled at it; he knew his voice would be able to reach the real Purgatory Vermilion Bird, “I promise you, I will find a way for you to come back.”

A few days later, a few visitors ‘accidentally’ stepped into the formation world yet nothing happened to them. This didn’t attract too much attention, after all the external world all already knew of Qin Wentian’s departure from there. They couldn’t be bothered to continue monitoring it.

These visitors then transformed into demonic beasts before fetching Mustang and Luo Huan away. Evidently, their true forms were demons, and although nobody was supposed to be monitoring the area, it was still better to be more cautious. The great roc personally led the way, and only until they were above the clouds, outside the airspace of Ginkou, did Qin Wentian finally relax.

As for Little Rascal, it stayed behind with Qin Wentian in the Ginkou Continent.

This very night, the Vermilion Bird Formation covering the ancient kingdom totally vanished into nothingness. The next morning, this news caused such a commotion that representatives from the various transcendent powers personally went down to

inspect the site, trying to find the reason for the disappearance of the Vermilion Bird Formation. Naturally, they also wanted to scour the place to look for hints to see if there's still any secret arts hidden within the ancient kingdom.

However, there was nothing remaining save for historical ruins.

And right now, in the midst of the ruins of the ancient kingdom, there was one young man that stood out from the crowd. He was handsome and projected an extraordinary demeanor, with a pair of bright eyes and sword-angled eyebrows, emanating a sense of sharpness.

But what really drew the focus of others weren't his looks. There were too many extraordinary young men from the various transcendent powers in Ginkou. What made him conspicuous was the mount he was riding on instead.

At this moment, this young man stood in the air, standing upon the back of a primordial great roc.

This great roc was about a few hundred metres in size. It's talons were like hooks while lightning flashed in its eyes. Hovering in the air, a tyrannical aura emanated forth from it like it was the sovereign of the sky.

Upon seeing this great roc, people couldn't help but think of the battle between Qin Wentian and the Pill Emperor Hall in the Moon Continent.

Qin Wentian transformed into a primordial great roc, destroying the Pill Emperor Hall while wielding the demon sword.

And now, in Ginkou, another great roc actually appeared. Although this great roc wasn't as large as the one Qin Wentian transformed into, how could it not attract the attention of others?

And in addition, this great roc was actually used by that young man as a mount? Who was that young man exactly?

A group of silhouettes stared at the great roc as well as at Qin Wentian with sharpness in their gazes, while a cold intent radiated forth from them.

These people were none other than the experts in the Great Solar Chen Clan. Upon seeing this great roc, they were involuntarily reminded of Qin Wentian. Back then Qin Wentian, who transformed into a great roc during the battle with the Pill Emperor Hall, not only destroyed the Hall, he even slayed many of the Chen Clan's members.

“SCRAM!”

A middle-aged man, whose eyes shone like torches, exuded a scorching heat as he stared at the young man on the great roc. A son of this man was killed by Qin Wentian, for no other reason than being in the Pill Emperor Hall to spectate the marriage selection. Now that a great roc was in front of him, the hatred in his heart bubbled up again.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto the middle-aged man. From a single glance, he could tell that this middle-aged man had a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper, the others around him were also all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. From the number of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns the Great Solar Chen Clan could afford to send out to Ginkou shows how deeply rooted they were and the strong foundations they had. In the Great Solar Chen Clan, experts were as common as the clouds.

“Are you talking to me?” Qin Wentian’s eyes bored down on the middle-aged man, while coldly laughing in his heart. Noting the fury in the man’s eyes, as well as the scorching heat he was exuding, he knew that the middle-aged man had already activated the Great Solar Universe Art.

“Take the great roc away from him.” Seeing how Qin Wentian dared to talk back, a glint of coldness flashed in his eyes. As the sound of his voice faded, the auras of his companions all blasted forth.

No matter what identity this young man had, in front of their Great Solar Chen Clan, all others, be they a prince or a beggar, had no difference in their eyes. By asking the young man to scram, the middle-aged man already had intentions of snatching away the great roc for himself!

AGM 442 – Displaying Prominence Again

The Primordial Sky Sovereign Roc was rumored to be one of the eight ancient demonic divinities in legends. Spreading its wings, it could cross three thousand miles in a single breath, its flapping wings contained enough force to affect the sun and moon and could even destroy a constellation.

A great roc was extremely rare, and back then in the Pill Emperor Hall when Qin Wentian transformed into one, he too had exhibited a tyrannical strength.

And now...in Ginkou, yet another great roc showed itself, and not only that, this great roc seemed to still be in its infancy phase, and didn't seem to be that strong. How could people not covet it?

At this moment, that middle-aged man from the Great Solar Chen Clan was thinking, this trip to the ancient kingdom yielded no rewards, but acquiring a great roc as a pet could be considered as a pleasant surprise. Even though the young man before him might have an usual identity, so what of it? If that young man died, that young man died. As simple as that.

In the perspective of Grand Xia, there weren't many powers that their Great Solar Chen Clan couldn't afford to antagonise. Those that they couldn't afford to could be counted on a single hand.

“Just me talking to you gives you the right to kill me and snatch away my demonic beast? Is this how someone from the Great Solar Chen Clan behaves?” Qin Wentian laughed coldly as he stared at

the middle-aged man. He calmly stood with his arms crossed in front of his chest, as though despite them being in a group, he had no fear of their superiority in numbers.

“Who asked you to overestimate yourself?” The middle-aged man waved his palms, signalling his clan members to surround Qin Wentian.

“HAHAHA...” At this moment, a straightforward-sounding laughter echoed out. A man could be seen laughing uproariously, “As expected of the Great Solar Chen Clan, indeed, their members are still as brash and arrogant as ever. Let me ask you, if there comes a day where your Great Solar Chen Clan falls, you will be naught but like rats on a street, trampled by all in Grand Xia. You guys best pray that the Great Solar Chen Clan stay powerful forever.”

As the sound of the laugh faded away, a young man in a violet robe appeared. Purple lightning crackled around him, giving him a sense of imposingness. This man was rather young, about twenty-six to twenty-seven. His cultivation was pretty outstanding; it was rare to see someone this young with a cultivation base at the second level of Heavenly Dipper.

Beside him, there were also a few other characters from the younger generation, and behind him were a group of powerful experts. The three in the lead seemed to be all of similar ages, yet their demeanors were extraordinary, causing the crowd to involuntarily sigh in admiration when they gazed upon them.

The young men were all legendary characters on the Heavenly

Fate Rankings almost three years ago. That violet robed young man was none other than Ouyang Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, while the rest of the people were all good friends of his. The fatty in white with a shameless smile was none other than Fan Le, and that young man with a sturdy and muscular build, was Chu Mang. Currently, they had all become many times more powerful compared to before.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng.” The middle-aged man from the Chen Clan glanced over as a fiery heat gushed out from him.

“You wish to interfere in this?” That middle-aged man coldly asked.

“If you can snatch away the demonic beasts of others, does that mean that I can do the same to you after you’ve done so?” Ouyang Kuangsheng smiled with disdain on his face. The experts behind him outnumbered those from the Chen Clan. Now that Ouyang Kuangsheng had arrived in Ginkou, how could the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan relax and not send more guards to guard him? This place was the territory of the Chen Clan after all.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, you seem to be having fun.” The sound of cold laughter rang out as another group of figures walked over. These people radiated a sharpness akin to divine weapons; they were none other than experts from the Wang Clan of the War Continent.

Now, the wind and clouds gathered in Ginkou once more. The various transcendent powers brought along plenty of their experts; their number far exceeding when compared to the ranking battle

three years ago. Especially after the clash of the five transcendent powers, the various transcendent powers could feel a sense of change in the air, hence it was naturally better for them to be well prepared.

“I’m just walking around randomly. What do you mean by I’m having fun?” Ouyang Kuangsheng glanced at the person from the Wang Clan who spoke. Recently, the Wang Clan and Great Solar Chen Clan seemed to have formed an alliance of sorts. Now that they were here, they might join forces and form an alliance.

Initially, the Great Solar Chen Clan already had a connection with the Hua Clan because of that great battle between the five transcendent powers earlier. Now that the Wang Clan joined their alliance, their power undoubtedly would be even more terrifying than before.

The Chen Clan and Hua Clan were both part of the nine Grand Clans of Grand Xia. Also, even after so many years, they were ranked among the top when comparing the thirty-six transcendent powers.

While the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Jiang Clan and Mystic Moon Sect alliance was obviously weaker than the alliance of the Chen, Wang and Hua Clan

“Isn’t it just a demonic beast? If the Chen Clan wants it, it shall belong to them. And seeing how your Ouyang Aristocrat Clan interferes, if that isn’t you having fun, what is it?” The person from Wang Clan laughed mockingly. They naturally had no good intent towards Ouyang Kuangsheng. The Wang Clan always had a

grudge with Qin Wentian ever since the beginning. And in the Sword Reverence City, the majority of the members of Wang Clan who went there had been totally annihilated. Even one of the chosen of their clan, Wang Jue, had also died underneath the demon sword wielded by Qin Wentian.

For the marriage selection event in the Pill Emperor Hall, the Wang Clan suffered grievous losses yet again. Their hatred for Qin Wentian had already seeped into their bones. Thank the gods that Qin Wentian had gone missing, maybe he was already dead. But Ouyang Kuangsheng and a few others kept on opposing those who were enemies with Qin Wentian.

Right now, it was as though the transcendent powers in Grand Xia had been divided into two camps because of Qin Wentian.

“Just a demonic beast?” Qin Wentian had a cold smile on his face. This person from Wang Clan was one to talk.

Upon hearing the cold laughing tone in Qin Wentian’s voice, the man from the Wang Clan shifted his gaze onto him, with a trace of ridicule in his eyes as he stared at Qin Wentian. “Could it be that you think I’ve said the wrong thing?”

“I’m laughing because the Wang Clan only knows how to brag, and knows nothing but seeking humiliation for your clan.” Qin Wentian calmly stood upon the great roc with his arms crossed in front of his chest. His arrogant words caused glints of sharpness to flicker in the eyes of the Wang Clan as their killing intent soared up. It was one thing if Ouyang Kuangsheng said this to them. But for a random cultivator who had no backing whatsoever also dared

to be this audacious?

“As of now, who doesn’t know what happened to the Wang Clan in the Sword Reverence City, as well as the marriage selection event at the Pill Emperor Hall? Wasn’t it precisely a cultivator who transformed into a great roc that slayed the members of your pathetic clan? Wang Clan, a transcendent power? A transcendent power my foot. They had no way to defend, and they didn’t even have the courage to face the great roc in a fight. It seems like the pain from the scars left behind from those two events have already faded.”

It was as if Qin Wentian hadn’t felt the killing intent directed at him. He directly smacked their faces once more, giving no regards to the murderous looks trained on him. Naturally, everybody understood that the great roc he was talking about was none other than Qin Wentian.

“You think that merely having a great roc makes your strength equivalent to Qin Wentian back then? What arrogance, you must not know how the word ‘death’ is written.” The person from Wang Clan had no intentions to mask his threats.

“I don’t think I’m comparable to him. But at the very least, compared to a bunch of idiots who only knows how to use their ancestor’s name to brag, I, Di, look down upon you.” Qin Wentian coldly continued, “Back then, Qin Wentian’s name shook the entire Grand Xia when he was in the ancient kingdom, surviving even though besieged by countless enemies. Who would have thought I, Di Tian, would also face the exact same shameless people ganging up on me.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the great roc flew over and perched atop a stone pillar, gazing down on those from the Chen Clan and Wang Clan below.

“My, Di’s, cultivation base is at the second level of Heavenly Dipper. If the Great Solar Chen Clan and Wang Clan still has the slightest bit of pride as a transcendent power, you can choose anyone with the same cultivation base as me to fight me. If I die, it means that I’m useless, and you can bring this great roc away. But, of course, if you guys are too used to ganging up on others, I, Di Tian, have no issues regarding this at well.

Even before they could act, Qin Wentian’s voice already echoed in all eight directions, resounding out clearly in the air. Moments later, the expressions on the faces of the Chen and Wang Clan all grew extremely unsightly.

This young man was exceptionally intelligent and seized the initiative, acting before them. After announcing to the crowd, if they ganged up and killed him, seizing his great roc away, their actions would besmirch and destroy the reputation of their esteemed clans.

“I, Ouyang, am also interested to see how strong the experts of the Wang and Chen Clan are. As a transcendent power, members of the generation from your esteemed clans would naturally be extraordinary and able to defeat cultivators on the same level with ease.” Ouyang Kuangsheng smiled, as he glanced at the middle-aged man.

Those from the Chen and Wang Clan exchange glances before the middle-aged man from the Chen Clan laughed, “Since our Chen Clan are the ones showing interest in this great roc, we might as well be the first to start this mini-competition. Chen Yuan, go show him what you are capable of.”

Obviously, the Chen Clan didn’t want this great roc to land in the possession of another.

Chen Yuan was around fifty years of age this year, yet he looked to be no older than thirty plus. He had a cultivation base at the second level of Heavenly Dipper and had already stabilised his foundation at this level for several years. As someone of the direct line of descent, he was eligible to cultivate the Great Solar Universe Art and was pretty strong in combat.

Although they had no idea who Qin Wentian was, just based on Chen Yuan’s overwhelming strength, it was more than sufficient to slay this young upstart.

Chen Yuan stepped out as a blazing heat permeated the atmosphere. An Astral Nova, in the form of a crimson-colored being that had flames wreathed around its body, manifested, as the temperature around him soared higher in intensity.

“Go!” A moment later, that Astral Nova whistled through the air, flying towards Qin Wentian. The flame-being waved its hand in mid air, hurling balls of fire, as a fearsome heat directly bore down onto Qin Wentian wanting to burn him into cinders.

“Bzzz!” The terrifying flames enveloped his body. However, the spectators only saw Qin Wentian calmly standing there, motionlessly, allowing the flames to burn as they wished, giving no regards to the terrifying temperature.

Taking a step forward, Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered as a burst of astral light flooded the area before he reappeared right in front of Chen Yuan’s Astral Nova. With no hesitation, he directly blasted his palm outwards, imbued by the will of his Mandate.

Chen Yuan sneered; his Astral Nova was formed after countless sessions of refinements by his Great Solar flames and was stable beyond most cultivators at his level, and it was even sturdier compared to most divine armors. Yet this young man wanted to face it unarmed?

With a wave of his hands, the legendary fearsome Flames of Qiankun blazed out from Chen Yuan’s Astral Nova, as it flowed freely like liquid magma, wanting to burn through Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian had a dark smile upon his face as he continued blasting his palm outwards, slamming right into Chen Yuan’s Astral Nova. An instant later, a resounding boom echoed out as that Astral Nova exploded into fragments!

“URGHH!” Chen Yuan spat out a mouthful of blood. He received a terrible injury from the damage his Astral Nova took.

At this moment, fearing for his life, he instantly retreated with explosive speed.

Qin Wentian advanced, incomparably confident and at ease. He instantly arrived before Chen Yuan, with a smile like a grim reaper etched on his face. Lifting his palm, he smashed out once more. Chen Yuan hurriedly gathered his strength, his defence, only to find that it was as though his opponent's palms were imbued with an endless force.

“BOOM!” The sound of an ancient bell echoing caused his heart to shudder. His face was a mask of terror as he looked at the devilish smile on Qin Wentian's face. Yet, even before he could say anything, his heart had already ruptured from an unknown pressure. As the light from Chen Yuan's eyes faded, Qin Wentian directly stripped him of his interspatial ring, giving no face to the members of the Chen Clan present. His silhouette then flickered as he reappeared on the back of the great roc, nodding his head politely at the middle-aged man from the Chen Clan.

“I shall keep his interspatial ring as a souvenir of my victory. If the Chen Clan or Wang Clan still wishes to continue the battle, I'm all for it.” Qin Wentian smiled at the crowd, yet the eyes of those who gazed at him were now filled with alarm as well as trepidation. Chen Yuan wasn't weak, yet he was effortlessly defeated. One could see for themselves how powerful the young man standing before them was.

AGM 443 – Bloodcurse Imprint

The members of the Chen and Wang Clan exchanged gazes. With this level of combat prowess, this young man in front of them shouldn't be someone who's unknown in Grand Xia.

“Who is your teacher?” The middle-aged man from Chen Clan coldly inquired.

“My teacher is someone that stays in the mountains. I can only bow my head in regret, I, Di, am too useless. I didn't even manage to learn 0.01% of my teacher's true ability, hence I'm ashamed of myself and I am unwilling to divulge his name to the public.” At this moment, Qin Wentian adopted his earlier posture with his arms crossed in front of his chest. But because he proved that he could defeat Chen Yuan almost effortlessly, this young man must definitely have an extraordinary background.

Grand Xia took up an extremely vast space, and experts were as common as clouds. Other than the transcendent powers, there were also many powerful hidden cultivators that weren't willing to show themselves in public. In fact, for some Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, they might be in seclusion or might have even left Grand Xia in order to advance further along their cultivation paths.

But despite so, by saying that his master was one of the hidden experts, there wasn't anything strange about it.

An example was Mu Feng, he was the disciple of the Poison

Monarch. The Poison Monarch wasn't from any of the transcendent powers yet nobody in Grand Xia would dare to antagonise and make an enemy out of him. The disciples under him were all experts in the art of poison, but even when the various transcendent powers showed interest to recruit them, they had almost no chance to succeed.

“Oh is that so? In that case I really want to see who your teacher is exactly.” The middle-aged man from the Chen Clan waved his hands and at the same time, a group of experts stepped out, trapping Qin Wentian within a circle. The energy from their aura joined together, forming into a terrifying pressure that pressed down on Qin Wentian.

Although there were many hidden cultivators in Grand Xia, those truly powerful ones had certain traits in their attacks or were made famous by the use of certain innate techniques that belonged solely to them. Mu Feng was one good example. As long as they could force Qin Wentian to show his signature attacks, they would have a rough idea who his teacher was.

But of course, the actual reason for the Chen Clan surrounding Qin Wentian, wasn't it because they knew that they couldn't matched him one on one? They were naturally afraid of the loss of face and prestige hence they decided to intentionally find an excuse to deal with him together.

Qin Wentian stood atop the great roc, staring down at all of them with disdain in his eyes. A total of five cultivators with their cultivation bases at the second level of Heavenly Dipper moved towards him simultaneously, as the killing intent generated from

them blasted into him.

“BOOOM!” An overwhelming force pressed down, Qin Wentian felt as though there were two mountains weighing down on his shoulders. One among the five waved his hands and a moment later, a miniature mountain appeared in his palms. This was actually a condensed Astral Nova that concentrated his power within, making it easier for him to fight in close combat.

The eyes of another one of the attackers glowed with an eerie light, as a ghostly flame flickered within it.

And as for another of the five attackers, the space trembled the moment he stepped out. A will of a Mandate with the attribute of absolute destruction gushed out, boring down onto Qin Wentian, so heavy that he felt he couldn't breathe.

The five Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns all advanced at the same time. One could very well imagine how powerful their joint attacks would be.

Yet Qin Wentian still had that casual, unconcerned smile on his face. He stared at the oncoming attackers with no fluctuation to his expression.

“BOOOM!”

Only to see a fiery Skyfire Palm Astral Nova slamming towards him. At the same time, an immense gravity pressed down on him

as manifested mountains fell from the sky to the ground like a meteorite slamming down from the heavens. If he was hit by any, death was a certainty.

The five sovereigns all unleashed their respective techniques. A fire dragon danced in the air, fiery palm shadows covered the skies, in addition to that mountain-type Astral Nova hovering in the air. In just an instant, Qin Wentian was thrust into a violent chaotic current. If he wasn't careful, he might be destroyed at any moment.

Qin Wentian still had that smile on his face when he finally stepped out. It appeared as though...he was actually walking leisurely, narrowly avoiding the falling meteors from the sky with great precision by virtue of his powerful perception.

Soaring into the air, he lightly clenched his fist as he called upon the power of his bloodline. The next moment, the power of his blood started to ignite, cloaking him within a halo of radiant light.

As the fiery palm imprints and meteors hurled down towards him, Qin Wentian directly punched out. His will of the Mandate of Force imbued his punches, the force within them containing an attribute of vibration. His left punch slammed into the fiery palm imprints while his right punch directly smashed into the mountain-type Astral Nova.

A splintering sound echoed, as cracks appeared on the mountain-type Astral Nova. The sounds continued as the cracks lengthened further, the owner of that Astral Nova coughed out blood as his countenance turned bloodlessly pale, trying to retract his Astral

Nova.

Qin Wentian glanced at him, as though ridiculing him for his foolish attacks. Earlier, he had already shattered Chen Yuan's Astral Nova as a warning and to show his strength. Yet this man actually still dared to use an Astral Nova against him? Doesn't that mean that he's seeking his own death?

“Bang...”

Qin Wentian increased his strength, that mountain-type Astral Nova directly shattered into powder. That person stared in incredulous disbelief as his body convulsed, wracked with spasms of pain. An Astral Nova being forcibly destroyed by punches? How terrifying was such an attack strength?

Currently, Qin Wentian's insights into the Mandates of both Force and Demonification were no longer at the Initial Boundary of the second level but had already reached the Advanced Boundary instead. How terrifying was his strength when he used both in conjunction? Also, in addition to the augmentation of his bloodline, the explosiveness gained upon the ignition of his blood allowed him to jump levels.

Let alone the fact that Qin Wentian's Yuanfu didn't contain Astral Energy but purified and refined Divine Energy instead. Even if he used the most ordinary of all attacks, the strength behind them would also be domineering to the extent that not even a third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign could withstand it.

At the instant Qin Wentian shattered the Astral Novas, the attacks from the other sovereigns landed. Yet Qin Wentian seemed as unhurried as before. With a horizontal slash of his sword fingers, an overwhelming sword intent swept over everything, lacerating them into nothingness.

“We mustn’t use our Astral Novas in attacks anymore.” A similar notion appeared in the minds of the remaining attackers, they feared that their Astral Novas might be shattered as well.

“Great Solar Illumination Technique!” One of the attackers roared in rage. An instant later, the five sovereigns occupied their positions forming a five-sided pentagon as the Great Solar energies within them surged and transformed into resplendent dazzling light that lit up the entire space. Five sharp beams of light immediately shot towards Qin Wentian. They wanted to incinerate him where he stood.

Qin Wentian coldly snorted as he used Stellar Transposition. He then thrust his palms forwards at the attacker whose Astral Nova had been shattered. A golden claw coalesced from astral energy as it clutched tightly, grabbing hold of that second level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.

“Exterminate”

Qin Wentian coldly spat out as his golden claw crushed the head of the attacker with overwhelming force, leaving only four remaining. The fear in their hearts shot up another notch as the Great Solar Energy within them burned even brighter. The radiance that emanated from them was extremely blinding, the

intensity of the scorching heat around them surged up as well. They dashed towards Qin Wentian, wanting to use the terrifying heat to bake him alive.

Feeling that blazing heat, it felt as though he was slowly being cooked alive. The waves of heat channelled directly into his body, intending on devastating his energy channels and meridians.

Yet at this moment, the blood within him surged even more frantically, as two drops of vibrant blood dripped into his palms, immersing themselves within.

“BOOOM!”

Two imprints erupted forwards with the speed of lightning, slamming into two of the attackers. The speed of this attack was too swift to the extent that the Chen Clan’s members have no time to dodge. But somehow, for some reason, it seemed that the power behind this palm imprints was somewhat weak.

Yet during the moment the imprints collided into them, the two attackers that were struck, issued blood-curdling screams as their bodies began to corrode from the inside out at a speed visible to the naked eye. Their vitality was rapidly fading away, instantly turning into a pile of bones before falling from the air, slamming onto the ground.

The countenance of the two remaining attackers immediately paled, they immediately turned, trying to escape yet how could Qin Wentian stopped now? Another two drops of blood seeped into his

palms as the crimson-colored imprint slammed onto their backs. Their fates were just like the two cultivators earlier. An instant that felt as long as an eternity, led to an extremely agonising death.

Qin Wentian straightened his back, the ignition of his bloodline forced out the blistering flames from his body. The Great Solar Energy at that level wasn't sufficient to immolate him.

With a flash, Qin Wentian disappeared from his original location as he went to collect his spoils. How could the middle-aged man from Chen Clan stand for this? Wanting to loot the corpses of his Chen Clan's members after sending them to their deaths? He instantly dashed over, intending to stop Qin Wentian. Of course, Qin Wentian had already expected his interference. With a cold smile on his face, another drop of vibrant blood seeped into his palms as yet another crimson imprint blasted out towards the middle-aged man. The middle-aged man instantly paled, he knew how powerful the corroding effect of this imprint was, he immediately retreated with explosive speed, not daring to come into contact with it.

Qin Wentian had an expression of mockery on his face. With a wave of his hands, the interspatial rings of the five cultivators of the Chen Clan were collected.

His silhouette then flickered as he returned to the back of the great roc, casually standing there with his arms held behind his back, exuding an air of unexcelled superiority.

“This person is so powerful.” The crowd stared at Qin Wentian, marvelling at how easily he slayed five cultivators at the same level

as him. Not only were these five all of the direct line of descent, they were core members that were qualified to cultivate the Great Solar Universe Art! Yet, the young man on the great roc hadn't even seen the need to release his Astral Novas to deal with them.

A bright light flashed in the eyes of Ouyang Kuangsheng and the others, while the expressions on those from the Wang Clan quickly turned heavy and sinister. Evidently, they had misread the power level of this young man. His teacher for sure, must be an extraordinary character.

But of course, the one with the most ugly expressions on their faces were none other than the members of the Chen Clan. That middle aged man then inquired, "Was what you used, the Bloodcurse Imprint?"

The Bloodcurse Imprint was an ultimate art of Grand Xia that was already lost. Using blood as a sacrifice to manifest the curse imprint, instantly corroding the victim's body into a pile of bones. Although the way Qin Wentian executed the attack seemed somewhat different from the legends, it bore a great deal of similarity to what was described. The Bloodcurse Imprint was exceedingly difficult to master, the criteria regarding the cultivator's bloodline was of paramount importance.

"You have no need to know." Qin Wentian spoke in a detached tone.

"Excellent. You even dared to kill the members of my Chen Clan. No matter who your teacher may be, our Chen Clan will never spare you." That middle-aged man coldly remarked. As he spoke,

those beside him departed the area, obviously returning to inform the upper echelons of the Chen Clan regarding this news.

“I’ve long heard of the ‘sterling’ reputation of Chen Wang. Isn’t he the Mister Eternal Number Two who missed out on the position of the top ranker, obtaining second twice in six years, despite participating in it two times in a row? Sadly, now that he has already broken through to Heavenly Dipper, he is no longer eligible to participate in the upcoming ranking battle, there by ranking second once again. With his level of prowess, was he only good enough to stay inside the Chen Clan to teach the juniors?” Qin Wentian flicked his sleeves, as he descended onto a stone platform. The great roc hovered above him, its gaze too, boring down on that middle-aged man.

Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest also landed on the stone platform, causing the eyes of the other spectators to brighten with excitement. Seems like there would be a drama to watch today. This young man actually even dared to mock Chen Wang, stabbing his sore spot saying that he was Mister Eternal Number Two.

The news of this incident soon circulated as several experts belonging to powers such as the Shi Clan, Thousand-Jue Alliance, Hua Clan and others, all rushed to this place.

Once again, the wind and clouds gathered in Ginkou. But the main character this time around was someone nobody had ever heard of before. A young man surnamed Di and it was rumoured that the skill he was proficient in was none other than the Bloodcurse Imprint of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia!

AGM 444 – Eruption Of A Grand Battle

In the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia, the wind and clouds rose again as the members of the various transcendent powers once again congregated over there.

Currently in Ginkou, the date of the ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings was nearing. It was unknown how many heroes of the younger generation went there.

And it was not only the Great Solar Chen Clan, Shi Clan and Thousand-Jue Alliance that were already situated in Ginkou, the members of other transcendent powers like the Hua Clan, Star-Seizing Manor and the Sky Ember Sect all arrived as well.

Other than them, those transcendent-level powers as well as other major powers of the nine continents were also there.

At this moment, in the ancient kingdom the unceasing whistling of the wind continuously echoed out. For a moment, countless people felt bewildered, they had never imagined that that unknown young man surnamed Di, would be able to cause such a commotion.

However after some analysis, they all understood. The young man surnamed Di wasn't the focal point of this commotion. He was merely an excuse for the ignition of war. Currently among the transcendent powers, there had long been the trend of conflict in recent years. Any slight misstep might result in the eruption of a terrifying storm.

And right now in the ancient kingdom, not only the young man surnamed Di was present. The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was there as well, they had long been at loggerheads with the Chen Clan.

“So many experts are present, even people from the Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Wang Clan are present, those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan are also here. Even the Skydemon Sect, Beast King Hall of the Demon Continent as well as people from the Phoenix Cry Valley could be seen. Not only that, even those at the most remote corner of Grand Xia, the Nine Mystical Palace, Greencloud Pavilion, Misty Peak Sect? from the Qing Continent, also stopped by.”

The eyes of the crowd stared at the various transcendent powers as they felt a chill in their hearts. Previously, they also didn't expect so many experts from the various transcendent powers would show up here. Although the number of experts present here wasn't that many, in this current chaotic situation, just a single spark was sufficient to set off an explosion.

“Chen Wang has arrived.” At this moment, the gazes of the crowd glanced in the direction of the Chen Clan.

He wasn't here alone. Closely behind him, there was another extremely eye-catching individual with a terrifying aura. Although he looked young, that was merely his appearance. Everyone knew that this young man was an extremely dazzling figure in the Heavenly Fate Rankings three batches ago. Three batches meant almost nine years ago.

Nine years ago, he was the most dazzling character of the younger generation in the Chen Clan, [Chen Fan](#). He had obtained the second ranking in the Heavenly Fate Rankings back then and right now, his current cultivation base was already at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, and it goes without saying that he was extremely powerful in combat. Before Chen Wang broke through to Heavenly Dipper, he was the sole chosen of the younger generation members of the Chen Clan in the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Chen Fan (陈凡) → Chen is a surname, Fan can mean mundane/ordinary/mortal

He and Chen Wang, were the two candidates with the highest potential to be selected as the future leader of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Although his name was Chen Fan, he was nothing ordinary at all. Great Solar Light flashed in his eyes, like torches in the dark, capable of burning others with just a glance.

“Chen Fan, Chen Wang.”

As the middle-aged third level Heavenly Dipper from the Chen Clan noticed their approach, a hint of respect could be seen in his eyes. Although he was someone of the elder generation, the status these two young men held in the Chen Clan were extraordinary. They were both singled out to be nurtured, and if one of them broke through to the Celestial Phenomenon Realm in the future, they would become one of the leading figures in the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Both of them nodded slightly in acknowledgement before shifting their gazes onto Qin Wentian, their countenance incomparably sharp.

Chen Fan leisurely stepped out, as he soared into the skies with his eyes boring into Qin Wentian's.

“Is this the man that slayed the members of our Chen Clan?” Chen Fan coldly asked.

“It's him.” That middle-aged man from the Chen Clan replied. A moment later, Chen Fan continued soaring upwards, until he stood above Qin Wentian. It was as though he intentionally wanted to occupy the higher ground and could gaze down with disdain onto Qin Wentian.

Brilliant astral light flashed as a blazing sun-type Astral Nova manifested above his head. This Astral Nova was condensed from a sun-type Astral Soul that hails from the 5th Heavenly Layer, it possessed incomparable heat and every filament of the sun's rays it emanated had the power to inflict injuries. One could well imagine the terror opponents would face when this Astral Soul was condensed into an Astral Nova.

Only to see Chen Fan lifting up his foot before stepping down in the air. Instantly, that blazing sun Astral Nova cascaded the entirety of its rays downwards, piercing into Qin Wentian. A surge of stifling heat descended, the high temperature caused Qin Wentian's garments to be completely incinerated.

Qin Wentian's bloodline surged as a corona of light surrounded him. Only to see Chen Fan taking another step downwards once more as the endless light rays pushed through the corona of light, into his body. Qin Wentian's body felt as though it was about to be charred, the color of his skin turned a boiling red.

He lifted his head, staring at Chen Fan. The cultivation of this person was beyond him, someone at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, exceeding him by a total of three levels. His Astral Nova was also extremely terrifying with overwhelming destructive power. And considering the fact the he, was just like Chen Wang, a demon-level talent of the Great Solar Chen Clan, his combat prowess was beyond comparison.

The aura of Chen Fan continuously climbed upwards, yet at this moment, Chen Fan suddenly waved his hands and snorted, retracting his Astral Nova as he shook his head. "Unable to even withstand a single strike, you are not worthy of me killing you."

After speaking, he turned and returned to where the others from the Chen Clan were standing at. It wasn't that he couldn't kill Qin Wentian, but rather, since this young man challenged their Chen Clan, Chen Wang was enough to end his life. He disdained to stomp on the weak. And since this young man dared to kill the members of his Chen Clan in Ginkou, there was no way he would be able to walk out of here alive.

"Someone at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper bullying a person at the second level of Heavenly Dipper? The Chen Clan truly lives up to their reputation." Ouyang Kuangsheng stated with sarcasm, his words causing Chen Fan to turned his head back, shifting his

glance onto those from the Ouyang Clan. Consider Ouyang Kuangsheng lucky to be so well-guarded.

“I won’t make a move, Chen Wang alone will be enough. Could it be that you, Ouyang Kuangsheng, also wanna try him out?” Chen Fan coldly laughed. Ouyang Kuangsheng shook the dust of his robes before slowly walking out. “Sure, why not? Back then on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Chen Wang’s nickname was already known as the eternal number two. And now since we all already broke through to Heavenly Dipper, i’ve long been itching to fight it out with him.”

When he stepped out, Fan Le and Chu Mang did so as well. Evidently, despite what Ouyang Kuangsheng said, they were still worried for him.

Currently, Chen Wang’s cultivation base was also the second level of Heavenly Dipper. But Chen Wang had already spent a long amount of time at this level, his foundation should be incomparably stable, and should be quite difficult to deal with.

“Hmph, the experts of my Chen Clan who came here today can’t match your numbers.” Chen Fan glanced at the few of them as he disdainfully snorted. Naturally, he understood that if it was one on one, Chen Wang would have the advantage, but if fighting three or four against one, even Chen Wang wouldn’t be able to prevail. Not only that, these people were all good friends of Qin Wentian. Their combat prowess wasn’t weak, especially when they joint forces to complement each other, their strength would be even more terrifying.

After which, there were several experts stepping out that belonged to the Hua Clan. In the blink of an eye, the situation was reversed.

Yet at the same moment, the experts from the Jiang Clan of the Wind Continent also walked out, standing together with those from the Ouyang Clan.

“These powers wanted to make use of this opportunity to engage us? once more. But this time around, the Wang, Chen and Hua Clan were firmly in an alliance. In that case, the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan wouldn’t have any advantage. In fact, they would be the one sorely suppressed.” The hearts of the crowd mused, like what they speculated, the young name surnamed Di was just a primer, an excuse for them to start a war.

A moment later, the people from the Mystic Moon Sect also came by. The person in the lead was clad in black, and the moment she appeared, countless gazes filled with sharpness landed onto her. Bai Qing, the god of slaughter and darkness, she had assassinated many members of transcendent powers and was extremely dangerous, earning her the number one spot on the kill-on-sight list.

The transcendent powers formed a circle around this space, while the experts from each power stepped out once again.

The tempest back then was caused by Hua Taixu. But this time around, it was caused by the young man surnamed Di.

Terrifying Qiankun flames burst out of Chen Wang's body as his Astral Nova materialised. This time, he wanted all of these people to die.

“Let me deal with her first.” Chen Wang pointed to Bai Qing. His silhouette flickered, reappearing near Bai Qing, his palms seemed to have transformed into the palms of a magma giant, abruptly smashing forwards as the temperature around him surged to an incredible degree capable of burning humans into cinders.

Devil might rolled forth in waves from Bai Qing, even the sky changed colors as the dark clouds covered the sun. A terrifying devil sabre appeared in her hands, directly slashing out at the magma palms.

“Big Bro Chu Mang.” Fan Le called out. An instant later, astral bows appeared in both their hands as the arrows from them fired forth at the same instant at the speed of lightning, zooming towards Chen Wang.

However, the experts from the Hua and Wang Clan had already stormed over. Ouyang Kuangsheng as well as the other experts from the Jiang Clan stepped out, facing off against them as a chaotic battle instantly erupted. However Qin Wentian continued standing there just like before, it was as though everyone had already forgotten about him.

Currently, those that were embroiled in this battle were all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns with a cultivation base at the second and third level. First level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns weren't qualified, and those who were at the fourth level were all standing

aside and spectating the battle.

“I don’t have to time to wait here for him.” At this moment, a carefree laugh echoed from Qin Wentian. His silhouette flickered as he dashed into the circle of battle. The purplish lightning of Ouyang Kuangsheng filled the skies, the experts from the Wang Clan all had bodies akin to Divine Weapons, and the experts from the Hua Clan were proficient in a variety of powerful techniques.

“Be careful of that guy, he is skilled in the Bloodcurse Imprint.” Someone called out in warning upon seeing droplets of blood seeping into Qin Wentian’s palms transforming it into the color of blood.

However Qin Wentian moved about the battlefield like a phantom, only the blurriest of shadows could be seen flashing about. Every one of his palm strikes reduced the victims to mere piles of bones, there was even an expert from the Wang Clan who didn’t have any time to react. When he noticed Qin Wentian, an imprint was already slammed right into the centre of his forehead, stealing his vitality away.

“GO KILL HIM!” An expert from the Wang Clan shouted out a command. Momentarily, a person wielding a long spear clad in white armor stepped out. The aura of this person was at the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

“Wang Jian was an extremely powerful character among the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns in the Wang Clan. He was once ranked within the top ten in previous Heavenly Fate Rankings.

As Wang Jian approached, the spear he was carrying penetrated space and stabbed forth. Qin Wentian abruptly twisted his body, yet the spear was like a point of light, penetrating the void, directly aiming for the centre of his brows. That raging wind whistled by as the spear pierced past, causing the hearts of people to grow cold.

Qin Wentian punched out with his fist, his punches were naturally imbued with the will of his Mandates, and the attack strength forcibly shifted the trajectory of the spear aside. Yet considering how powerful Wang Jian was, how could his reaction be slow? With a spin of the spear and a side step, Qin Wentian faced another incoming attack, so fast that it resembled a streak of white lightning.

“Swish!” Qin Wentian explosively retreated yet at this moment, a middle-aged man from the Nine Mystical Palace waved his hands in a signal as the experts from there rushed out, directly moving towards Qin Wentian’s location. These people were all skilled in thunder and lightning, and for every punch they unleashed, the lightning might concentrated further until it turned into a bead of lightning zooming out, cutting off Qin Wentian’s path of retreat.

“Those from the Nine Mystical Palace have actually made their move? Do they want to join the alliance of the Great Solar Chen Clan as well?” The bead of lightning ruptured as purplish arcs of electricity flashed. At the same time, the white spear snaked forwards, stabbing into the screen of brilliant purple light, into the blurry silhouette of Qin Wentian!

AGM 445 – Outside Ginkou Continent

The fact that the Nine Mystical Palace would act, came as a surprise to many of the spectators. The Nine Mystical Palace was located in the most remote region, in the Qing Continent at the boundaries of Grand Xia, and they were ranked last out of the thirty-six transcendent powers. How could a transcendent power like them be comparable to the Great Solar Chen Clan or Ouyang Aristocrat Clan? Making a move at this exact moment indicates that there might be a deeper meaning behind their actions. Maybe they just wanted to join in and kill the young man surnamed Di. But their actions could also be interpreted as them wanting to stand against the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Naturally there was another possibility. They wanted to form an alliance with the Great Solar Chen Clan.

In the boundaries of Grand Xia, the enmity between the Nine Mystical Palace and the Greencloud Pavilion got increasingly deeper, resulting in the clashes and confrontation becoming more and more frequent. Maybe, this was the reason why the Nine Mystical Palace chose to stand with the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Right now, the experts from the Nine Mystical Palace all made their moves towards the young man surnamed Di at the same moment, sealing his path of retreat. In addition to that spear strike by Wang Jian, Qin Wentian was basically dead.

Qin Wentian could use Stellar Transposition to avoid it, but he didn't wished to reveal too many of the nine ultimate arts at this moment since his identity could be compromised.

This was also the reason why he only showed that he knew the Bloodcurse Imprint, this way it would cast less suspicion on his identity and background.

Lifting his palms, he abruptly grabbed hold of the spear. Wang Jian reacted instantly by channelling his astral energy into it, causing the tip of the spear to erupt with killing rays of spear light imbued by the will of his Mandate, wanting to devour everything.

Everything happened in an instant. Qin Wentian's palms turned crimson as a wave of destructive aura emanated forth. Instead of retreating, Qin Wentian pushed the spear aside and closed the distance between him and Wang Jian.

Wang Jian didn't even have the time to think, he could only react by reflex as he retreated with explosive speed. Even if his spear pierced into Qin Wentian's body, it might not rupture Qin Wentian's defense. But if Qin Wentian's blood-colored palm were to land on him, he would definitely die. Such a scenario wasn't what he was willing to see, hence, with no hesitation, he naturally chose to disengage.

However, the threat Qin Wentian was facing hadn't diminished yet. Behind him, experts from the Nine Mystical Palace condensed their lightning might, forming a bead of lightning once more, firing it his way. If that bead struck him, no matter how strong the physique of a human might be, they would all be blasted into pieces by the tyrannical power of lightning.

“BOOM!”

Qin Wentian stomped the ground with a heavy step. He couldn't use any techniques which he was famed for, things like the Fiend Transformation Art was a dead ringer for his identity. Although such a feeling was simply horrible, he had no choice but to accept it.

That stomp of his shook the void, an oppressive sword might directly pressed down on the bodies of the experts belonging to the Nine Mystical Palace, so intense that even their Astral Novas were trembling.

A terrifying sword intent swept out over everything, the sword might in the area manifested a screen of swords, before the sword light from them concentrated into an intense beam that shot straight towards the bead of lightning, causing it to explode.

Qin Wentian then retreated with the speed of a raging hurricane, moving out of the blast radius.

“For an argument over a demonic beast, the various transcendent powers all combined forces in order to slay me? This has truly opened my eyes to the exalted status transcendent powers hold. I bid you guys farewell.” Qin Wentian's voice rang out as the great roc flew over. He then mounted the great roc as the both of them soared into the skies, wanting to fly far away.

“Want to leave?” Wang Jian and the rest of the Wang Clan members coldly snorted, all of them flying after him in pursuit.

“Let’s move as well.” Ouyang Kuangsheng commanded. In the next moment, the chaotic battle also shifted as Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le and Chu Mang flew off into the distance as well.

As the other experts of the Ouyang Clan wanted to follow, they found themselves being blocked by the experts from the Chen Clan. Chen Fan coldly laughed, “Since the battle has been left to them, let them handle it themselves.”

A raging wind gusted past, as more of those from the younger generations also flew off into the distance. Chen Wang and Bai Qing were among these as well. These group of young geniuses wanted to change the battlefield.

Engaging in a battle here was almost pointless, with the rest of the more powerful experts of the various powers onlooking. Since that was the case, and they were out to kill, they may as well shift to another location and see who was the strongest among them.

Hence, in the air space above Ginkou, a magnificent scene appeared.

A great roc soared through the skies with several experts that were exuding a terrifying aura, chasing after it madly.

“They are all experts from the younger generations belonging to the various transcendent powers. Chen Wang, Wang Jian and Bai Qing are among their ranks. Wait, but who is that young man

standing on the great roc?” The spectators below also wanted to follow them so that they could witness the ensuing battles. However, their speed was simply too fast, unless the spectators all had cultivation at a certain level, it would be impossible to catch up to them.

The great roc was naturally something Little Rascal had transformed into. Although it's combat prowess hadn't increased, it's speed did. Both it's wings flapped furiously while Qin Wentian stood on top of it with his arms held behind his back. A grin of extreme coldness etched on his face as his eyes twinkled with a grim light.

“Little Rascal, depart Ginkou. Go as far as possible.”

Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice as he sat down cross-legged on the back of the great roc, ignoring his pursuers. Such an action was filled with obvious hints of provocation, therefore it caused Wang Jian and the others to increase their speed as they sped behind the great roc, unwilling to give up the chase.

In the middle of the clouds, the gusts of wind got increasingly stronger at this height. They were now in the air space above the central region of Ginkou and after a period of time, the city gates of Ginkou came into view.

The great roc didn't pause at all and directly flew out of Ginkou, continued zooming forwards at rapid speed, crossing landscapes and rivers before arriving at an ancient looking mountain range.

“Enough.” Qin Wentian whispered. Finally, the great roc swoop down, landing on a small hillside in that ancient mountain range. As it turned, they waited for the pursuers to show up.

Moments later, beams of light flashed as Wang Jian arrived. There were actually two other cultivators from the Wang Clan that came along with him.

And after them, two cultivators from the Chen Clan as well as three other cultivators from the Nine Mystical Palace arrived. The two from the Chen Clan were third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Qin Wentian had killed too many of their members, so there was no way they would permit him to leave alive today. Hence, upon seeing him fleeing, they decided to forsake the battle erupting in the ancient kingdom to pursue after Qin Wentian.

After these pursuers arrived, they quickly grouped into a formation as they stood in a circle in the air above Qin Wentian. Wang Jian then stated, “How about this? The great roc shall belong to whoever kills this man?”

“Sure.” One of the experts from the Chen Clan replied.

“We have no objections.” Those from the Nine Mystical Palace exchanged glances as they agreed. Their auras gushed out, manifesting a pressure that pressed down onto Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian lifted his head, an extremely terrifying cold glint of light flickered in his eyes when he gazed at the experts from the various transcendent powers.

“Today, since you all have arrived, you might as well stay here for all eternity.” Qin Wentian emotionlessly stated, his words causing a bizarre expression to appear on the faces of those present.

How brazen was he, even daring to speak such words in the face of so many experts? With them joining forces, killing Qin Wentian would be as easy as flipping a palm. To think that this young man still dared to utter such words even before his death? Wasn't he underestimating them a little too much?

“If you kept up your speed and dragged this out for a few more days, we might have stopped our pursuit. But since you decided to stop here, you are basically dead.” A sharpness erupted forth from Wang Jian as his Astral Nova manifested. It was none other than a magnificent long spear, that seemed capable of piercing through anything.

Flames burst into being around the members from the Chen Clan as they channelled the Great Solar Energy frenziedly in their bodies.

While arcs of lightning crackled around those from the Nine Mystical Palace, the lightning started to take the form of a lightning dragon, appearing incomparably ferocious. They slowly descended, thunderbolts explode forth about them, they didn't intend to give any opportunity to allow Qin Wentian to escape.

In the distance, around a few ten thousand miles away the sands

of the desert could be seen whirling about in the air. Evidently, there were large scaled chaotic battles on-going there as well.

Qin Wentian tightly clenched his fist as an expression of hatred flashed past his eyes. Abruptly, it seemed as though flames had also erupted out from his body. The blood in his body started surging as a corona of light surrounded him. Flames burned in his eyes, yet they carried the coldness of ice.

All of a sudden, a huge sword appeared in Qin Wentian's hands. This sword was totally pitch black, appearing as though it was forged from crystals of pure darkness. It had a length of ten metres and weighed about ten thousand jin (converts into around 5,000 kg). Nobody could imagine how powerful one's attacks would be if they were capable of wielding this sword.

What a fearsome sight. Black light glimmered around the sword's edge, just the sight of it was sufficient to cause the attackers to halt their steps.

The expressions on their faces all drastically changed. They had never heard of somebody wielding such a large sword before in Grand Xia. Naturally, this was Qin Wentian's purpose for bringing out the large sword. He excelled in the Mandate of Force and Demons, both of which granted him an augmentation in his strength. Naturally, the large sword was forged for a single purpose only. It was to cover up traces of when he would use his Mandate, to avoid people discovering his true identity.

“Bzzz!”

Qin Wentian soared through the skies with the ten thousand jin sword casually held in his hands. As a burst of astral light flooded the area, his silhouette flickered as he dashed head-on towards the three attackers from the Nine Mystical Palace.

The three of them snorted in disdain. With a command, the lightning dragon erupted forth as bolts of electricity menacingly crackled around it.

“The Nine Mystical Palace is going to disappear completely from Grand Xia soon and the three of you still have the mood to frolic around in Ginkou?” Qin Wentian’s voice contained a terrifyingly cold intent within as he smashed out at the dragon with his sword. A surge of unparalleled sword might erupted from him as the will from his King of Swords Astral Nova enveloped the three of them.

“Die.” Qin Wentian coldly exclaimed. Space trembled, before breaking apart as the large sword swung through the air as it collided directly with the lightning dragon. Pure force warped the frame of the dragon, causing it to fold in upon itself before snuffing out into nothingness and at the same time, an intense vibration that originated from the sword, reverberated through the air.

“BANG!” Void vibration waves passed through the lightning dragon and engulfed one of the attackers, resulting in that poor victim imploding from within. Qin Wentian’s sword didn’t even stop, he directly continued sweeping out as a terrifying sword keen filled the air. The two other attackers couldn’t even react. They only felt their throats being lacerated by the inexorable sharpness

of the sword keening before their heads rolled onto the ground, dead.

Three experts from the Nine Mystical Palace, fell over dead in an instant.

The experts from the Chen Clan and Wang Clan who rushed up, and had already struck out, but the corona of light around Qin Wentian glowing brighter and brighter. He turned towards them and slashed out with rage, disregarding their attacks. A terrifying sinuous black dragon spiralled out from that large sword, rushing straight at the attackers. Wang Jian's spear shattered the space and pierced out, transforming into a beam of light wanting to destroy the black dragon.

The experts from the Chen Clan channelled the Great Solar Energy within their bodies to their limits. They stared at Qin Wentian, only to feel a chill in their hearts when their eyes met his emotionless ones.

It seemed as though this young man had intentionally lured them out of Ginkou.

At this moment, they finally understood his words earlier, "Today since you have all arrived, you might as well stay here for all eternity."

"SHATTERED VOID!" Qin Wentian's huge sword directly pressed forth, emanating an indomitable aura that belonged to kings. A formless wave of destructive energy vibrations interweaved and

gushed out. With a loud boom, the two experts from the Chen Clan groaned in misery. A thumping sound echoed throughout the still air, their hearts ruptured into pieces as they died with a grievance.

AGM 446 – Reversal Of Situation

In the blink of an eye, five experts fell, directly slain by Qin Wentian on the spot. Seeing such a scene happening caused goosebumps to erupt all over them as an intense chill bloomed in their hearts.

They were tricked! This man intentionally lured them out to kill them. If not, if they still remained in Ginkou under the watch of so many experts, it would be impossible for him to succeed.

But even the Great Solar Chen Clan had never imagined such a scenario would occur. Logically speaking, in their terms, a group formed by experts of three transcendent powers killing a young man? The odds were obviously in their favour. This was the reason why the Great Solar Chen Clan allowed the young man to flee, while acting afterwards to block the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan's experts from reinforcing him.

“That huge sword, what kind of divine weapon is that?” Wang Jian stared at the huge sword in Qin Wentian's hands. The power of this sword was simply incredible, able to kill a human via vibrational shockwaves? One must know that the Astral Novas of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were even stronger compared to Divine Weapons. Yet, all five fell to him.

The only reason why Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns would use divine weapons was if that divine weapon was an extremely overpowered one. If not, they would rather use their Astral Novas. Astral Novas complemented their attributes and directly boosted their strength, it was countless times easier to use as well.

Hence, the only remaining explanation was that the sword, that the young man surnamed Di wielded, was an exceptionally overpowered weapon.

In reality, Qin Wentian's huge sword wasn't any high-grade divine weapon. This was merely something he requested the White Deer Institute forge for him. A sword as heavy as they could make it, to mask his true strength when fighting against others.

“RETREAT!” At this moment, Wang Jian hollered as the three from Wang Clan respectively backed away. Yet, Qin Wentian's eyes were as cold as ever. Executing Roc's Flash, he instantly appeared before them as the huge sword in his hand blasted out, breaking the void, using Shattered Void once more, a move of his own creation.

This innate technique combined his second level of insights in the Mandate of Force along with the third stance of his Great Dream Halberd Art, Fractured Void. When unleashed together, after being tempered by the sharpness of a sword, further augmenting the sword intent of his Kingly Sword Astral Soul, the vibrational shockwaves blasted out were unimaginably strong. Even a third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign couldn't do anything except wait for his heart to rupture.

After that person was hit by Qin Wentian's attack, the sound of an explosion thundered from his body, as he was jolted to death by the internal impact.

In the blink of an eye, only Wang Jian and one more remained. Extreme terror suffused their features; they didn't expect the combat prowess of this guy to be so monstrously strong. The two of them edged back, only to see Qin Wentian using Roc's Flash to boost his speed. A shadow flashed past, that huge sword directly disintegrated the other cultivator into dust. Only Wang Jian remained.

"There's no escape." A glacial voice rang out from behind Wang Jian. Wang Jian turned with defiance etched on his face. Howling in rage, several long spears manifested in the air moments later, as all of them shot out like a cannon, piercing towards Qin Wentian.

"BOOM!" Stellar Transposition was executed as Qin Wentian appeared directly in front of Wang Jian. A terrifying demonic qi concentrated on his palms, as an incomparable tyrannical strength blasted out from the sword. Wang Jian paled, his eyes were like saucers, staring at the huge sword swinging his way.

Wasn't that one of the nine ultimate arts, Stellar Transposition?

A layer of armored light enveloped Wang Jian as he released his Astral Novas, blasting them forwards, causing a sense of sharpness to radiate out, sweeping over everything in this region.

The huge sword swung down from an overhead strike. The Astral Nova of Wang Jian exploded as the huge sword continued downwards, breaking apart that light barrier, splitting Wang Jian into two.

Little Rascal's silhouette flickered, collecting the interspatial rings from the fallen Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, before returning to Qin Wentian's side.

Qin Wentian patted Little Rascal on the head before he hopped on its back. That grand battle erupting in the desert in the distance was currently exceptionally intense. And when Qin Wentian arrived, Bai Qing and Ouyang Kuangsheng were joining hands together to fight against Chen Wang. Chu Mang and Fan Le had their own opponents. Explosive sounds of weapons clashing, this battle was complete and utter chaos.

Upon seeing Qin Wentian appearing here with a huge black sword in his hands, the countenance of the combatants all stiffened for a moment. Earlier, Qin Wentian had over eight people pursuing him, yet he actually appeared here right now? Where were his pursuers then?

As they thought of this, a chill couldn't help but to blossom in their hearts, as they involuntarily shuddered. There were quite a few third-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns among that group of pursuers, yet seeing the fact that Qin Wentian was here, as well as there were no commotions in the distance. This could only mean an unbelievable truth, this lone cultivator had killed off all his pursuers.

Qin Wentian's gaze directly landed on Chen Wang, as he leisurely stepped towards him.

Chen Wang was indeed powerful; the flame clones of his were already capable of tying Bai Qing and Ouyang Kuangsheng down.

Despite the strength of both of them, if they fought against Chen Wang, they would be defeated sooner or later. And currently, just from feeling the pressure of Chen Wang's aura, Qin Wentian could sense that Chen Wang was infinitesimally close to the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

Although he was known as eternal number two, no one could doubt Chen Wang's strength. Even now that he was at the second level, it wasn't a problem for him to fight against third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Right now Qin Wentian was thinking, what if Chen Wang fell here? Wouldn't the Great Solar Chen Clan feel so much pain that their hearts would burst?

"Chen Wang be careful!" Someone noticed Qin Wentian advancing towards Chen Wang and, hence, called out a warning.

"Bzzz" A raging wind kicked up, that instant of diversion was sufficient to spell doom when experts on this level were fighting with each other. A great axe chopped out from a cultivator from the Ouyang Clan narrowly missing his head. The Chen Clan's cultivator perspired cold sweat as he hurriedly mounted his defense, before sending out a palm strike to defend against the rush of incoming force he felt targeted at him.

"BANG!"

The black colored huge sword directly penetrated through the palm imprint, shattering it into dust. The expression on the Chen

Clan's expert drastically changed as he turned and swung his weapon out full force, intending to clash against that huge sword.

However at the instant of collision, a terrifying corroding intent seeped through his weapon and into his body. Even before he had the time to scream out, the Ouyang Clan cultivator behind had already chopped out once more with the great axe, ending his life.

“This young man is so powerful.”

The chill in the hearts of the crowd grew even colder. With someone like him that can overpower third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, the odds of the battle would definitely turn into the Ouyang Clan's favor.

“Gather.” Chen Wang commanded, explosively retreating while throwing a palm strike out. An instant later, those from the Chen and Wang Clan, that were warring against Chu Mang and Fan Le, also retreated as they fell back, standing behind Chen Wang.

The clones of Chen Wang merged together into Chen Wang's original body, as his aura explosively shot up. Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest also fell back, as they gathered in a group.

Both their groups glanced at Qin Wentian, only to hear Ouyang Kuangsheng laughing uproariously, “You are really strong. Let's join hands and smash these pieces of shit together, how about it?”

“That's what I came here to do,” Qin Wentian nodded. Although

he was well acquainted with Ouyang and the rest, this wasn't the time to divulge his identity.

Right now, he was using the identity of Di Tian to appear in Grand Xia. He wouldn't rest until the entire Grand Xia was turned topsy turvy. Every time he closed his eyes, he could still see Mo Qingcheng stretching her hands out helplessly, with that expression of longing and reluctance in her eyes.

“Chu Mang and Fan Le, both of you act as our supports.” Ouyang Kuangsheng instructed. Fan Le and Chu Mang nodded in agreement as they spread out, with their resplendent Astral Bow in their hands. Currently, now that they reached this level of strength, it was unknown how powerful the explosive might of their arrows were, especially when imbued with the will from the Mandate of Arrows, Insta-shot.

“Brother Di, the two of us will act as the vanguard. Any problems with it?” Ouyang Kuangsheng glanced at Qin Wentian as he spoke.

Qin Wentian's combat prowess was extraordinary. If he and Ouyang Kuangsheng rushed ahead and acted as the vanguard, Bai Qing could use her agility to flit around the battlefield like a phantom, killing people off in sneak attacks, while Chu Mang and Fan Le's arrows could cover any of their blind spots and could even seal off the opponents' path of retreat .

“Naturally,” Qin Wentian nodded, his fingers gripped the hilt of the huge sword tightly. He took the left, while Ouyang Kuangsheng took the right; the experts in this battle all released their Astral Novas with no restraint. The violent energies that

exuded forth clashed against each other, so powerful that it even caused the space to warp.

Attackers on both sides didn't dare to move too abruptly. Now that the two sides were eyeing each other, it was highly probable that the one who moved first would end up being the target of the joint attacks from the opposing group.

“Swish, swish, swish...” The sounds of arrows being fired punctured the air. Abruptly, a total of eighteen arrows, nine from each of them, circled about in an intricate-looking dance in the air as they enveloped people from the Chen Clan alliances.

Not only that, after the first round of arrows, an unending number of fired shots started raining down. Chen Wang and the rest reacted immediately, blasting out with their palms destroying the arrows.

Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng moved. Towering might from thunderfire erupted into being around Ouyang Kuangsheng as a huge snowy sabre manifested above his head. The explosiveness of the thunderfire around him concentrated on the blade, coating it with a will that promised pure annihilation.

“Careful, that's the Thunder God's Slash.”

Chen Wang's expression faltered slightly. Thunder God's Slash was the ultimate art that had the strongest attack power for single attacks. With a sabre slash, even with Ouyang Kuangsheng's current cultivation base, at least 50% of the astral energy in his

Yuanfu would be totally exhausted. The destructive might of this technique was overwhelming to say the least, so powerful that it was almost inconceivable.

Normally speaking, for techniques that exhausted a large amount of energy, their attack output would surely be extremely powerful. One must keep in mind that not all techniques were capable of using up so much energy in one go, but the Thunder God's Slash was precisely one such technique and could even be said that it was the epitome of dominance in the entire Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian's blood surged and seethed; he took a step out as an indomitable pressure gushed forth from him, causing the Astral Novas of his enemies to shudder. He and his huge black sword were ready, they could complement Ouyang Kuangsheng's sabre slash any time.

“Bzzz!”

Stellar Transposition, Ouyang Kuangsheng instantly vanished and appeared right in front of Chen Wang and the rest. The Thunder God's Slash cleaved downwards with the might of a real thunderbolt, the space where it passed through was directly lacerated into half by the fused might of thunderfire. A few unlucky cultivators had their Novas sacrificed, shattering into fragments, while the others rapidly retreated.

At the same instant Ouyang Kuangsheng launched his attack, Qin Wentian also smashed out with his huge sword. A terrifying vibrational shockwave rocked the void, tearing apart anything in its path.

“HANDSOME!”

The destructiveness of both their combined attacks was so domineering that Fan Le couldn't help but to call out in praise. Taking advantage of the lapse in concentration, he fired even more arrows that pierced right through the centre of the brows of some of their opponents. Fan Le's arrows were able to change directions as they pleased.

“Bzzz!” Two continuous beam of light flashed. After Chu Mang fired his arrows, he too used the Stellar Transposition as a great axe appeared in his hands, cleaving down with earth-shattering might. Other than him, Bai Qing also flashed by, she'd been using Stellar Transposition, executing the Nine Slashes of the Underworld, dancing amidst the crowd, weaving in and out as fresh blood splattered all about.

Miserable. In but an instant, the situation reversed. All of these people were skilled in Stellar Transposition! Those that were slain didn't even have any time to react. When everyone finally reacted, it was already too late, the battle had almost reached its end.

Only Chen Wang and the two other cultivators from the Chen Clan had survived. This was because they too knew the Stellar Transposition and could dodge it when the Thunder God's Slash came crashing down. But, undoubtedly, the instant they dodged, it affected the strength of their formation as a whole. The overwhelming might of the slash directly killed three people, while the others were all injured.

Inside the ancient kingdom, the experts from the various powers were all still in a confrontation. However at this moment, the expression on the face of an expert from the Chen Clan faltered as his countenance grew incredibly unsightly to behold.

Chen Wang actually sent out a signal for help?

“Damn, something is wrong.”

Those from the Chen Clan wanted to leave, but this time round, they were stopped by the experts from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Sharpness radiated from both sides, an inevitable clash would soon occur.

“HOLD THEM HERE!”

A command coldly echoed out as the experts of both sides erupted into battle. Those of the Chen Clan’s alliance wanted to go to where Chen Wang was, while the experts from the Ouyang’s alliance barred their path. Such a scene caused looks of bewilderment to flash on the faces of the spectators nearby.

What was going on? Had something happened to those experts from the younger generation that shifted to another location for their battle? Wang Jian and Chen Wang were clearly superior. There shouldn’t be any problems, right?

AGM 447 – Mad Pursuit

Within the ancient kingdom, the situation reversed. The experts of the Chen Clan alliance madly struck out, trying to break out of the encirclement to send aid to Chen Wang.

While in the mountain range outside of Ginkou, the situation of the battle there was already clear to all.

Chen Wang and his allies retreated step by step. At this moment, it was obvious that they were at a disadvantage.

“GO!” Chen Wang turned and fled, while the silhouettes of those beside him also flickered as they retreated at top speed. Qin Wentian and the others naturally chased after them.

“Bzzz!” Astral light flashed, Chen Wang directly executed Stellar Transposition as his silhouette appeared right in front of Qin Wentian.

This young man wielded a huge black sword in his hands, his combat prowess was overwhelming and had slain several of the experts from his Chen Clan. If it wasn't for his reinforcement, Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest would all have already been routed by them. Hence, before they left, this young man, surnamed Di, must die.

At the same time he landed in front of Qin Wentian, a palm formed of magma directly blasted out. The surrounding space was warped by the heat; under that will of the Mandate of Flames, Qin

Wentian's body felt as though it was about to be burned into cinders. However, how monstrous was Qin Wentian's perception? The instant Chen Wang executed Stellar Transposition, Qin Wentian had already sensed his trajectory.

His left palm turned crimson and slammed out ahead. The power of the curse of blood exuded a sense of destruction that permeated everything.

Chen Wang's countenance faltered, and because he was afraid of the Bloodcurse Imprint, his magma palms didn't dare to collide directly with it. If he forcibly did so, both parties would likely end up with grievous injuries. This wasn't an exchange he wanted to make.

Shifting his palms aside, he withdrew as he retreated explosively. However, the whistling of a sword cutting through the air could be heard as a surge of heaven-shattering sword might enveloped his body. That huge black sword was used like a bat, smacking against him, wanting to smash him into paste. At the same time, the arrows from Fan Le and Chu Mang rained down unceasingly, sealing the areas around him.

Chen Wang turned pale, he once again executed Stellar Transposition, choosing another direction to flee in.

"Leave him to me," Qin Wentian stated, as he dashed in the direction Chen Wang fled in. Ouyang Kuangsheng could feel the confidence in Qin Wentian's voice. He nodded his head, as he, as well as the two others, chased the other experts of the Chen Clan's alliance instead.

Chen Wang could execute Stellar Transposition, and in addition to that, his combat abilities were extremely terrifying as well. Ouyang Kuangsheng knew that he would never be able to resist Chen Wang with his strength alone. Even when he was working together with Bai Qing, Chen Wang was still able to have a slight advantage over the both of them. There was basically no way for them to kill him.

But this young man surnamed Di must have killed off all eight of his pursuers before he could arrive here. Maybe, he was powerful enough that he might be able to kill Chen Wang.

The battle now was split into two portions. Ouyang Kuangsheng, Bai Qing and the rest hunted after those who fled. While Qin Wentian chased after Chen Wang, Little Rascal in roc-form appeared as Qin Wentian mounted it. Instantly, a raging wind kicked up as its wings flapped furiously, granting them an insane boost in movement speed. Qin Wentian's perception had already locked onto Chen Wang.

Even at Chen Wang's current level, the distance he could traverse with Stellar Transposition was limited. After all, Stellar Transposition was a technique designed for bursts of short movements. It wasn't teleportation, and long usage of it would be extremely draining. It was basically impossible if he wanted to escape from Qin Wentian's pursuit.

As the two of them played the game of cat and mouse, they gradually lengthened the distance between them and the others. Seeing only Qin Wentian chasing after him alone, Chen Wang's

eyes flickered with an extremely cold glint of light.

He continued on, maintaining his speed, yet his countenance was calm with no signs of panic. The corners of his lips curled up in a disdainful smile as sharpness radiated from his eyes.

After a period of time, the two of them were already unimaginably far from the others. Chen Wang finally stopped as he stood on the peak of a small mountain, turning his head to gaze at the approaching Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian stopped as well, only to see a hint of mockery in Chen Wang's eyes. He then coldly spoke, "I didn't think that there would be someone as stupid as this."

From Chen Wang's perspective, Qin Wentian's actions – chasing him alone, bereft of the support from others, was the decision of a fool.

Right now, his gaze contained unmasked contempt as well as sarcasm. The Great Solar energy circulated frenziedly in his body as a scorching heat and light emanated forth, with him in the centre. The yellow earth beneath his feet was turned to dust by the heat. It was obvious how high the temperature around Chen Wang currently was.

At the same instant, two fire clones sprang out from his body. Although Chen Wang was arrogant, it didn't mean that he was foolish. Since the young man before him had a way to deal with even third-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, he might have a

secret technique. It was best not to underestimate him.

“After you die here, I will hunt down each of them and return their heads to their respective power.” Chen Wang’s voice coldly rang out in the air. His fourth Astral Nova manifested, it took the form of a gigantic magma tyrant. Liquid lava could be seen flowing around it, while the will of Chen Wang’s second level insight into the Mandate of Flames, Flames Solidification, could be seen circling it. The magma tyrant shifted intermittently from liquid to solid, back to liquid. This Astral Nova had the capability to change its form at any moment.

“GO!” Chen Wang pointed at Qin Wentian as his fire clones dashed forwards. That magma tyrant slammed out with its palm, as the liquid lava condensed into a globule, splashing over Qin Wentian.

Bai Qing and Ouyang Kuangsheng also knew Stellar Transposition. That was why they could last so long against him. Although the young man in front of him was also skilled in that, he had confidence that it wouldn’t be a problem for him to kill him.

Qin Wentian huge black sword swept passed, as a screen of swords sprang out, blocking against the splatter of liquid lava. After that, he stepped out as a terrifying sword might permeated the region. That huge black sword, that was imbued by the power of vibration, smashed into the magma tyrant, only to see the magma tyrant diffusing itself into liquid form, flowing along his black sword, towards Qin Wentian.

At the same time, the two other fire clones slammed out with

palms of blazing heat.

A cold smile flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes as a burst of astral light flooded the area. His silhouette reappeared in front of Chen Wang as the black sword in his hands stabbed out towards him.

Chen Wang's countenance drastically changed, retreating with explosive speed. At the same time, Great Solar Illumination was channeled, as a scorching heat burst out from him.

“GO!”

Qin Wentian's huge sword penetrated space and slashed towards Chen Wang.

“Bzzz!”

Executing Stellar Transposition, Chen Wang felt great shock rocking his heart. Why did it seemed that this man before him could predict his movements?

At the instant Chen Wang's silhouette disappeared, a blood-colored palm imprint was already on its way to the place where Chen Wang was going to appear in. Chen Wang's expression turned incredibly ugly, as he gritted his teeth and ignored the consumption rate of astral energy, forcibly using Stellar Transposition to dodge again. However, it was useless, his trajectory had already been completely seen through. Another Bloodcurse Imprint slammed out; if he was directly hit by it, he

would be instantly reduced into a pile of bones.

“Swish, swish, swish.”

Two silhouettes flickered, appearing and disappearing again and again, as both of them executed Stellar Transposition. And finally, Chen Wang felt that the astral energy in his Yuanfu was almost depleted. He used the last burst of his strength to appear near the magma tyrant, with no plans to dodge anymore. The Great Solar Universe Palm Imprint exploded forth from the magma tyrant, with the power to burn mountains and incinerate oceans, smashing towards the blood colored imprint of Qin Wentian.

“BOOOOOM!”

Both of their attacks clashed together; instantly from the aftermath of the impact, Chen Wang felt the flesh of his palms began corroding. That corrosion was extremely tyrannical with no way to block or delay it. Bloodcurse Imprint was one of the ultimate arts of Grand Xia after all.

At the same time, his Great Solar Energy from his blood channelled into Qin Wentian’s arms, yet upon contact, Chen Wang could feel the strength of a vastly more powerful bloodline as well as sword might intermingling together, shredding his Great Solar energy.

The magma tyrant transformed into liquid lava once more, gushing towards Qin Wentian, wanting to seal him into magma after it solidified. Yet astral light flashed as Stellar Transposition

was once again used. The sound of sword keening filled the air, Chen Wang felt an overwhelming sense of death pressing onto him.

Luckily, he had long made his preparations. An amulet on his chest cracked open, as the light from his flames towered up the heavens, enveloping his body protectively. The sword beam from Qin Wentian slashed downwards but was forcibly blocked by the flame light enveloping him. Cracking sounds echoed out, but that was all to it. Qin Wentian's countenance stiffened as he retreated, staring at the armor of terrifying flame light that covered Chen Wang.

As a potential future leader of the Chen Clan, Chen Wang naturally would have life-saving treasure on his body. This item was extremely precious, but in the face of imminent death, he had no choice but to use it. Staring at Qin Wentian, Chen Wang's eyes flickered with an intense killing intent, he didn't expect that he would be forced to such a state.

"Who are you exactly?" Chen Wang's eyes bore into Qin Wentian's. This man didn't only know the Bloodcurse Imprint, he had also learnt Stellar Transposition.

Qin Wentian paused for a moment, staring at Chen Wang. However to Chen Wang's surprise, Qin Wentian actually commanded the great roc to turn back as he flew away from this place.

Chen Wang's countenance flickered, a burst of towering flames gushed forth from him as he zoomed after Qin Wentian.

Far away in the distance, upon noticing the towering flames in the distance, one of the Chen Clan's experts that fought his way out of the encirclement in the ancient kingdom, immediately made his way over.

After a period of time, Qin Wentian found himself trapped between two experts. In front of him was an extremely powerful middle-aged man whose cultivation base was at the fourth level Heavenly Dipper.

"Chen Wang." Chen Xiao's eyes flashed with surprised when he took note of Chen Wang. Chen Wang was actually forced to use his life saving treasure?

"Uncle Xiao, this man knows Stellar Transposition. He has too many secrets on him, let's kill him." Chen Wang spoke. Chen Xiao nodded in agreement as a towering might exuded from him.

The great roc suddenly changed its trajectory and shot upwards into the clouds.

"Where can you escape?" Chen Xiao and Chen Wang also shot up after him, unwilling to allow him to escape. There were too many secrets this man was hiding, it was unwise to let him leave here alive.

Soon after, the three of them arrived at a certain point in the air where thick billowing clouds obscured their visions. However, Chen Xiao and Chen Wang's eyes glimmered like torches, by virtue

of their Great Solar Universe Art, and had their eyes locked on Qin Wentian and the great roc that were in front of them.

“BOOOM!” Abruptly, the overwhelming power of Qin Wentian’s bloodline erupted forth as a demonic qi that provoked a primal fear madly gushed out. His physique got increasingly taller and sturdier as an aura of kings exuded from him.

“Mhm?” Chen Xiao frowned. The radiance of the terrifying armor of flame light around Chen Wang gradually dimmed, and would soon dissipate all together. Chen Xiao warned, “Chen Wang, this man is extremely crafty. Why don’t you leave here first? I’ll deal with him.”

Chen Wang shook his head. Under such circumstances of two against one, how could he still flee because of fear? He had no way to accept such a humiliation.

The great roc continued ascending skywards, while the radiance of Chen Wang’s armor gradually got dimmer and dimmer. Chen Xiao furrowed his brows, it was as though their opponent was intentionally dragging for time.

“Chen Wang.” Chen Xiao called out again. Chen Wang frowned, he didn’t want to accept this, but upon noting that the radiance of his armor was about to be extinguished completely, he had no choice but to stop.

RUMBLE~

An aura on par with third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns burst forth from the silhouette above. The great roc halted its movements while Qin Wentian stared down at them, akin to the sovereign of the skies. The blood in his body was boiling, surging with power, releasing vast amounts of demonic qi.

Chen Wang's eyes narrowed as he stared intently at the silhouette above him. A sense of familiarity assailed him.

Abruptly, a mind-numbing dread flooded his heart as expressions of incredulous disbelief etched on his face. This aura...he had felt it once before, during the battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings!

AGM 448 – Chen Wang’s Death

A demonic-looking figure, a great roc.

Also skilled in the Bloodcurse Imprint and Stellar Transposition; although previously Qin Wentian wasn’t proficient in any of the nine ultimate arts, he was the one that obtained the completed Divine Stele. In that case, things made sense now.

As he thought of this, Chen Wang inclined his head, staring at the silhouette standing atop the great roc. His heart pounded incessantly, as his countenance turned pale white.

It was him.

It was definitely him.

He didn’t die in the Pill Emperor Hall. And now he had returned in the guise of another.

The power of his bloodline was even stronger, like the overlord of all demons. The explosive augmentation of his bloodline let him break past the bindings of cultivation realms, allowing him to project an aura similar to third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Chen Wang’s eyes widened when he remembered how powerful Qin Wentian was, this was a man that could jump levels in combat and still come out victorious. He suddenly turned and shouted to Chen Xiao, “IT’S QIN WENTIAN, UNCLE XIAO LET’S RETREAT!”

“Qin Wentian.” Chen Xiao’s heart clenched when he heard that. This name was much too familiar to him. Over a year ago, stories of a great roc smashing apart the Pill Emperor Hall were still a hot topic among the people of Grand Xia. And the main character of that story, was none other than Qin Wentian.

A surge of supreme, unparalleled sharpness erupted out. The Kingly Sword manifested in his hands in a burst of brilliant light. That was Qin Wentian’s Astral Nova.

“Bzzz!” Stellar Transposition was utilised, Qin Wentian’s silhouette disappeared from their sights. Chen Xiao’s countenance sank as he similarly executed Stellar Transposition, wanting to escape. Both of them were so fast that they transformed into streams of light and finally, the keening of the sword echoed out and fresh blood splattered throughout the air.

A blurred figure fell down from great heights. That was Chen Xiao, a fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign! If he directly faced Qin Wentian in combat, he might still be able to exchange blows evenly against him for a period of time. However, the first notion that flashed through his mind was that he had to escape. But how could his movements evade Qin Wentian’s monstrous perception? The instant he decided to use Stellar Transposition, that was the moment at which he had already consigned himself to death. The will of Sword Melody enveloped the air, and the moment the keening of the sword resounded out, his life was exterminated.

At the instant Chen Xiao executed Stellar Transposition, Chen Wang had already begun fleeing in the opposite direction.

However, he found his way barred by Qin Wentian's great roc. How fast was its speed? It circled around Chen Wang at blinding speeds, forcing him to halt. That delay of a few seconds was sufficient for Qin Wentian to catch up. Qin Wentian appeared in the vicinity as he calmly walked over to Chen Wang whose face was contorted into a rictus of terror upon seeing the unmasked killing intent in Qin Wentian's eyes.

“Qin Wentian, if you allow me to leave unharmed, I swear that I will convince my clan not to find trouble with you or your friends any more. The grudge between us can also be written off.” Chen Wang stared at Qin Wentian as he spoke in a begging tone. Right now, the most crucial thing was to ensure that he could remain alive. Before this, he was already defeated by Qin Wentian and was forced to use his life-saving treasure. After that, because of anger, he decided to accompany Chen Xiao to pursue after him.

Yet never in his wildest dreams would he imagine that his opponent was none other than Qin Wentian! Qin Wentian had been hiding his true strength all this while, only allowing it to explode forth at this moment. Now it was too late for regrets.

If he knew that this young man was Qin Wentian, he would never have chased after him.

Sword intent permeated the air, Qin Wentian didn't reply to him. With a single step forward, an oppressive pressure bore down on Chen Wang.

Things would inevitably change if events were delayed. Although he lured Chen Wang and Chen Xiao far away, it was better to deal

with them swiftly just in case something unexpected happened. In this world, anything was possible. An example was back when he said he would split apart the Pill Emperor Hall, how many believed that he could accomplish that? Hence, even at this moment, Qin Wentian had no intentions to underestimate his opponent.

“BZZZ!”

Astral light erupted as Chen Wang abruptly appeared before Qin Wentian, slamming forth with a palm wreathed in the flames of magma. Chen Wang naturally wasn't someone who was all kind and innocent, he was already making preparations even as he spoke earlier.

“Swish!”

The wind whistled, Qin Wentian's sword sliced past, the sword light from it pierced into Chen Wang's throat.

Chen Wang's body stiffened, both his hands were clutched around his throat as an expression of extreme reluctance appeared in his eyes.

He was Chen Wang, the pride of the Great Solar Chen Clan. He wasn't willing to die just like that.

He wasn't willing to die!! He had a chance to become one of the future leaders of the Chen Clan and he had already received that ancient medallion and had the opportunity to venture out of Grand

Xia to that sacred place to temper himself.

But now, he was swiftly approaching death.

Thinking of what could have been, everything felt like a dream. Ever since he heard Qin Wentian's name, his very destiny seemed to have changed. From a beautiful dream to a unending nightmare.

He could still remember the time when he first saw Qin Wentian. Back then Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng were caught spying on the Chen Clan from outside their manor, and had even exhibited enough power to defeat a few of the younger members of his clans. Even though they were quite powerful, their strength wasn't even high enough for Chen Wang to take a second glance.

But after that, Qin Wentian started to shine with his own radiance in the ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings, defeating him and obtaining the position of the top ranker. A few years ago, he lived under the shadow of Hua Taixu, and a few years later, he lived under the shadow of Qin Wentian. Up till this very moment, he still couldn't believe he would fall at Qin Wentian's hand.

Before his death, a thought suddenly appeared in his mind. How many talents did Grand Xia have? But how many of those talents could truly claim that they stood at the very pinnacle, able to look down on others.

Chen Wang closed his eyes, sinking into the obliviousness of death. As he fell onto the ground, Qin Wentian's silhouette

flickered as he collected Chen Wang and Chen Xiao's bodies before mounting the great roc, and flying into the distance.

A day later, news of the grand battle that had erupted outside Ginkou was soon spread. Ouyang Kuangsheng and the majority of his allies returned to their respective powers safely. Yet, the experts from the Chen Clan, Hua Clan, Wang Clan and Nine Mystical Palace, all seemed to have disappeared.

All of them were from transcendent powers, if the losses on both sides were heavy, that would still be acceptable. But now, one party had been totally annihilated? Was this even possible? The possibility of this hung in the air, causing the atmosphere to feel unusually heavy.

Especially the fact that among those who had failed to return was an extremely dazzling character of the younger generation from the Chen Clan, Chen Wang.

The chosen from the Great Solar Chen Clan, Chen Wang, had vanished. It was said that before he vanished, he'd sent out a signal to request for help. And when the Chen Clan finally arrived at the location, he was nowhere to be found. Even if he had died, there were no signs of his corpse at all. Not only that, an elder with a cultivation base at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, was also missing.

Chen Wang, although his radiance was suppressed by Qin Wentian and Hua Taixu, he was still ranked second on the prestigious Heavenly Fate Rankings. There was no need to doubt his strength. As a chosen, it was simple for him to jump levels to

fight others. The storm that followed after having a character like Chen Wang going missing, could easily be imagined. Currently, those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan seemed to have secluded themselves at their bases in Ginkou. Not only that, their clan had sent even more experts over to reinforce them. They were afraid that Chen Wang's death might be the spark to ignite the explosion. Something might happen so it was better to be safe than sorry.

Most likely, the Chen Clan was already making plans on how to act.

Currently in the Chen Clan, several figures gathered within a luxurious grand hall. These people all exuded an aura of imposingness, and their eyes all flashed sinisterly upon learning the latest news.

“How goes the investigation?” The leader of the Chen Clan asked.

“We are still investigating, and are currently preparing to capture those who were at the scene back then.” Chen Fan replied.

“Mhm.” The person in the lead nodded his head. It was clear as day that Chen Wang had disappeared. The question now was, who had done it.

“Chen Wang should be already dead. Start the selection process for the new match to see who is qualified enough to undergo special nurturing of the clan. And also, for that medallion on Chen Wang's body, we must recover it at all costs.”

“Roger.” The others all nodded as they obeyed. Evidently, they understood the importance of that medallion. Losing it was not an option.

“I didn’t think that so soon after Chen Wang was bestowed the medallion, such a thing would happen. It seems as though the person behind this acted for the sake of that medallion. If not, why would we even be unable to find their corpses?” Someone added, his words causing the others to nod in agreement. Maybe, the motives behind the disappearance of Chen Wang were to get hold of that medallion. If that was the case, things would be extremely troublesome.

“Step up on the investigations, send people out to collect info from the spectators. If there’s really a transcendent power behind this, we must find out who they are. That medallion isn’t something they have the capability to swallow.” The leader of the Chen Clan stated coldly.

Members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Mystic Moon Sect and Jiang Clan, had all holed up within their bases, not daring to show their faces outside. They had never expect that Chen Wang would fall either and right now, the Chen Clan had mobilised a large amount of their informant network, monitoring their movements. It seemed that the Chen Clan was truly infuriated, hence, it would be better for them to be more cautious.

However, the Chen Clan wouldn’t dare to wage war casually as well. They were also very clear on the fact that once they made the decision to start an all out war, the consequences would be

extremely terrifying.

.....

As for Qin Wentian, he had no idea regarding the events that transpired in Ginkou.

At this moment, he was looking at the loot he had obtained from the interspatial rings of Chen Xiao and Chen Wang. There were naturally a large number of Yuan Meteor Stones within, and adding that amount to the Yuan Meteor Stones found in the interspatial rings of the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns who fell yesterday, he already had a terrifying amount. Other than that, there were also some other innate techniques and treasures. But to him, other than Yuan Meteor Stones, the items within couldn't be of much use.

There was only a unique item that seemed somewhat out of place.

Right now, an ancient medallion was held in Qin Wentian's hand. It emitted an extremely mysterious aura, it was clearly an extraordinary item.

This medallion was obtained from Chen Wang, in addition, Qin Wentian didn't know what the purpose of the medallion was. However, by the arrangement of treasures in Chen Wang's interspatial ring, this medallion was grouped among the treasures that were extremely precious. From that, it could be seen the level of importance Chen Wang placed on this medallion.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered. He was no longer a greenhorn on the pathway of cultivation. After so many years of tempering, he could obviously tell that this medallion was something special.

When he tried sending his perception into it, he found that his perception was blocked by a mysterious energy.

“Whatever. Since Chen Wang regarded this so highly, I might as well capture a few members of the Chen Clan at an opportune moment to question them about it.” Qin Wentian kept the medallion as he stood up. With but a thought, the facial transformation art activated as he changed his features. Little Rascal also metamorphosed into a demonic lion as the two of them continued on their journey back to Ginkou.

After the battle yesterday, he didn't know what the current situation in Ginkou was like. It was better to be safe than sorry!

AGM 449 – Disaster Befalling The Mystic Moon Sect

In Ginkou, a heavy and stifling pressure could be felt in the atmosphere in the base which Mystic Moon Sect occupied.

In a certain courtyard, there were several experts gathered there

“How’s the situation outside?” A middle-aged lady questioned. Someone replied, “The Chen Clan has already surrounded this place and they are continuing to gather more people. I’m afraid they might launch an attack on us at any given moment.”

“Master, would the Chen Clan really launch an all out war just for the sake of a single Chen Wang?” A female disciple asked.

In Grand Xia, there were countless conflicts among the transcendent powers. Yet, a true all out war had never occurred before.

An all out war meant that it wouldn’t be stopped until a single side was completely and utterly annihilated. Nobody dared to make light of it. Even if a single party possessed some advantage, they wouldn’t dare to initiate it lightly because of the heavy losses that they were bound to suffer, even if they obtained victory in the end.

An example was like the Great Solar Chen Clan. Although it was more powerful compared to the Mystic Moon Sect, the moment

once it declared an out all war, the retaliation by the Mystic Moon Sect would be swift and deadly. Unless the Chen Clan could ensure that it would be able to wipe out the entirety of the Mystic Moon Sect in a single breath.

But how could that be accomplished so easily? A transcendent power meant that it had Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants serving as its foundation. If one tried and failed, the revenge carried out by an Ascendant was something inconceivably terrifying.

Hence, although the conflict between the Ouyang Clan, Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Mystic Moon Sect was extremely intense, there were still some silent restrictions of control over it. For example, for the battle yesterday, only fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns and below were allowed to participate in it. The reason why the stronger ones didn't participate was precisely that they didn't want to ignite an all out war.

As for the events later where Chen Wang sent out a signal for help, as well as his death, was something nobody had anticipated. After all, as a chosen of a clan or sect, they would most certainly have some life-saving treasure at hand. Even when facing someone a level of two higher, they would still have the means to escape.

However, the reality was that Chen Wang did truly died. And now, it seemed as though the Great Solar Chen Clan would ignore any cost in order to seek revenge.

“I’m also surprised by their actions. Bai Qing, what happened exactly yesterday? Who was the one that killed Chen Wang?” The middle-aged woman glanced at Bai Qing as she inquired.

Bai Qing shook her head slightly, “I have no idea as well. I only know that the young man surnamed Di was chasing after him.”

“That young man surnamed Di is truly not bad at all. However, with a cultivation base at the second level of Heavenly Dipper, even if we considered the incredulous fact that he managed to barely defeat Chen Wang, there was no way he could kill him? Not only that, Chen Xiao who was at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper also died. This wasn’t something he had the strength to do; there must be something hidden that we are all missing.” That middle-aged woman spoke in a low voice.

In fact, this was also what the Chen Clan had thought. However, the truth of the matter was known by no one. Hence, they had no choice but to start with the Mystic Moon Sect. After all, the relationship between the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan was too close. It would be too difficult to deal with them both at the same time.

“Did any of you go to seek help?” That middle-aged woman asked again.

“Yeah, the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan is already aware of the situation we are currently facing. Now that we share a common enemy, I think the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan would understand what to do.” A person spoke. However the moment her voice faded, a vast and oppressive might enveloped the area as a voice drifted over.

“Mystic Moon Sect, hand over those that participated in the battle yesterday. If not, we will annihilate each and every one of you completely.” That voice was extremely cold, containing an intense killing intent within. The middle-aged woman furrowed her brows as she instructed, “Those below the third level of Heavenly Dipper separate yourself and escape from here. There’s no use for you to remain here, you guys would only be sending yourself to death. For those fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns and above, come and fight them together with me.”

The middle-aged woman was extremely decisive.

“Master, this matter started because of me. I won’t leave.” Bai Qing shook her head.

“Now that things come to this, it isn’t the time to speak of who’s right and wrong. To our Mystic Moon Sect, reserving some of our strength is of paramount importance. Especially in troubled times like this where an all out war could erupt any moment. Bai Qing, as a potential leader of our Mystic Moon Sect, even if we were to die later, you must survive.”

The gaze of the woman was deep, her hands lightly stroked Bai Qing’s long hair. Bai Qing’s eyes reddened as she glanced at the middle-aged woman, “Master, I...”

“Don’t speak anymore. If you are still recalcitrant, you’ve wasted all my time and effort spent all these years to nurture you. There’s no need to call me master any longer.” The middle-aged woman berated, her words causing Bai Qing to cut off her sentence midway. Thinking back on how well her master had treated her, just

like a mother taking care of her own daughter, Bai Qing felt even more pain in her heart.

Bai Qing knelt on the ground, kowtowing a total of three times, the force of the kowtow caused the ground to quiver. After which, she got to her feet, turned and departed, not even looking back once.

The experts of the Chen Clan were already barging their way in. One of the disciples from the Mystic Moon Sect gazed at the back view of Bai Qing as she asked, “Master, do we need to send someone to aid Bai Qing in breaking out of the encirclement?”

“No need to. Bai Qing’s Astral Souls are namely the Dark Night Astral Soul as well as the Phantom Spirit Astral Soul. Silence and stealth are her forte; it isn’t going to be so easy if they wished to catch her. If you all followed after her, you girls might do more harm than good. Now, let us go meet with those from the Chen Clan.” The middle-aged woman spoke as she soared into the skies, staring at a group of figures who were similarly gazing down at the battle that had erupted below.

“Chen Clan, is this your declaration of war?” Bai Qing’s master glanced down at the number of experts present from the Chen Clan, as she felt something akin to a rock dropping in her heart. She knew that it was impossible for her Mystic Moon Sect to prevail today.

It seemed like the decision to come to Ginkou was a mistake. But naturally before this, no one would have anticipated such a scenario.

“Give us those who participated in the battle yesterday, and we will put an end to this.” That expert from the Chen Clan coldly spoke. Bai Qing’s master snorted, wanting her to send out their disciples to meet their death? If they really did that, where would their reputation be? Everyone in Grand Xia would look down on them and even curse their name for a thousand year.

“Chen Clan went all out and gathered so many experts to come to my base, even threatening war. It seems that the Sacred Royal Medallion must have already been bestowed to Chen Wang,” Bai Qing’s master casually inferred. Instantly, the expressions on the faces of those from Chen Clan all immediately changed. That Chen Clan leader’s eyes flashed with an incomparable sharp glint of light, as he stared intently at the middle-aged woman.

“Seems like my deduction is right. For the Great Solar Chen Clan, you would only receive three medallions every hundred years. Seems like one of the three medallions have been bestowed to Chen Wang, and right now, because of his death, the medallion is lost.” Bai Qing’s master coldly laughed. The Chen Clan leader shouted, “Shut the hell up. Since you know about this, the suspicions towards the Mystic Moon Sect just deepened further. If all of you still want to resist, don’t blame us for doing what we need to do.”

“The members of my Mystic Moon Sect, listen to my command. Don’t fight to the death, gather your strength and break out of the encirclement. We will meet up back in the Spirit Continent.” Bai Qing’s master’s voice resounded in the air. Moments later, the experts from the Mystic Moon Sect no longer fought as madly as before; they were all looking for opportunities to break through

the encirclement, obeying the orders of the middle-aged woman.

“Spare no expense, we must definitely capture Bai Qing of the Mystic Moon Sect,” The leader of the Chen Clan commanded. Since the chosen of their clan Chen Wang had fallen, they must make sure that a chosen of the Mystic Moon Sect fell together as well.

In the area where Bai Qing was at, the skies had changed color and became night. A phantom-like silhouette moved forwards in the darkness, as though transformed into shadows, merging in together with the darkness.

“BANG!”

Only to see a few of Chen Clan experts dashing into the area of darkness. Their bodies were all lit up with towering flames as they channelled the Great Solar Universe Art to the maximum, randomly blasting out in the darkness, hoping to probe Bai Qing’s location.

The cold wind gusted by, as a sinister cold intent permeated the air. Abruptly, a devil sabre slashed out from the darkness, splitting an unfortunate expert from the Chen Clan into two. However this attack revealed Bai Qing’s location; after she slayed the expert, she immediately dashed ahead madly, at breakneck speed.

“You can’t escape.” In the middle of the air, a blazing sun appeared, casting its rays downwards, illuminating her body.

“BZZZ!”

Bai Qing immediately executed Stellar Transposition as her silhouette flickered in and out of sight as she moved short bursts of distance. She had naturally mastered Stellar Transposition when she and the other rankers and Qin Wentian were trapped inside the formation world, back then in the ancient kingdom.

“Hmph.” How could the experts from the Chen Clan spare her? They instantly executed Stellar Transposition as well, chasing after her to catch her.

In another area at Ginkou. The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan had indeed planned to send reinforcements to the Mystic Moon Sect. Right now, the Chen Clan had already shredded all pretense of cordiality and wanted to engage in all out war. However, during the process of sending out experts, they encountered experts from the Hua Clan and Wang Clan hindering their movements, delaying the reinforcements sent. The Hua Clan and Wang Clan didn't want an all out war, they weren't fighting as fiercely as they should have; their only task here was to delay the reinforcement. Without external help, the Chen Clan would definitely be able to exterminate those from the Mystic Moon Sect.

Qin Wentian himself also never expected that him killing Chen Wang had actually caused a calamity to descend on the Mystic Moon Sect.

Now, he had already returned to Ginkou. Currently, he was in an inn, listening to the gossip and discussion of the crowd.

“Too disastrous, I didn’t expect the Chen Clan to be this ruthless. However, since they already declared war, there is no need for them to hold back anything any longer. I feel sad for those females in the Mystic Moon Sect.” Someone at a table spoke in a low voice, his words causing Qin Wentian to feel his body tightening. Had something happened to the Mystic Moon Sect?

“I heard that Bai Qing actually managed to escape from the encirclement. However, she’s injured, and notices for her capture have already been sent out all throughout Ginkou. For some reason I think she might surrender and walk right into the trap.”

“Yeah, outside Ginkou’s city gate, Bai Qing’s master was stripped naked with her corpse hung inverted outside there in display.”

The whispers of the crowd caused Qin Wentian’s heart to go cold. Shifting his gaze onto the person who spoke, a sudden pressure enveloped the entire area, as terror suffused the features of that person. He hurriedly exclaimed, “Senior, I was just talking nonsense earlier, please spare me.”

They mistakenly thought that Qin Wentian was an expert from the Chen Clan who felt humiliated because Bai Qing escaped their pursuit.

“What happened to the rest of the members from the Mystic Moon Sect?”

The few of them around the table exchanged glances as their

gazes flickered. It seems as though Qin Wentian wasn't someone from the Chen Clan.

“This morning today, experts from the Chen Clan surrounded the base where the Mystic Moon Sect was located, declaring an all out war. The Mystic Moon Sect tried their best to break out, yet only a few managed to escape. Bai Qing's master was slain in the chaotic battles and her corpse hung outside the city gate. They wanted Bai Qing to collect her master's corpse.

“Just because of Chen Wang's death, the Chen Clan pulled out all stops? Destroying the entire Mystic Moon Sect just to lure Bai Qing back?” The coldness radiating forth from Qin Wentian, was glacial to the extreme.

“No, not merely for Chen Wang. There were some rumors regarding an ancient medallion, something called the Sacred Royal Medallion.” That person respectfully replied, his words causing Qin Wentian's heart to tremble. The Sacred Royal Medallion was definitely the ancient medallion he had found in Chen Wang's interspatial ring.

“Kacha!” Qin Wentian's hands tightly clenched into fist as his body shuddered involuntarily. Intense feelings of guilt overwhelmed him when he thought of what happened to Bai Qing's master.

This matter arose all because of him.

Although he hadn't expected that killing Chen Wang would incite such a violent response from the Chen Clan, it was ultimately still because of his action that caused such a disaster to befall the Mystic Moon Sect, which inherently created the situation where Bai Qing's master had to be humiliated even in death.

He felt extremely miserable, his heart filled with agony. Bai Qing's master must have doted on Bai Qing a lot.

But now, even though she was already dead, her corpse was still desecrated by the Chen Clan.

"Chen Clan!" The rims of Qin Wentian's eyes had reddened as the waves of coldness from him continued gushing forth unabated. Those around the table were already kneeling, their eyes full of terror. The Qin Wentian right now was too terrifying, he might even kill them all in a fit of rage.

"Bzzz!" However at this moment, Qin Wentian's silhouette disappeared from the inn. Only then did those innocent bystanders heaved a sigh of relief. However, despite so, their bodies were still trembling uncontrollably as they silently speculated on the identity of the young man that was here earlier!

AGM 450 – Voluntarily Walking Into A Trap

Qin Wentian's silhouette flashed through Ginkou with great speed. Not long later, he arrived at the city gates of Ginkou.

When he arrived, he only saw several experts of the Chen Clan gathered here, while a cold corpse had been suspended on top of the city gates. The poor corpse was exposed to the blistering heat of the merciless sun.

There was an ancient path leading towards the corpse. Currently, there was no one there; it was as though the Chen Clan was expecting someone to turn up, voluntarily walking into their trap.

Qin Wentian stared at the corpse suspended on the city gates as a terrifying fire burned in his hearts.

The Chen Clan was too cold blooded.

Even if there was a life-and-death grudge between them, there was no need for such an act of humiliation. Killing of cultivators happened daily in Grand Xia but death would usually wiped the slate clean. The actions of the Chen Clan truly incited dissent as well as anger of the others.

Is it all for that ancient medallion? That Sacred Royal Medallion?

Qin Wentian stared at the corpse as intense feelings of guilt flooded his heart. Standing among the streams of humans that

numbered about 10,000, his hands were tightly clenched into fists as he dipped into a slight bow in the direction of the corpse.

“Senior, the actions of junior implicated the Mystic Moon Sect. But for this action, I shall make the Chen Clan pay for it with their blood.” Qin Wentian’s heart right now was icy cold. He turned and left, the sheer fury flickering in his eyes caused a sense of terror to people who saw it.

Right now, he had to stop Bai Qing from coming here.

Chen Clan’s actions caused a huge wave of commotion that alarmed the other transcendent powers in Ginkou. However, when they heard about the matter regarding the Sacred Royal Medallion, they all faintly understood the reason for the Chen Clan’s actions. So, it wasn’t just because Chen Wang had fallen. The ancient medallion had been bestowed to Chen Wang and had been lost because of his death. Right now, the Chen Clan couldn’t care less anymore and even didn’t hesitate to start an all out war with the Mystic Moon Sect for the sake of finding clues to retrieve the medallion.

The situation in Ginkou was also known to the main base of the Mystic Moon Sect in the Spirit Continent. The flames of fury surged in their hearts as numerous powerful experts immediately left for Ginkou.

The Chen Clan went overboard with their bullying. This right now wasn’t merely a fight between sects but, rather, a battle that had no end, until one side was completely annihilated.

The Great Solar Chen Clan was too ruthless.

Even if the entirety of the Mystic Moon Sect were to fall, they would not stand to suffer such humiliation.

Qin Wentian wanted to search for Bai Qing, but he was too late. After knowing her Master, who had treated her with so much kindness that it was heavy as a mountain, having her corpse paraded outside the city gates, how could Bai Qing endure it with her temperament?

Although Bai Qing was termed as the slaughter goddess from the netherworld, that was only because she was ruthless to her enemies. Right now, her character was cold and emotionless; her heart had already been sealed in ice. Back then when it was rumored that Qin Wentian had fallen in the Pill Emperor Hall, her heart was like dead ashes with her mind fully focused only on revenge. She was willing to make an enemy out of the entire Grand Xia because of him but she had never wished for those closest to her to end up like this. Her heart was bombarded by endless pain and agony.

On that ancient path that led to the Ginkou's city gate, Bai Qing was already here. Naturally she hadn't come alone, Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest had accompanied her here as well.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan hadn't wished for Ouyang Kuangsheng to entangle himself in this matter. They were also extremely clear that once this matter involved the Sacred Royal

Medallion, the Chen Clan would spare no cost in their quest to retrieve it. The only reason why they hadn't made a move against the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was purely because the Mystic Moon Sect was easier to handle. If not for that, with the main base of the Great Solar Chen Clan in Ginkou, it was definitely not a problem for them to act against the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

However, the Ouyang Clan also had no way to prevent the stubborn Ouyang Kuangsheng. He resolutely accompanied Bai Qing, and nobody could block him once he made his decisions. Those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan, could only accompany him to Ginkou.

On that ancient path outside Ginkou, a heavy atmosphere hung about in the air. Bai Qing continued walking forwards, until she came face to face with the corpse of her master. Upon seeing it, she fell to her knees as she kowtowed repeatedly, with tears endlessly dripping from her eyes.

“Master, your disciple is unfilial and failed to live up to your expectations. My actions caused you to sacrifice yourself for me, but with the Chen Clan treating you like this, how can I ever stay away?” Bai Qing stared at the suspended corpse as tears streaked down her face. She naturally knew that her master would never have wanted her to return, to voluntarily come back into the trap again, after she fought so hard to break out of the encirclement. But this debt of humiliation, if she truly stayed away, how could she be qualified to be her master's disciple?

Despite knowing it was a trap, she still had to come back.

Standing up, Bai Qing's silhouette flickered as she flew up and brought her Master down.

However at the instant she flew up, a figure descended from the skies and stomped downwards. The terrifying power of this stomp fully pressed down onto Bai Qing, causing her to groan as she was forced backwards. The figure above was none other than Chen Fan. A blazing sun could be seen above his head, causing the temperature around him to rise, the sunlight augmenting his strength.

“Who was it that killed Chen Wang?” Chen Fan's voice was extremely cold. He stared downwards at Bai Qing as he inquired.

Bai Qing glanced at him, the devil might from her rolled forth in waves. She continued ascending upwards with a devil sabre in her hands. With a flash, her silhouette disappeared before appearing once more with a head on slash.

Chen Fan coldly snorted as he stomped out again. Brilliant burst of blinding light erupted from the blazing sun above his head. When Bai Qing neared him, she felt as though her entire body was about to be burned into cinders. Chen Fan stabbed out with a finger with the endless might of the intense sun ray being concentrated on it.

“Chi...”

The devil sabre shattered, Chen Fan's strike landed on Bai Qing, the impact causing her to cough blood, only to see Chen Fan coldly

asking again, “Who was it that killed Chen Wang?”

Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest all appeared beside Bai Qing; Jiang Ting embraced her, while the whole lot of them glared at Chen Fan.

“For the battle outside Ginkou, both parties suffered drastic losses. Your Chen Clan sent out a few men to chase after the cultivator surnamed Di, and the end result was that all of them died in his hands. After that, that man reversed the situation and chased after Chen Wang. Chen Wang was too weak, he died in the end. But as to the process of his death, none of us saw how it happened.”

Fan Le’s countenance was frigid as he continued, “The Great Solar Chen Clan is merely so-so it seems. The disciples of the Chen Clan are useless, and after they are killed, the Chen Clan only knows how to resort to such despicable methods to obtain revenge. How impressive.”

“The young man surnamed Di only has a cultivation base at the second level of Heavenly Dipper. How could Chen Wang be defeated by him? Even if Chen Wang was defeated, there was no way he could have killed Chen Wang.” Chen Fan’s tone contained obvious disbelief. It was basically completely impossible.

“That’s the truth. If you don’t believe it, why do you even ask in the first place?” Ouyang Kuangsheng retorted.

“Hmph. In that case I will detain Bai Qing first. She will replace

her master in being suspended on the city gates until someone reveals the truth or the Sacred Royal Medallion resurfaces once more.” Chen Fan’s voice turned detached, with a wave of his hands, fire burst out into being, burning the corpse of Bai Qing’s master into ashes.

“Cough!”

Upon seeing this, Bai Qing spat out another mouthful of blood, her countenance as pale as a sheet of paper.

“Master...” Tears endlessly flowed, as Bai Qing thought back to the moments they shared before, her only family outside of Autumn Snow and Bai Qingsong.

Back then when she left Chu and came to Grand Xia, she had met with countless dangers before she finally acquired the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil. When she cultivated that, she had almost lost herself to the devil, but her master appeared then and saved her life, bringing her into the Mystic Moon Sect to nurture her.

After entering the Mystic Moon Sect, her master patiently guided her. The levels of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil got progressively harder, and every time she found her body unable to endure it, her master would infused her own vital energy to smooth Bai Qing’s meridians and arterial pathway, as well as unhesitatingly gathered precious herbs to concoct medicinal solutions for her to immerse herself in, strengthening her body and constitution. It was only after a long gruelling period before she achieved success in her devil arts.

After she learnt what her father did to Qin Wentian, her heart had long been sealed in ice, affecting her character and her way of interaction with people. But her master had never once counted that against her and even treated her as she should her own daughter.

To Bai Qing, the affection of her Master was a replacement for motherly love, something she had never experienced before.

But right now, her master actually died for her sake. Her corpse was even suspended in public for all to witness. And now, there weren't even bones left, everything had been burned into ashes.

Bai Qing knees slammed down on the ground with crushing force, she had her head lowered and knelt there. Tears unendingly flowed from her eyes, as her heart was assailed with an incomparably agony.

“Your disciple is unfilial..” Bai Qing kowtowed, her heart felt like it was on the verge of breaking into a thousand fragments.

When she finally lifted her head, her raven hair was in disarray, fluttering in the wind. Devil might towered the skies as darkness descended, turning day into night.

She stood up, staring at Chen Fan in the middle of the air. Terrifying devil intent could be seen flickering in her eyes, as well as coldness so intense that the crowd involuntarily trembled as they felt their souls shiver uncontrollably.

Qin Wentian who was still far away, rapidly dashed over. Bai Qing's back view was now visible to him

Her back view contained a boundless desolation and despair, he could clearly feel the pain in her heart. This must be how she felt when she learnt that he had fallen in the Pill Emperor Hall back then.

In the end, it seems that he was also too late to prevent her from coming.

“Bai Qing, this is my fault.” Qin Wentian sighed. That feeling of guilt further intensified. Although all of this was outside of his expectations, it didn't change the fact that everything stemmed from his killing of Chen Wang.

“For the battle that unfolded in the ancient kingdom, it stemmed from the conflict between the five transcendent powers which eventually led to the battle among the younger generations outside Ginkou. Chen Wang had died, yet no one knew who was the one who truly killed him. If the Chen Clan believed that it was one of us who did it, we have no way to refute that. If you want, you might as well just come and claim our lives in compensation, why is there a need to use such a ruthless method to humiliate the Mystic Moon Sect? I, Ouyang Kuangsheng hereby vow, as long as I'm alive, my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan shall always treat the Chen Clan as our enemy.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng glared at Chen Fan, his voice extremely

frigid.

“In that case, you don’t need to think about Ginkou ever again.” Chen Fan swept his gaze onto Ouyang Kuangsheng, radiating a sharpness as well as a terrifying killing intent.

“No one can block my Chen Clan. If the Sacred Royal Medallion doesn’t appear, this matter will never come to an end.” Chen Fan icily continued.

“And as for that battle, who knows whether if that’s a plot to lure Chen Wang out of Ginkou? The Mystic Moon Sect also participated in it, you can’t blame us for their deaths.” An expert from the Chen Clan stepped out. On the battle that day, the losses the Chen Clan suffered weren’t small.

Another person stepped out, staring coldly at Bai Qing, “This female must definitely land in our hands today.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng swept his gaze onto the person who spoke, it was a young man that appeared around thirty years of age. This man was none other than one of the elites of the younger generation from the Nine Mystical Palace, Xiao Han.

“Even the Nine Mystical Palace dares to interfere in this matter? Do you even have the authority to speak here? Seems like you have already thrown in your lot with the Great Solar Chen Clan. Nine Mystical Palace? All of you will definitely regret that decision.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes bore into Xiao Han. The Nine Mystical Palace was ranked last out of all thirty-six transcendent powers in

Grand Xia. They only had one Celestial Phenomenon Ascendent that would soon pass away. If that ascendent really died, the Nine Mystical Palace would be struck off from the list of transcendent powers.

“Don’t jump so far ahead. The matter today has yet to be concluded.” Chen Fan’s cold voice boomed out. The experts from their alliance all stepped out together, moving towards Bai Qing!

AGM 451 – Tempest In All Directions

The devil might Bai Qing exuded towered up towards the skies, gushing towards Chen Fan. Even if she was no match for him, she didn't mind dying to heavily injure him.

“Overestimating your own strength.” Chen Fan's countenance was ice-cold as his blazing sun Astral Nova emitted terrifying currents of heat. Rays of sunlight focused and blasted downwards, aiming right for Bai Qing.

There was no way for Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest to stand by and spectate. All of them flew up in the air, even the experts from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan also lent their strength.

In another direction, the experts from the Chen Clan also dashed over. In an instant, a great battle erupted. Terrifying auras blasted out, even the surrounding space shook when Astral Novas from all parties rumbled the void.

However, the current battle strength of the Chen Clan experts was no longer what it was during the battle at the ancient kingdom. The Chen Clan had mobilised even more powerful experts, they would stop at nothing until they reacquired the medallion. And adding in the fact that the base of the Mystic Moon Sect in Ginkou was vanquished, the obvious superiority in today's battle lay with the Great Solar Chen Clan.

After all, this was Ginkou, this was the territory of the Chen Clan. Even if their Ascendants didn't make an appearance, they

would still enjoy the advantage.

Let alone the fact that there were still experts from the Wang Clan, Hua Clan and Nine Mystical Palace helping the Chen Clan.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng is truly a man that values sentiments. Bai Qing and him don’t seemed to have too deep a relationship. He must have acted this way because she was the little sister of his bro, Qin Wentian. And now, he even implicated the entire Ouyang Aristocrat Clan with his decision.” The spectators mused. Right now, the Chen Clan is already prepared to pull out all stops to get the Sacred Royal Medallion back. It wasn’t a wise thing for the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan to choose this time to oppose the Chen Clan.

Chen Fan’s pressure bore down on Bai Qing, Ouyang Kuangsheng and the others. Bai Qing was soon injured, the difference in their cultivation level was too vast. Chen Fan himself was a genius ranked second on the Heavenly Fate Rankings nine years ago. How could Bai Qing and the rest be his opponents? Not only that, Chen Fan’s current cultivation base was already at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, and he had a combat strength that didn’t lose out to Hua Taixu, who was at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper.

However, in the midst of the chaotic battle, a piece of paper suddenly flew through the air, and attached to it, a tattered piece of torn clothing fluttered about, flying towards the direction of those from the Chen Clan.

Upon seeing this, Chen Fan’s eyes erupted with a terrifying light. With a palm strike, the surrounding space was surrounded by heat

from his blazing sun. And at the same time, the other experts from the Chen Clan momentarily stopped their battles as they flew after that slip of paper.

Chen Fan's hand snaked out, catching hold of that paper, as well as the piece of cloth attached to it.

"Chen Wang's clothing." Chen Fan's expression radiated sharpness as his eyes peered into the distance. This piece of clothing was obviously sent by Chen Wang's killer.

The other experts from the Chen Clan also started to move forward, wanting to seal this place. However, they couldn't even sense anything strange, it was as though the piece of paper and the clothing appeared out of nowhere.

"Chen Fan, what information does it contain?" A Chen Clan expert came up to Chen Wang and asked.

"During the battle for Heavenly Fate, in the place where countless experts are gathered, the Sacred Royal Medallion will make its appearance there."

It seemed as though this matter had been cleared up, the killing of Chen Wang definitely wasn't done by the Mystic Moon Sect.

In fact, the Chen Clan had never thought that they were the culprits. They only wanted to find some clues, regardless of the price paid.

“Seems like, what we have done, is right.” Chen Fan spoke, his words causing the eyes of those from Chen Clan to flicker as they looked at him.

Right? Although this matter wasn’t done by the Mystic Moon Sect, they had already formed an irreversible grudge. Why would Chen Fan say that? But after a moment of contemplation, their eyes dawned with comprehension as they looked at Bai Qing.

These experts had all been alive for a very long time. Not only were their experiences vast, they were powerful in combat and were also naturally intelligent.

Why would the culprit send out that information now? Did he want to announce that the Sacred Royal Medallion was in his hands? How could it be that simple?

There’s only one possibility for his actions. The actions that the Chen Clan took must have made this man feel fear.

In that case, the reason must definitely be because of Bai Qing!

The enemy was afraid that they would take drastic actions against her, that was why he intentionally sent out that piece of paper and Chen Wang’s clothing, telling the Chen Clan that the medallion was in his hands and had nothing to do with Bai Qing.

“Who would have thought that you would be so important? To

save you, the person who killed Chen Wang even risked his life to appear here. In that case, there's absolutely no way we can allow you to go free now." Chen Fan stared at Bai Qing as he spoke, his words causing a look of bewilderment on the faces of Ouyang Kuangsheng and the others. The killer of Chen Wang revealed himself for Bai Qing?

But who exactly killed Chen Wang and stole the Sacred Royal Medallion?

Ouyang Kuangsheng had also heard about the Sacred Royal medallions before. If one had this in their possession, the first thing they would do would naturally be to flee Ginkou. If the culprit really showed up because of Bai Qing, this could only mean that their relationship was extraordinary.

"In that case, the slaughter carried out by the Chen Clan, annihilating the Mystic Moon Sect, was done with no evidence at all. Chen Wang's death and the medallion's disappearance had nothing to do with the Mystic Moon Sect or Bai Qing." Fan Le's voice contained a dreadful chill, Chen Fan merely snorted in response. "So what if you are right? Since the matter has become clear now, the rest of you can go but Bai Qing has to remain here. If all of you still want to test my patience, don't blame my Chen Clan for showing no mercy."

Ouyang Kuangsheng continued standing there, his face a mask of coldness. From the distance, yet another piece of paper drifted over. Chen Fan immediately shot out, his perception has already been enveloping the area, hence, in order to capture the culprit, he was already prepared to make his move at any moment.

However, Chen Fan soon returned. His expression grew heavy as he spoke, “Seems like our deduction is right. The man who killed Chen Wang is extremely powerful.”

If not, how could the culprit hide all traces of his existence despite sending out another piece of paper in plain sight?

The experts from the Chen Clan read the content written within, before passing to Chen Fan. “If a single strand of hair is missing from Bai Qing’s head, the Sacred Royal Medallion will never reappear again.”

Chen Fan’s hand shook with anger, crumpling the piece of paper before burning it into a crisp. His eyes were like cold ice as he stared at Bai Qing before his voice resounded out. “I will wait for the day when the battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings commence. If you don’t appear then, I promise I shall let her enjoy a multitude of humiliation and torture before I release her unto the sweet relief of death.”

Chen Fan’s voice rumbled out, spreading in all eight directions. He thought that since the culprit had delivered the paper, he should be in the surroundings. And if so, he would definitely be able to hear his words.

Bai Qing wasn’t that important to him. The only thing they wanted was the Sacred Royal Medallion.

The Chen Clan only got a total of three medallions every hundred

years. And this time, he was bestowed one, one of his uncles that was extremely outstanding got one and Chen Wang was given the last one. They were the three holders of the Sacred Royal Medallion of the Chen Clan for these hundred years.

Each of these medallions was priceless. How could they lose it?

Upon hearing Chen Fan's words, those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan transmitted their voices to Ouyang Kuangsheng. "The Chen Clan is unwilling to risk completely falling out with us. Today, we don't hold the advantage. We must endure first and act only after more experts from our Clan arrive. Since the culprit dared to say that he would show up during the ranking battle, Bai Qing wouldn't be in any danger until then."

The Chen Clan had already made an enemy out of the Mystic Moon Sect. If they could avoid it, they would naturally not want to make an enemy out of the Ouyang Clan and wage war on two fronts.

If the Sacred Royal Medallion returned to them, they didn't need to kill with no mercy. They hoped that the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan would think this through thoroughly.

Ouyang Kuangsheng turned his gaze towards Bai Qing. His fists were tightly clenched as he silently sighed, "If we fought today, our current combat strength against them would be like using an egg to smash a rock, death would be the only outcome for us. Since the culprit sent that note, Chen Fan would definitely not dare to go against the instructions and harm her. I guess we can only temporarily accept this."

“Bai Qing, don’t be rash. The other experts from the Mystic Moon Sect must be on their way here. You have to endure all of this and live through so you can seek revenge for your master.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s worried voice was transmitted to Bai Qing. Bai Qing’s heart trembled, but her eyes were as cold as ever.

If she died, who would avenge her master?

She retracted her devil might, as she silently surveyed the countenance of those from the Chen Clan and their alliance, as though she was trying to carve their faces into her memories.

“Consider yourself lucky.” Xiao Han swept a glance at Bai Qing as he coldly spoke.

The raging battle calmed down because of the two pieces of paper. The various powers then left the area. Bai Qing was taken away by those from the Chen Clan, while the other spectators all speculated about who that mysterious culprit actually was? Who actually had the capability to kill Chen Wang and steal away his Sacred Royal Medallion? And why would that person reveal himself because of Bai Qing?

What relationship did they have exactly?

Nobody knew the answer. Very swiftly, the experts from the Mystic Moon Sect in Spirit Continent, the experts from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan in the Azure Continent and the experts of the Jiang Clan from the Wind Continent all gathered in Ginkou.

The date for the Heavenly Fate Ranking battle was nearing. Many transcendent powers had mobilised an impressive number of their own members to travel to Ginkou.

For this ranking battle, the commotion it caused even exceeded the one from three years ago, all of this was because right now there was a possibility that the various transcendent powers might shed all pretense and engage in an all out war.

The previous ranking battle shook the entire Grand Xia because of numerous demon-level talents appearing back then. But for the ranking battle this time around it was all about who the one that incited the tempest in Ginkou was?

The eyes of all in Grand Xia, were fixated on the happenings in Ginkou.

However, nobody knew that as the ranking battle neared, in a demon city, within the Celestial Lake Palace, numerous experts were currently making their way to the Qing Continent. Not only that, Fairy Qingmei was personally leading this contingent.

In addition to that, a countless number of demonic beasts gathered into tides as movements on a large scale were measured. They were all galloping into a certain direction, and led by extremely powerful demonic beasts.

The tempest in Ginkou covered the eyes of everyone in Grand Xia, who would still pay attention to something minor in

comparison such as the large scale movements of demonic beasts? Also, nobody knew what these two events signified for the future of Grand Xia.

This was actually the starting of the shifting of fates for Grand Xia, but who would know that?

The Nine Mystical Palace was one of the transcendent powers based in the Qing Continent. Although the Nine Mystical Palace wasn't outstanding when compared to the other transcendent powers in Grand Xia, in the Qing Continent, even though the Nine Mystical Palace was weaker compared to the other transcendent powers based here, it was not weaker by much.

These few years, the Nine Mystical Palace had been constantly engaging in battles with the Greencloud Pavilion. The conflict only got worse as more time passed.

As for the other two transcendent powers based in Qing Continent, the Misty Peak and the Setting Sun Mountains, since this concerned neither of them, they were content to sit on the fence and watch the drama play out. It was only to their advantage if both the Nine Mystical Palace and Greencloud Pavilion suffered losses. Who knows, maybe the four transcendent powers of Qing Continent would be reduced to only two.

But today, an excellent piece of news was sent to the Nine Mystical Palace from the Ginkou Continent almost half a world away.

The relationship between the Great Solar Chen Clan and the members of the Nine Mystical Palace that had ventured to Ginkou had grown increasingly warm and cordial. The Chen Clan also showed hints of forming an alliance with them. As long as the Chen Clan was willing to send some reinforcements to aid his Nine Mystical Palace, there was no way for the Greencloud Pavilion to prevail. At that time, it was obvious who would have the last laugh.

AGM 452 – Doomsday Of The Nine Mystical Palace

In the Qing Continent, there was a sudden influx in visitors. However these visitors all dispersed themselves among the crowd, making it so that their arrival wasn't that obvious. Yet, to those astute observers, they noted that these new arrivals all had an extraordinary aura. Not only that, several among them even exuded demonic qi

Hence, the scouts from the Greencloud Pavilion reported this up, and those in the upper echelons decreed that this matter was to be investigated in full.

Recently, there weren't really any major events happening in the Qing Continent, why would there be a sudden influx of so many powerful cultivators? Their investigations showed that the vast majority of these strangers were Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns and not only that, quite a few among them were demonic beasts.

“Pavilion Lord, could this have something to do with our conflict with the Nine Mystical Palace?” At this moment, someone questioned, his words causing the expression on the Pavilion Lord of the Greencloud Pavilion to flicker.

However at this moment, the pavilion lord suddenly shifted his gaze upwards to the clouds and spoke in a booming voice, “Which friends have decided to pay a visit to my Greencloud Pavilion? Why don't you show yourselves?”

In the sky, star light congregated, taking the outline of a constellation. The scene that was unfolding caused a look of shock to appear on the face of the pavilion lord.

After which, an incomparable, perfect figure descended from the clouds. Her beautiful frame caused the hearts of people to pound slightly as they stared with their eyes wide open, lost in her charm. However, the features of this woman were obscured by a golden mask. Not only that, she also exuded an aura of coldness, nobody could tell the identity of this woman.

“I wish to meet Old Man Greencloud.” That person softly spoke. The countenance of the pavilion lord of Greencloud Pavilion turned heavy, but at this moment, from the depths of the Pavilion, a voice echoed out in the air. “Which powerful friends deigned to pay me a visit? You are welcome to enter.”

That succubus-like figure slowly descended, landing within the Greencloud Pavilion. All of a sudden, the silhouette of an old man could be seen standing before the Pavilion gates, staring at her.

“Those from the Nine Mystical Palace have already entered Ginkou and made contact with the Great Solar Chen Clan. As to what the purpose behind their actions was, I’m sure you don’t need me to explain. Now, there’s an opportunity. My people have already entered the Qing Continent, and are currently moving towards the place where the Nine Mystical Palace is located. It is easy to defeat them, but not so easy to completely annihilate every one of them. If you are willing to work together with me, we can act and delay the Ascendant of the Nine Mystical Palace while both your people and mine exterminate their members. If you agree to

cooperate, there will be no more Nine Mystical Palace in Grand Xia.”

The alluring woman slowly explained, the tone behind her words exceedingly calm. The expression on Old Man Greencloud was serene as well yet his heart was already pounding slightly.

“How can I trust you?”

“In the tempest that shook Ginkou, the Chen Clan massacred the Mystic Moon Sect’s members who were there. In these chaotic times, do you think you can survive if you stand alone? Or perhaps you are thinking that I personally came here just to joke with you? If it wasn’t for the fact that I have hatred against the Nine Mystical Palace, I would form an alliance with them to deal with your Greencloud Pavilion. What would you do then?” That alluring figure coldly spoke. Old Man Greencloud remained silent for a moment before speaking, “When do we act?”

“My men are already on their way. We have to thoroughly wipe the Nine Mystical Palace off the face of Grand Xia. Once my men are ready, we will take action immediately.”

“Fine.” Old Man Greencloud nodded his head. “Relay my orders, and gather all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns and above. From this moment on, we are at war with the Nine Mystical Palace. The Pavilion Lord will take command of this operation.”

This voice resounded throughout the Greencloud Pavilion like a clap of thunder, shocking the hearts of the Greencloud Pavilion

cultivators. However, soon after, a sharp glint of light flashed in their eyes as they prepared to storm the Nine Mystical Palace.

Finally, was the war about to begin?

As for that alluring female, as well as Old Man Greencloud, they had disappeared immediately, leaving for the Nine Mystical Palace. The most important objective was to prevent the Ascendant of the Nine Mystical Palace from escaping.. If he does, the terrifying consequences would be unimaginable.

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The Nine Mystical Palace also discovered that there was something strange going on in the Qing Continent. specially right now, there was actually a nameless group of people heading directly towards their Nine Mystical Palace.

Such a big matter, the scouts of the Nine Mystical Palace naturally reported it up to the higher echelons.

Right now in the grand hall, the three palace lords sat within there, listening to the reports as their expressions got increasingly heavy.

“Could the people on the move be those from the Greencloud Pavilion? Has anyone thought to investigate their situation?”

“Reporting to milord, we’ve already sent men to investigate,

there should be news soon.”

“Good. Continue to monitor the movements.” Palace Lord Xiao stood up, his eyes radiating sharpness. “I don’t believe anyone in Qing is powerful enough to touch my Nine Mystical Palace. The Greencloud Pavilion? It’s impossible for them.”

“That’s right, we only need to wait a little longer. Once our alliance with the Great Solar Chen Clan is set in stone, it would be as simple as killing an ant if we want to deal with Greencloud Pavilion.” Palace Lord Yu continued. Currently, there were three factions in the Nine Mystical Palace, hence there were three palace lords.

A moment later, a scout hurriedly rushed in as he knelt on the ground. “Palace Lords, the Greencloud Pavilion is currently mobilising all of its Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns and they are on their way here.”

“What?!” Palace Lord Xiao’s expression abruptly changed. A cold light flickered in his eyes, did the Greencloud Pavilion really dare to wage war with them?

“Mobilise our own sovereigns as well and prepare for war. At the same time, inform the ancestor. Since Greencloud Pavilion decided to go to war, Old Man Greencloud would surely be leading the charge.”

The countenance of the three palace lords all became incomparably heavy. At this moment, there was another scout

rushing in, his forehead shining with the sheen of perspiration.

“Palace Lords, the strangers that arrived in Qing Continent, they...seemed to be gathering.” The voice of that scout trembled.

“Where?”

“They are all just outside our Nine Mystical Palace.” After speaking, that scout knelt down, his entire body trembling uncontrollably. The three palace lords frantically asked, “What about their strength and numbers?”

“They are all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, as for the numbers... It is tough to gauge, but there’s a high probability that it exceeds the number of sovereigns our Nine Mystical Palace has.” The voice of that scout was almost at its breaking point, his words also caused the countenances of the palace lords to falter.

“Impossible, how could there be a power with so many sovereigns? Our Nine Mystical Palace didn’t offend any of the other transcendent powers. Is this group of people a mixture of those from Greencloud Pavilion as well as mercenaries hired by the Greencloud Pavilion?”

“No sir, the experts of Greencloud Pavilion are still on their way here. Is there any command I should carry out? Sir, please make a decision.” That scout was shaking as well.

“Move out first.” Palace Lord Xiao spoke. Immediately, a group of

experts flew towards the exit of the grand hall, with speed akin to that of a hurricane.

The moment they stepped out of the grand hall, they immediately felt a terrifying pressure pressing down from the skies.

“Which friends have arrived in my Nine Mystical Hall? Why not come out for a meeting?” In the middle of the air, the only Ascendant of the Nine Mystical Palace appeared, turning his head up to gaze at the sky.

From the clouds, two silhouettes emerged. One of them was an extremely alluring female who had a gold mask on her face. For the second silhouette, it was actually none other than the Ascendant of Greencloud Pavilion, Old Man Greencloud! The two Ascendants waved their hands as their constellations birthed, enveloping the entire Nine Mystical Palace.

Their only purpose for coming here, was to exterminate the Nine Mystical Palace. There was no need for them to waste time on words.

The instant the constellations appeared, a threatening power descended everywhere within the Nine Mystical Palace. The appearance of the constellations was also a signal for the rest of their forces to initiate their attack.

Countless numbers of sovereigns hovered in the air, dashing right into the Nine Mystical Palace. As those from the Nine

Mystical Palace glanced up, they discovered that the attacking sovereigns of this force all had their features obscured by masks, as though they didn't want to let anyone know of their identity. Who exactly would want to make a move together with the Greencloud Pavilion against their Nine Mystical Palace?

“When has my Nine Mystical Palace ever offended you? If there had been cases of misunderstanding in the past, I will definitely personally show up at your doorstep with gifts to beg your pardon in the future.” The Ascendant of the Nine Mystical Palace turned his gaze onto that alluring female as he spoke. Previously, he had already sensed a great number of experts arriving in Qing Continent, but he didn't care too much about them. But now they had stormed up to his doorstep, and just as he wanted to act, the other two Ascendants were already there. It was too late, the Nine Mystical Palace had already been surrounded.

“KILL!” An icy voice abruptly echoed out. In the distance, under the gusts of raging winds, the Greencloud Pavilion's Sovereigns also arrived. Instantly, the experts of the Nine Mystical Palace all paled while the expressions of the three palace lords all faltered. What had happened? How could this be?

This battle, was being initiated for the sole purpose of completely annihilating the Nine Mystical Palace.

But who was it exactly that could mobilise such a large number of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns?

Underneath the bright light of the constellations, an endless number of Astral Novas appeared, shaking the void, only to see

that the Ascendant from the Nine Mystical Palace didn't even hesitate as he turned and tried to escape. There was no meaning to this battle, what was important now was staying alive. He would avenge those who died today in the future.

“Ancestor!” Upon seeing the figure who they had put their faith in escaping, the expressions on the faces of the Nine Mystical Palace's members were like dead ashes. In an instant, their morale dipped to a new low, and without even giving them a chance to recover, the experts under Old Man Greencloud and Fairy Qingmei immediately dashed over and began the slaughter.

In the world of Stellar Martial Cultivators, in an all out war, one must take care to never leave behind seeds of trouble that might germinate and threaten you in the future. To be merciful towards your enemies, only meant that you're being cruel to yourself.

That alluring woman and Old Man Greencloud instantly moved to block the Nine Mystical Palace's Ancestor. The constellations in the sky descended and instantly, the entire space around them was covered with dazzling constellations. Old Man Greencloud blasted out with his palms, creating bursts of green clouds with every strike, directly slamming them onto the body of the ancestor from the Nine Mystical Palace.

“Who are you exactly? Why are you doing this to my Nine Mystical Palace?” As he defended against the strike, the gaze of the ancestor never left the alluring woman. He just couldn't understand and had no idea who was powerful enough to command such a large number of sovereigns.

“The Nine Mystical Palace wantonly bullied the weak, and even took something they should not have taken. Now, it is the time to settle the debts.” The alluring woman coldly spoke. “You won’t be able to escape.”

As the sound of her voice faded, the alluring woman joined forces with Old Man Greencloud. The constellations surrounding them glowed even brighter as the space itself trembled from the pressure. Outside the enveloped space, the Sovereigns from Greencloud Pavilion and those under Fairy Qingmei totally routed the cultivators of the Nine Mystical Palace, not even sparing a single one.

This grand battle was fought at such a scale that even those from far far away could see it. Their expressions turned sluggish as they stared up at the sky in wonder. Constellations! There were actually three constellations in the sky.

Was this an all out war between transcendent powers?

A countless number of Sovereigns stormed the Nine Mystical Palace. Other than those from Greencloud Pavilion, who else was there?

Deep inside the Nine Mystical Palace, in a dark, forsaken jail, Di Yi’s entire body was riddled with countless wounds. He was currently chained up, appearing extremely miserable. At this moment, upon hearing the commotion outside, he lifted his head as bewilderment flashed past his face.

It seemed as though...someone was attacking the Nine Mystical Palace?

Far above the battle, high up in the clouds, the silhouette of a great roc whose wings spanned 3,000 miles could be seen hovering there. Its eyes radiated sharpness as it peered downwards, as though it could see through the thick layers of cloud and witness the battle below it.

The eyes of the great roc were cold, so cold that it evoked a primal fear in others. There were no emotions there, it resembled a sovereign of the skies, staring down with disdain at the world.

He had come, it was time to settle old debts!

AGM 453 – The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation, Is Reversible?!

Fairy Qingmei personally commanded this nameless force. The sovereigns under her command were made up of those from the Celestial Lake Palace as well as the hidden Azure Factions which Qin Wentian reunited. The power of this combined force exceeded the majority of the transcendent powers in Grand Xia.

The Nine Mystical Palace was ranked last among transcendent powers. How could they withstand an all out attack led by both Fairy Qingmei and Old Man Greencloud? In the blink of an eye, blood painted the Nine Mystical Palace red. The earth was destroyed, the Nine Mystical Palace was crumbling under the domineering onslaught of the two forces.

Fairy Qingmei and Old Man Greencloud joined forces to block the ancestor of Nine Mystical Palace, not giving him any chance to escape. They gradually whittled down his strength before fatally injuring him.

“Who is that masked lady? Why is she doing this?”

At this moment, Palace Lord Xiao’s eyes were filled with traces of blood, turning his gaze on the alluring female in the sky.

“Bzzz!”

A demonic wind abruptly gusted down from the skies as

overwhelming amounts of demonic qi permeated the atmosphere. Momentarily, an immense silhouette blotted out the sun, causing the entire Nine Mystical Palace to be plunged into darkness.

The members of the Nine Mystical Palace stared up towards the sky; after which, they saw a great roc descending, coming closer and closer to them.

The sharp eyes of the great roc shifted onto those from the Nine Mystical Palace. There were none that didn't tremble when the gaze of the great roc landed on them.

The primordial great roc was a descendent of one of the eight demonic divinities. The descendant of the Sky Sovereign Roc, the sovereign of the skies!

He was Qin Wentian.

Palace Lord Xiao's countenance instantly paled; he naturally knew of the grudge between the Nine Mystical Palace and Qin Wentian. Back then, in the small country of Chu, a descendent of his Xiao Clan died in Chu because that person had antagonised Qin Wentian. And because of this, the Nine Mystical Palace used the death as an excuse to capture Di Yi, wanting to excavate the secrets Di Yi was hiding.

And currently, everything made sense. Qin Wentian was the one that led this nameless force over. He instantly understood something. Today, the Nine Mystical Palace was finished.

“Does the Greencloud Pavilion really want to be in an alliance with the broken remnants of the Azure Emperor Palace?” Palace Lord Xiao called out in rage, his words causing the Pavilion Lord of Greencloud Pavilion to freeze in the air. He then glanced at the great roc, as his heart trembled with an unknown emotion.

He hadn't thought that the great roc would actually be Qin Wentian.

“All of you from Greencloud Pavilion should have no idea that Qin Wentian is the Azure Emperor's successor.” Palace Lord Xiao continued hollering, only to see the eyes of the great roc boring into him. A rumble then filled the air, as a powerful voice thundered out. “The true Azure Emperor Palace will be established as the Nine Mystical Palace fades away.”

As the sound of its voice faded, the great roc dived downwards, akin to a supreme sword, piercing forth in the direction of Palace Lord Xiao.

Palace Lord Xiao's body crackled with purplish lightning; he transformed into a raging lightning dragon and dashed through the skies, slamming towards the great roc.

The great roc and the lightning dragon fiercely collided. The immense silhouette of the great roc climbed through the skies, seeking the advantage of a higher position. Abruptly, an incomparably sharp kingly sword appeared, slashing towards Palace Lord Xiao.

“Lightning Eruption!”

The voice of Palace Lord Xiao was ice cold, his Astral Nova exploded as nine lightning dragons were birthed from it. They then zoomed upwards, trying to burrow themselves into the great roc.

“Booom!” A flood of astral light inundated the area as the silhouette of the great roc vanished from sight. The kingly sword held in it’s talons had already broken apart the shell of the lightning dragon, turning Palace Lord Xiao back into a human as the sword penetrated his throat. The lightning dragons manifested from the eruption of Palace Lord Xiao’s Astral Nova took the chance to slam into the great roc’s body, devastating it from within.

An explosive sound thundered out, the body of Palace Lord Xiao was lacerated into nothingness under the pressure of the sword might.

The establishment of the true Azure Emperor Palace as the Nine Mystical Palace fades away. The sound of those words reverberated throughout the entire space, only stopping after many moments.

The destruction of a transcendent power could never be hidden completely. Very soon, all of Grand Xia would know, so there was no need to hide any longer, Qin Wentian might as well boldly reveal his objective. These were also the wishes of the Azure Emperor and Fairy Qingmei. Qin Wentian had received their aid, naturally he would do his best to carry out their wishes.

The experts from the Nine Mystical Palace gradually dwindled in number. Among the crowd, Luo Tianya stared with dumbfounded stupefaction at the great roc in the air. Was this still the youth he met at the Junlin Banquet? Back then, Qin Wentian had defeated his son Luo Qianqiu, after which his son was even slain by Qin Wentian.

He wanted revenge but was afraid of the retaliation by the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Greencloud Pavilion. He had always been enduring, waiting for a opportunity, biding his time so that he could kill Qin Wentian. However who would expect that as time flowed by, Qin Wentian's name shook the entire Grand Xia. And now, he actually commanded his forces to wipe out the Nine Mystical Palace. Everything felt as surreal as a dream.

All of a sudden, the icy glance of that great roc was directed his way. Luo Tianya felt his heart violently clenching from fear, yet Qin Wentian only disdainfully spared a glance at him. After which, the eyes of the great roc shifted aside, as though it couldn't be bothered to look at a dead man, totally disregarding him.

“Bzzz!” A raging wind gusted as the great roc landed onto an ancient-looking building before using it's wings to split the dome of the building apart.

Di Yi inclined his head, his face a mask of amazement as he stared at the immense silhouette blocking out the sun.

“Kacha...” The chains binding him were shattered. Yet Di Yi

stared blankly at the great roc before him. It was a while before he recovered.

Qin Wentian stared at Di Yi, respectfully dipping his head in a slight bow, as he stated, “Headmaster, Wentian apologises for his tardiness. I’ve led the Azure Emperor Palace over to save you, I’m finally here.”

“Wentian...” Di Yi murmured, tears streak down his face, as he was overcome by his emotions.

Only after a long while did he glance back at Qin Wentian once more. He stretched out his hands, as though wanting to cradle the great roc’s face. However the great roc was too large, his hands could only touch a small portion of it’s face.

Di Yi’s eyes reddened, his heart was filled with endless complications.

Qin Wentian had reunited the hidden Azure Faction and led people to destroy the Nine Mystical Palace. However, he himself had actually transformed into a primordial great roc.

“Headmaster, you should be happy instead.” The large eyes of the great roc revealed a smile, his words causing Di Yi to nod his head. “Yes, you are right. I should be happy. My Azure Emperor Palace is finally reunited and is even stronger compared to some transcendent powers. I would never have thought that despite being separated for thousands of years, the forces of our hidden Azure Faction would arrive at this step today.”

“But, such a display is still extremely dangerous.” Di Yi cautioned.

“Mhm, I understand. Hence I have the people from our Azure Emperor Palace to don on masks. Nobody knows their identity and we can all fade away like smoke if someone launches an investigation.” Qin Wentian replied. Di Yi nodded, apparently Qin Wentian had already considered it from this angle. The young man before him was no longer as naive as the youth he was back then in Chu.

Qin Wentian brought Di Yi with him as he soared through the skies. Di Yi suddenly asked, “Wentian, what are your plans now that the Nine Mystical Palace has already been destroyed?”

“I still have something I need to do so I will need to return to Ginkou. Headmaster, after you return to Chu, please convey my well wishes to my old acquaintances on my behalf.” Di Yi nodded. He had been imprisoned by the Nine Mystical Palace ever since his capture, thus he hadn’t known the events that transpired in the outside world. Since Qin Wentian said that he had to return to Ginkou, it must be for something important.

Di Yi didn’t continue to ask about it. He stared at the space below, a sect with thousand years of history was destroyed in the span of a single day, becoming history; as what it once was, the glory it once had, all dissipated like ashes in the wind.

A few hours later, after the dust had settled, the other experts

from the Greencloud Pavilion entered the Nine Mystical Palace and cleaned everything up. Old Man Greencloud had already managed to guess the identity of the alluring woman, and even someone at his level felt slightly apprehensive in his heart when he learnt who she was. As for those on the ground, there was currently a group of three from the Greencloud Pavilion standing together. One of them was an extremely old-looking man, and the other two were beautiful females that exuded the vibrancy of youth. They all inclined their heads, staring up at Qin Wentian who was hovering in the air.

And at this instant, the great roc also lowered its head. A smile could be seen on his face as he matched their gazes.

“Senior Gongyang, how have you been? It has been ages since we last met,” Qin Wentian smiled. So, that decrepit-looking old man was none other than Gongyang Hong, whom he had been acquainted with back in Chu.

Gongyang Hong had a wry smile on his face as he shook his head, “I’m doing fine, your name has shown up frequently during the last few years, and I spend my time boasting to my peers about my excellent judgement. But even I would never have imagined that you would transform into a great roc. But no matter, my heart is satisfied just by seeing that you are still alive.”

Currently, there were many people in Grand Xia who had fallen due to Qin Wentian.

“Transforming into a great roc, soaring through the skies. This isn’t something to be unhappy about. Sadly, I still have something

I need to do and won't be able to stay long to chat with Senior. Please accept my apologies.”

“Don't worry about it, go and get busy.” Gongyang Hong nodded.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian replied. He nodded his head slightly in acknowledgement to Qian Mengyu and the girl beside her.

Qian Mengyu's heart trembled involuntarily upon seeing Qin Wentian's current form.

That youth that she knew from before, was it fated that he would never be able to return?

“Go!” Qin Wentian commanded as he soared up into the skies. Instantly, the masked Sovereigns all departed with him, yet even after their departure, the waves of commotion in the hearts of those present didn't abate in the slightest. Their actions today were a writing brush penning the history of Grand Xia.

The news of the Nine Mystical Palace's destruction was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The other transcendent powers of the Qing Continent were all shocked senseless. However, they soon heard the news that the force who destroyed the Nine Mystical Palace was the young man named Qin Wentian who split apart the Pill Emperor Hall years ago. However, now, he was no longer alone; he led a fearsome team of Heavenly Sovereigns that hailed from the hidden factions of the Azure Emperor Palace.

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The demon sword was still embedded in the Pill Emperor Hall in Moon Continent.

These few years, the Pill Emperor Hall had maintained an extremely low profile. After what happened back then, they already knew that there was an exceptionally powerful force behind Qin Wentian.

However currently, several experts appeared on the peak of the ninety nine heaven-ascending steps as though they were waiting for something.

And not long after, a group of figures appeared in the skies as they slowly descended downwards. The cultivator in the lead was a young man. His countenance was extremely sharp, as an untamed sense of arrogance emanated forth from him.

“Jun Yu, you broke through to Celestial Phenomenon?” The Pill Emperor stared at that young man, he was visibly moved.

“Mhm.” That young man nodded his head lightly, “Master, disciple didn’t let down the fact that you bestowed the Sacred Royal Medallion upon me. Right now, I’m returning to my sect in glory.”

“Excellent, excellent!” The Pill Emperor smiled as he nodded his head. However soon after, his smile turned into a sigh, “You

should already know what happened to our Pill Emperor Hall. Our current straits can only be described with the word ‘miserable.’”

“Hmph.” A cold glint of light flashed past the eyes of the young man. After which, he approached the demon sword, his countenance a mask of ice. Abruptly, astral light flashed as his constellation appeared. His silhouette flickered, landing on the demon sword, trying to pull it out from the ground. However, the sword didn’t even budge a single inch. It’s only response was a keening sound that echoed endlessly, as though it was emphasizing the fact that it wasn’t willing to be pulled out.

“Overestimating itself.”

The young man snorted in disdain. The constellation in the skies shone even brighter as a column of astral light cascaded down onto him. The clouds in the skies were forcibly shifted away by a formidable force as a terrifying sealing energy was directed to the demon sword. The force of the seal caused the sword to violently tremble.

“Bzzzz!” A terrifying sharp light erupted forth from the sword as a terrifying phenomenon appeared in the skies. The howls of dragons and wails of phoenixes, the image of a great roc bumping in the ceiling of heavens flashed by. Thunder erupted, lightning flashed, only to see the young man channeling the energy of his constellation to forcibly envelop the demon sword. Gradually, the strange phenomenon weakened, as the demon sword returned to it’s tranquil state.

The silhouette of the young man flickered as he landed on the

ground. “This sword...is extraordinary.”

Those from the Pill Emperor Halls all nodded their heads. They naturally knew that the demon sword was extraordinary.

And as the voice of the young man sounded out, the sound of a sigh suddenly echoed forth from the sword. This sigh contained a powerful tremor within that could even shake the heavens and earth. Yet, the members of the Pill Emperor Hall didn't hear it.

The primordial great roc, who was half a world away, suddenly felt a shiver in its soul. An archaic, ancient-sounding sigh suddenly rang out in its mind.

“Who?!”

The eyes of the great roc sharpened as fear blossomed in its heart. Who was powerful enough to cause their sigh to be directly transmitted to his mind?

“Forming a connection with the eight demonic divinities, the ancient will stretches across the skies. This art allows you to transform into a demon, it is the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art.” That voice sounded out again in melancholy.

“Who are you?” Qin Wentian silently asked.

“Who am I? I don't even know that myself. I only remembered that I was a Sky Sovereign Roc, I resented that the Heavens were

too low.” That archaic voice rang out once more, the words it spoke caused the pounding of Qin Wentian’s heart to grow increasingly more intense.

The Sky Sovereign Roc resented that the Heavens were too low!

The demon sword was none other than the incarnation of it?!

Currently, the demon sword was more than ten thousand miles away from him, but it’s voice could still reach out through space, ringing out in his mind.

“The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation is reversible.” That voice rang out once more, it’s words causing Qin Wentian to tremble uncontrollably. The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation could be reversed?!

AGM 454 – Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay

An ancient will resided in the demon sword.

The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation was a secret art, it was irreversible. Yet, the voice from the demon sword claimed the direct opposite.

Where did the sky sovereign roc that resented the fact that the heavens were too low, originate from?

Could the legends from Sword Reverence City be true? This sword originated from a place beyond this world. As it fell down from the heavens, it's sharpness sundered the mountains outside Sword Reverence City, creating the Sword Reverence Precipice.

The sword landed at the bottom of the precipice, hating the heavens were too low, dreadful wails echoed unceasingly, it was unwilling to be pulled out.

“How?” Qin Wentian asked, his voice trembling with emotions.

“You woke me up from my slumber with your blood, forming a karmic bond between us. This is also the reason why you could hear my voice even though we are so far apart. I shall bestow upon you...the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay.” That archaic voice rang out in his mind. “The ancient will connects your essence with the demonic divinity of the eight directions, using your mortal

body as a sacrifice, changing your form into that of a demon. You obviously have an extraordinary background. Since your sensory abilities are so advanced, this means that you might have a chance to understand this sword art, using it to burn the demonic energy which infused itself into your body to reverse the demonic divinity transformation.

“This is an immortal art, the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. To execute this, you have to use the entirety of the demonic divinity energy infused within your body as fuel. However that is still insufficient. Even adding the power of your bloodline and the entire pool of energy in your Yuanfu to the mix, I’m afraid the amount of power gathered would still be insufficient to allow you unleash even one stance of the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. But, if you somehow succeed in this, the demonic form will be reversed, even your vitality would be sapped. Despite your strengthened physique, it would be impossible for you to recover without a year of rest,”

The voice resounded in his mind, Qin Wentian’s heart trembled violently. The power of the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay exceeded the power he wielded when he used the demon sword by a hundred or even a thousand times. The current him had no way to withstand such a large expenditure.

Qin Wentian intrinsically understood that he had transformed into a great roc because of external sources of energy being channeled into him. The ancient will stretched across the skies, forming a connection with the eight demonic divinities, it borrowed the power of the demonic constellations to transform him into his current form. The method the demon sword was teaching him, was to burn all of this energy as fuel to unleash this

immortal sword art to totally reverse the process. However this method is extremely tyrannical, even his vitality would be damaged, he might even die in the process. Mortals are not meant to wield immortal arts after all.

This swordplay, was an immortal art akin to the Great Nirvana Art. The might it possessed was inconceivable, and the difficulty to execute it was by far many times tougher and more dangerous compared to him trying to pull out the demon sword back then.

“Are you willing to learn it?” The archaic voice echoed once again. The glint of resolution flashed in the eyes of the roc. Right now, he didn’t just have the body of a great roc. He has another true-body by virtue of the Great Nirvana Immortal Art. No matter how high the risks were, he would be willing to learn it. Although he would need a long period of recuperation in the event that he didn’t die, he still has another true-body out there and could cultivate as well. There was no loss for him.

“I am.” Qin Wentian’s voice could shatter iron, he didn’t hesitate.

If he could master this art, he might even be able to use the energy from the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art repeatedly to power the swordplay in the future after he gets stronger. Although the price is great, he had nothing to fear. He had two true bodies after all.

“Very well, remember this. Do not ever attempt to use this swordplay if you are not in the form of the primordial great roc. Without the energy from the demonic divinities, this swordplay

will burn up your life force instead. You won't be able to withstand it, death is certain." That voice cautioned. Qin Wentian took this to his heart, he could only unleash this immortal swordplay when in the form of a great roc. If not, he would definitely die for sure.

But naturally, if his cultivation level reached a certain realm in the future, there wouldn't be any more restrictions.

At this moment, the voice of the demon sword directly transmitted the information into his mind. Qin Wentian closed his eyes and hovered in the skies, immersing the entirety of his perception within himself, solely focusing on the information he was receiving.

Only after long moments passed did he finally open his eyes again.

He had only managed to comprehend the first stance, the simplest stance.

The first stance wasn't difficult, it was the basic stance that built the foundation for the remaining stances of the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. But despite this, it was after all, still an Immortal Art. He had no way at all to summon enough energy to use it. He couldn't even endure the consumption rate of the first, and simplest stance. Just like what the demon sword said, it would burn through the entirety of his demonic divinity energy, drain him of energy in his Yuanfu, and even injure his vitality. And, if the sum of these three factors wasn't enough, he could also die.

“Senior, are you the incarnation of the sky sovereign roc or are you the sword spirit of the demon sword?” Qin Wentian curiously inquired. Where had the demon sword come from and what exactly was it?

“No idea.” The demon sword sighed before returning to stillness. Qin Wentian also went silent as he continued walking forward.

The date for the ranking battle was nearing. He had to lead his men to Ginkou before the Heavenly Fate Rankings commence.

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After many days, in the temporary base of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan in Ginkou, there were currently several powerful experts guarding this place. Even the Chen Clan wouldn't have an easy time if they were to attack.

There were no other reasons other than the fact that the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Jiang Clan and Mystic Moon Sect had come together with the intention of forming an alliance.

After all, who would dare to antagonize an alliance formed from three transcendent powers?

Currently, the ancestor of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, the ancestor of the Jiang Clan and the sect leader of the Mystic Moon Sect all sat together with countless experts seated below them.

A few days ago, a slaughter occurred at the base of the Mystic Moon Sect in Ginkou by members from the Great Solar Chen Clan. This matter didn't just cause the entire Ginkou Continent to be shocked, everyone in Grand Xia was flabbergasted. The inherent meaning of Chen Clan's actions was informative. It was merely the start of a war that would erupt between the transcendent powers of Grand Xia.

And now, the ancestors of both the Jiang and Ouyang Aristocrat Clan had personally arrived. Even though they had formed an alliance with the Mystic Moon Sect, they were still considering if they should stand so firmly on their side.

After all, they had to consider the benefits to their whole clan as a whole. It was impossible for them fully commit to, and participate in an all out war with other transcendent powers because of the friendship between Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Bai Qing, and other members of the younger generations.

Who wouldn't be cautious when speaking of an all-out war among transcendent powers? If they were slightly careless, even as a transcendent power, they might fall.

These were the thoughts of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan's ancestors. But it was different for the Mystic Moon Sect. They were in this alliance solely for revenge. Hence, they hoped to be able to convince the two transcendent powers to aid them.

If it was just purely an alliance with defense in mind, the Ouyang and Jiang Clan were naturally willing to do so. Only then would their clans be able to stand secure in these chaotic times in Grand

Xia. However, if they truly wanted to participate in an all-out war, it wasn't something that could be so easily settled with just three transcendent powers in an alliance.

“Ancestor, if the Chen Clan gets the chance, they would definitely not spare our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. At this moment, Ouyang Kuangsheng who was standing in the crowd below, spoke. The ancestor of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan glanced at him before replying, “Naturally, I understand, but if our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan is strong enough, we would similarly not spare the Great Solar Chen Clan. However, if we clash now, it's unknown who would remain standing in the end. And if we engaged in an all-out war, the other transcendent powers that have an enmity with our Ouyang Clan would definitely make use of this opportunity to stab us in the back. Should there be any unexpected variations to the situation, our clan would then fall into extreme danger.”

“Also, since the three of us can form an alliance, what makes you think that the Chen Clan, Hua Clan, Wang Clan and Nine Mystical Palace, cannot? If the four of them join in an alliance, their overall power would be even stronger compared to us.”

Upon hearing this, the clamors of those below all died down as heavy expressions could be seen on their faces. However, there was a middle-aged woman from the Mystic Moon Sect that had no fluctuations to her expressions despite hearing the words from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan's ancestor.

For cultivators who had reached her level, their hearts were as still as water. She also understood that the situation her sect was facing was different in comparison to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan

and Jiang Clan. She also understood the reasoning behind their decisions, and if the three of them really failed to come to an alliance, her Mystic Moon Sect would have no choice but to endure this debt of hatred.

At this moment, a guard entered the courtyard. Someone from the Ouyang Clan stood up in response, “What’s the matter?”

“Someone came by, requesting to seek an audience.” The guard replied. The person from Ouyang Clan frowned as he waved his hands, “Reject him.”

“But this person said that...he’s Qin Wentian.” As the sound of the guard’s voice faded away, bright light flashed in the eyes of the crowd. Qin Wentian?

Back then after he wreaked havoc at the Pill Emperor Hall, if he’s still alive, it only meant that there’s an extremely powerful faction behind him, and they were they ones who whisked him away from there.

Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le and the rest all had sharp glints of light flickering in their eyes. Moments later, the man who named himself Qin Wentian arrived. And upon seeing his appearance, everyone’s countenance was marred by frowns and furrowed brows.

“I’m named Di Tian, Qin Wentian was the one who commanded me to come to Ginkou.”

Qin Wentian slowly spoke. His real face in human form and the great roc can never appear simultaneously at the same place in front of the public.

“How can I trust you?” Ouyang Kuangsheng coldly asked.

Qin Wentian stomped on the ground, astral light bursted outwards, his silhouette appearing at an empty space near the crowd. With two sword fingers stabbing skywards, a myriad of sword beams shot downwards through the skies, as though answering his call.

“Stellar Transposition, Heavenly Swordplay. I recalled you know the Bloodcurse Imprint as well. The nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, you truly know quite a few of them.” Ouyang Kuangsheng stared intently at Qin Wentian, he was already somewhat convinced that Di Tian was here under Qin Wentian’s command.

“Where is Qin Wentian now? Is he still well?” Chu Mang spoke.

“A few days ago, he destroyed the Nine Mystical Palace. Currently, he is leading a force over to Ginkou and will appear here during the day when the ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings commences.” Di Tian slowly replied, his words causing the pupils of those present to narrow. The Nine Mystical Palace was already destroyed by Qin Wentian?

“Is there any proof of what you said?” Ancestor Ouyang asked.
“What is your identity?”

“Qin Wentian currently has control over an extremely powerful force. I’m Di Tian, Qin Wentian is my master. If you still cannot believe me, let me show you something.” As he spoke, Qin Wentian stretched out his arm. A moment later, scales began forming around it, eventually transforming into the arm of a kirin. The eyes of Fan Le and the rest widened in surprise as they saw it. That was, the Fiend Transformation Art.

Seeing how this man knew so many of Qin Wentian’s techniques, there couldn’t be any mistake.

Qin Wentian was still alive!

“What did I tell you guys? That fellow wouldn’t die so easily.” Fan Le was grinning from ear to ear. Ouyang Kuangsheng and Chu Mang were laughing as well. Qin Wentian was still alive!

“Did you come here because Qin Wentian wanted to tell us something?” Ancestor Ouyang asked. Right now, his heart was palpitating with excitement. Qin Wentian didn’t die, does this mean that the power behind him... Was this also the reason behind the Pill Emperor Hall’s seclusion?

“Yes. During the ranking battle, the experts under him will gather here and wage an all-out war with the Great Solar Chen Clan. He hopes that the three powers here would be able to form an alliance with him to destroy the Chen Clan once and for all.

“The consequences of an all-out war isn’t something you can imagine.” Ancestor Ouyang stated.

“Back then, Qin Wentian bestowed young master Ouyang with the nine ultimate arts. And today, he is willing to share the entire set of the nine ultimate arts with the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan. Is it worth it now for you to join the alliance?”

Qin Wentian’s eyes flashed with sharpness as he regarded the people before him. The entire set of the nine ultimate arts. Not one of them, but the entire set.

That day, Ouyang Kuangsheng cultivated a few of the nine arts, that was because he and Qin Wentian were brothers to speak of. Even when his clan members wanted him to divulge the arts he learnt, he refused to do so purely because of the same reason. He and Qin Wentian were brothers. Because of this, the elders of the clan couldn’t help but to start disliking him. On the surface, they still doted on him, but secretly all of them pined for the day when Ouyang Kuangsheng could see sense and shared the ultimate arts with the rest of the clan.

However now, Qin Wentian was actually willing to share the entire set of the nine ultimate arts with them.

This temptation, how could it be small? With the nine ultimate arts, their Ouyang Aristocrat Clan would definitely become one of the strongest in Grand Xia.

“If the Nine Mystical Palace, Hua Clan or Wang Clan are added into the mix, we don’t have any chance of victory.” Ancestor Ouyang was still wavering on a thin line of hesitation.

“You are wrong. The Nine Mystical Palace has already been destroyed. As for the Hua Clan and Wang Clan, leave them to Qin Wentian, his plans are already in motion. As long as you publicly declare that this alliance is formed to oppose the Chen Clan, they will definitely take the bait. With the three of you; the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, the Jiang Clan, the Mystic Moon Sect, in addition along with the power that destroys the Nine Mystical Palace. Who do you think will be stronger?”

“The Great Solar Chen Clan has three Ascendants. The strongest out of those three is more powerful compared to any of us. We have no way to resist.” Ancestor Ouyang spoke again. That person was the trump card of the Great Solar Chen Clan. Since they dared to initiate the all-out war against the Mystic Moon Sect, they would naturally have enough strength to match their actions.

“Three Ascendants. Even though one among them is a initial Ascendant, he’s extremely powerful compared to majority of initial Ascendants because of the fact he cultivates the Great Solar Universe Art. The power of the three of them acting together isn’t something you can imagine at your current level.”

“On our side, we also have three Ascendants, not counting the Ascendant brought over by Qin Wentian, even if we cannot destroy the Great Solar Chen Clan, it isn’t a problem to suppress the three Ascendants on their side. As long as we can hold them back, engaging in an all-out war would definitely severely damage the Great Solar Chen Clan, they wouldn’t be able to recover in less than a few decades. And by that time, after all your clan members are skilled in the nine ultimate arts, tell me. Would any of you still fear the Great Solar Chen Clan?”

Qin Wentian's persuasion was forceful and direct. His words caused the eyes of the ancestor from the Ouyang Clan to glisten with a bright light. Qin Wentian's analysis was right, this alliance was worth the risk!

AGM 455 – Jun Yu

Qin Wentian's request for the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan to battle, was actually because of the fact that despite his current strength, he was still helpless.

Right now, although the hidden Azure Faction was already reunited, they only had Fairy Qingmei, a single Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant. Evidently, his current strength was insufficient to clash head on against a top-tier transcendent power like the Great Solar Chen Clan. If not, why would Fairy Qingmei need to wait so many years? She would have finished things long ago, if she could have.

Hence, Qin Wentian needed the strength of the alliance to deal a critical strike to the Chen Clan, making it so that once they stumbled, they would be unable to rise again.

Also, Fairy Qingmei had revealed some secrets behind the Azure Emperor's death to Qin Wentian. Back then, the Great Solar Chen Clan were the masterminds. And if it wasn't for her timely appearance, the Hua Clan and Wang Clan would all have acted as well.

But of course, Qin Wentian wouldn't force the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan into danger for him. He had already made some other arrangements.

Not only that, the power under him wouldn't be part of the alliance between the Ouyang Clan, Jiang Clan and Mystic Moon

Sect. The only reason why they appeared together was to deal with the Great Solar Chen Clan.

As for the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, this was the compensation for the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan. He also wished that these two powers could grow more powerful and in the future, be ranked above the Chen, Hua and Wang Clan.

In Ginkou, the number of experts that gathered here this year was greater than the previous Heavenly Fate Rankings three years ago. Especially for the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan which was one of the powers embroiled in the tempest of Ginkou, even their Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant had personally come over. One could only imagine how terrifying the storm is going to be.

The Chen Clan, Hua Clan and Wang Clan's relationship got visibly closer, as though they already had intentions to ally together for some reason. Xiao Han and the others from the Nine Mystical Palace were also mixed in but right at this moment, just as they were drunk on success, a piece of news out of the blue caused them to feel as though their hearts had stopped.

Back then, Qin Wentian who had barged up the Pill Emperor Hall, hadn't he already died? Why did the news say that a gigantic roc controlled the hidden factions of the Azure Emperor and allied themselves with the Greencloud Pavilion, thoroughly rooting out the Nine Mystical Palace?

After the news circulated all over Ginkou, it was as though the air itself was covered by a layer of dark clouds. The various transcendent powers suddenly recalled the seclusion of the Pill

Emperor Hall. Back then, there was an exceptionally powerful constellation that enveloped the entire Pill Emperor Hall. What exactly happened back then?

And after the first waves of shock, yet another tsunami-level piece of news circulated throughout Ginkou. The Hua Clan in the Moon Continent found themselves under attack by the Azure Faction and had suffered drastically due to being caught unaware. Luckily, the Hua Clan Ascendant was there, which was why the Hua Clan had still survived. The ancestor of the Hua Clan wasn't a match for Fairy Qingmei, however he still managed to survive with heavy injuries and led the rest of his clan to safety.

As this piece of news hit Ginkou, those from the Hua Clan currently within Ginkou all immediately left, rushing back to the Moon Continent. There were no more doubts now. Right now, Qin Wentian was enacting his revenge. All the transcendent powers that had offended him before were now trembling with fear, wondering if they would be next.

Soon after, news of the Wang Clan in the War Continent under attack also circulated here, the information causing people to be speechless.

Qin Wentian was truly still alive. In that case, the stories about him having a supreme power backing him must be real. Not only that, he represents the Azure Faction now and was treading the path of revenge. There was no doubt that his actions would completely offend several of the other transcendent powers. Even if they wanted to make peace now, it was too late. War, was the only answer.

However, Qin Wentian had no plans to announce that he would establish his own power so soon. This was because having a stable base might incite attacks from others. This was also the reason why he had his followers don masks to hide their identity, able to melt away in the crowd, hiding from the eyes of those who meant them harm. In the meantime, the followers under him were all cultivating the nine supreme arts, and no one knew who they were.

Under the continuous onslaught of shocking news after shocking news, the Heavenly Fate Ranking battle finally commenced in the Venerate Heavens Sect in Ginkou.

Within the Venerate Heavens Sect, there was an extremely impressive arena that was surrounded by thirty-six viewing platforms in all eight directions. Behind the viewing platforms were the countless spectators that came to witness the new rankers today.

The ranking battle this time around wasn't conducted in the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia. There was no beating of drums, crossing the river of life and death, no battle-robed opponents to battle. In that case, they would directly use combat to determine the rankings. Each of the transcendent powers will come up with a treasure to reward the thirty-six rankers.

But right now, the thirty-six transcendent powers has already been whittled down to thirty-five. In the viewing platform designated for the Nine Mystical Palace, only a few experts could be seen sitting there. Even they themselves felt extremely

awkward, with their sect being destroyed, they were no longer a transcendent power. Right now, they could only live under the protection of others.

Other than this, the number of experts in the viewing platforms designated to the Wang and Hua Clan only had a few cultivators. They were all afraid that Qin Wentian would mount a sneak attack again, hence they could only return to their clans and increase their vigilance.

On the grand viewing platforms, the spectators stared at the battles in the arena, yet no one was really paying attention to the combatants.

Compared to the chaotic currents flowing in Grand Xia now, the ranking battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings weren't that important. After all, this was merely a battle among the younger generations, considering the state Grand Xia was in now, would the geniuses that emerged from the ranking battle this time around even be able to rise up?

Those from the Chen Clan brought Bai Qing over. They hadn't harmed Bai Qing, but were constantly on the lookout. Today, if the Sacred Royal Medallion didn't appear, they would definitely kill Bai Qing to vent their anger.

Old Man Tianji sat in the main seat, his gaze peering down on the intense battle of the combatants below. A smile appeared on his face when he shifted his gaze onto a young man. "This seedling isn't bad."

“The sword arts of this young man are truly profound.” A spectator from the Venerate Heavens Sect nodded in agreement.

When Old Man Tianji glanced around at those from the various transcendent powers, his pupils couldn't help but to narrow. He felt as though these people weren't here for spectating the Heavenly Fate Rankings, but were hatching schemes of their own instead.

Shaking his head slightly, Old Man Tianji could only sigh in his heart. He naturally understood what these people were thinking about. In such chaotic times, even transcendent powers could fall. How could these people pay attention to what was going on in the ranking battle?

“Sigh demon star, demon star, you truly flung the entire Grand Xia into chaos.

The vision he had back then, was gradually coming true.

Qin Wentian, in the short span of a few years, had already caused so much chaos in Grand Xia. If he had ten more years to grow, what would the situation in Grand Xia be like then?

Considering the history of Grand Xia, ten years were just too short a time.

Right now, the ranking battle got increasingly intense. The

Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Jiang Clan and Mystic Moon Sect all sat together on one viewing platform. Their eyes were all flickering with sharpness, yet they seemed to be patiently waiting for something.

And finally, after a few days of battle, only two combatants remained. Excited roars resounded throughout the crowd, lauding laurels onto them, fully convinced that these two would definitely stand at the peak of Grand Xia in the future.

The two combatants were both respectively dressed in black and white. The black-robed young man was from the Shi Clan. In the earlier rankings three years ago, Shi Potian suffered miserably, but this time around, the Shi Clan could finally lift their heads up with pride, someone from the clan finally obtained the position of the first ranker in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

As for the person ranked second, it was actually someone from the Thousand-Jue Alliance.

Old Man Tianji finished engraving the Heavenly Fate Ranking scoreboard, as thirty-six names shimmered in the air. The new rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings had thus been born.

At this moment, it seemed as though everything has ended. But of course, everyone understood that this was just the beginning.

“I have to congratulate Brother Shi. Esteemed Nephew Shi Hao’s talent is extraordinary, he is sure to accomplish grand things in the future.” Only to see a powerhouse of the Chen Clan glance towards

a man from the Shi Clan with a smile on his face. The leader of the Shi Clan lightly nodded and replied, “Hao`er still needs more training. When compared to the first ranker three years ago, he’s still a distance away.”

The eyes of the powerhouse from Chen Clan flickered with an unknown emotion when Qin Wentian was mentioned. He then casually added, “Now that so many experts gathered and the ranking battle has concluded, the Royal Sacred Medallion has not made its appearance. In that case, even I feel bad thinking of the humiliation that will soon befall that talented and beautiful young lady from the Mystic Moon Sect.”

As the sound of his voice faded, he stood up and stared in the direction of Bai Qing.

“The Chen Clan lost the Sacred Royal Medallion due to their disciple’s inability. To think that they would vent their frustrations out on the disciples of my Mystic Moon Sect. How laughable.”

Only to see that opposite the Chen Clan, the sect leader of the Mystic Moon Sect personally spoke. Her eyes flickered with a terrifying light as she stared at the Chen Clan’s powerhouse.

“Who knows what is real? Maybe the medallion is in the hands of your sect?” The powerhouse from the Chen Clan icily spat out. He turned his gaze towards the alliance of three powers while coldly laughing in his heart.

Did the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan really have the guts to form an alliance with the Mystic Moon Sect to wage an all-out war against them?

“The Chen Clan truly did go overboard in this matter.” The Ouyang clan lord calmly spoke, causing the expressions of the crowd to stiffen. The statement of the clan lord indicated a single thing.

It seemed as though a tempest is incoming.

The powerhouse from the Chen Clan glanced in the direction of the Ouyang Clan, yet his expression was as calm as ever as he continued laughing coldly in his heart.

At this moment... a voice drifted over from afar.

“Old friends from the Pill Emperor Hall are here to pay a visit to Brother Tianji.”

The expressions of the crowd faltered as they stared in the direction of the voice.

Over there, there were three silhouettes, each projecting an extraordinary aura that was immeasurably deep.

“That’s the Pill Emperor, as well as the ancient elder at the Ascendant level. Is the Pill Emperor Hall coming out of seclusion?”

Upon seeing this scene, a flash of puzzlement shone in the eyes of the crowd. That young man who walked shoulder by shoulder with the two powerhouses of the Pill Emperor Hall, who was he?

Old Man Tianji turned his gaze onto the three newcomers, as a strange glow flashed in the depths of his eyes. The expression on the faces of the experts from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan all grew incredibly ugly at this moment.

Why would the Pill Emperor Hall appeared here?

“Ah noble nephew Jun Yu has returned.” Only to see that among the experts of the Chen Clan, one extremely old-looking man clad in luxurious robes stood up. This was none other than the ancestor of the Great Solar Chen Clan. He wielded the highest amount of authority in the entire Chen Clan

Right now, seeing those from the Pill Emperor Hall arriving, the first person he chose to greet, was actually the young man? This actions caused countless people to be extremely surprised.

Jun Yu...Jun Yu? Could it be him?

Around thirty years ago, the personal disciple of the Pill Emperor, as well as the daughter of the Pill Emperor were both the pride and chosen of the Pill Emperor Hall. Jun Yu immersed himself in the martial path while Luo He focused on alchemy. Jun Yu was also once the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, but for some reason, after he entered Heavenly Dipper, his name

disappeared completely from Grand Xia.

And currently, this man had finally returned.

“Uncle Chen.” Jun Yu bow lightly with a smile on his face. His attitude was as though talking to someone of equal ranking. The ancestor of the Chen Clan didn’t find anything strange in it, he only nodded and continued, “I heard that noble nephew Jun Yu has already stepped into the Celestial Phenomenon Realm and has an outstanding evaluation from that place, now that you’ve returned, how could the Pill Emperor Hall fail to rise back to glory?”

Jun Yu only had a smile on his face in response. After that, the three of them sat on the viewing platform prepared for the Pill Emperor Hall amidst the endless cheering from the disciples of the Pill Emperor Hall.

The three Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall sat together, yet Jun Yu seemed to command the greatest presence.

Old Man Tianji glanced at this man as he silently speculated in his heart. Jun Yu is indeed extremely powerful, as befitting of someone who went out of Grand Xia to temper himself, a holder of the Sacred Royal Medallion. In the past hundred years, Jun Yu was undoubtedly the one with the highest achievements. He wasn’t simply a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant. There were rumors that he had an extraordinary status over there, high enough to crush the status of anyone in Grand Xia!

AGM 456 – Royal Sacred Sect

The three ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall sat together. Jun Yu sat in the middle, his status was even greater compared to his master, the Pill Emperor, as well as that ancient elder from the Pill Emperor Hall.

Although Jun Yu was the disciple, his current status was now far beyond anyone in Grand Xia. Earlier, the Pill Emperor had intentionally left the seat in the middle for Jun Yu. His only purpose was naturally to outline how important Jun Yu was to the other transcendent powers.

Over a year ago, that battle in the Pill Emperor Hall made the Pill Emperor experience a crowning calamity.

The Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant that appeared struck fear in the deepest depths of his heart. Just a simple revelation, the calling of Qin Wentian as his young master, made the Pill Emperor Hall enter seclusion, striking off their relationship with the outside world. Their status and power had declined sharply after that, numerous disciples had died and because of the incident in which their ancestor tried to leech away the life of people, no cultivators wanted to join the Pill Emperor Hall.

For that period of time, it was the lowest point they experienced ever since the Pill Emperor Hall had been conceived.

Recently, a news of great import made the Pill Emperor sit up in delight.

His personal disciple, someone who was the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings over thirty years ago, had finally returned.

Also, the current Jun Yu had already formally entered the Royal Sacred Sect as the direct disciple of one of the elders there. Not only that, that elder was a king of the Great Shang Empire. This meant that even in Grand Shang, Jun Yu was someone extraordinary. He could even enter the Royal Palace and speak directly to the Emperor of Grand Shang.

Many in Grand Xia would naturally not understand how imposing Jun Yu's current status was. But as the leader of the Pill Emperor Hall, the Pill Emperor was extremely clear of what it represented. Back then when the rebellion of the nine grand clans caused the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia to fall, the mastermind in the dark was none other than the Grand Shang Empire.

Grand Shang was as strong as Grand Xia before its decline. Nay, Grand Shang was even stronger compared to Grand Xia. The number of Ascendants they had, far outstripped Grand Xia.

Back then, the Si Clan that appeared during the Heavenly Fate Rankings three years ago, was actually the strongest among the nine grand clans in ancient Grand Xia. They had disappeared from history not because they were all eliminated. Rather, they had all migrated to Grand Shang. With their current prowess, none among the transcendent powers of Grand Xia would even dare to antagonise them.

One could very well imagine how high Jun Yu's status was currently. Hence, after the Pill Emperor Hall knew that he had returned, they decided to come out of seclusion. So what if Qin Wentian was a young master of a certain power?

In this entire world, how many sects or clans could be comparable to the Royal Sacred Sect of Grand Shang?

The Royal Sacred Sect was a true tyrant, far above the level of transcendent powers. It was rumoured that there were even existences above the Celestial Phenomenon Realm there.

Grand Xia, was merely one out of three imperial empires in this world.

The Royal Sacred Sect, the Sacred Royal Medallion. Those who possess a Sacred Royal Medallion can enjoy several special and unique advantages. They were considered external members of Grand Shang and could undergo a test in the Royal Sacred Sect to become their disciples.

This was the reason why the Chen Clan placed so much importance on the missing Sacred Royal Medallion. Each and every medallion was a glimmer of hope to them.

The three medallions they were given every hundred years, would only be bestowed to members of their clan who had the highest degree of talent. After Grand Xia, with the medallion in hand, they could go out and temper themselves and if they were strong enough, they might be recruited into the Royal Sacred Sect.

At that time, it wasn't just a foolish dream if they wanted to conquer and unite the entire Grand Xia.

Jun Yu, was once the most talented disciple in the Pill Emperor Hall. With the Sacred Royal Medallion in hand, he ventured out of Grand Xia and now over thirty years later, he returned in glory.

The gazes of the transcendent powers all shifted onto the viewing platform designated to the Pill Emperor Hall as they silently probed Jun Yu's current strength.

Yet, Jun Yu was all smiles as he openly faced the stares. "I didn't think that so many elder-level characters would make an appearance today. Jun Yu pays his respect to the elders of the various transcendent powers."

"Noble nephew Jun Yu is too courteous." The powerhouse from the Chen Clan laughed. He then cast a glance in the direction of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan as a cold smile hung on his lips.

He had initially thought that the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan wouldn't have the guts to truly wage an all-out-war. The succession of sneak attacks may have caused the Hua Clan and Wang Clan to retreat, but did the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan really think that the Chen Clan wouldn't be able to tell what they were thinking?

And now, even if the Azure Faction led by Qin Wentian appeared, what commotion could they even cause?

Just counting his Great Solar Chen Clan and the Pill Emperor Hall alone, they would have a total of six Ascendants. And that's even before considering the extraordinary status of Jun Yu.

Would the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan even dare to take action?

"I heard that noble nephew Jun Yu has already joined the Royal Sacred Sect and become the personal disciple of an elder there. Brother Pill Emperor, congratulations for raising such an outstanding disciple." The powerhouse from the Chen Clan clasped his hands, his words causing great satisfaction to appear on the Pill Emperor's face.

Upon hearing the words, the faces of members from the transcendent powers present all changed. The common people in Grand Xia might have no idea what the Royal Sacred Sect was, but as a transcendent power, how could they not know of it? These so called 'legendary' powerful characters from the transcendent powers in Grand Xia were akin to ant-like existence when placed in comparison to the Royal Sacred Sect of Grand Shang. Just a verbal command from them was sufficient to snuff out a transcendent power in Grand Xia.

Any of the elder-level characters in the Royal Sacred Sect would be able to effortlessly destroy a transcendent power.

And as for Jun Yu, he had become the disciple of one of these terrifying characters. How could the Pill Emperor not be proud?

The expression of the Ouyang Ancestor turned incredibly

unsightly to behold.

Qin Wentian had already achieved what he promised, drawing the members of the Hua Clan and Wang Clan away. Also, even before the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan took any action, Di Tian had already handed over two of the nine ultimate arts as a show of good faith, allowing their members to cultivate them so as to prepare for the clash against the Great Solar Chen Clan today.

However, the appearance of Jun Yu spoiled everything.

Especially Jun Yu's status, it evoked great fear in him.

The grudge between Qin Wentian and the Pill Emperor Hall was a deep-seated hatred caused by debts of blood. If he allied with Qin Wentian to attack the Great Solar Chen Clan, it was obvious what the Jun Yu's attitude would be.

The heart of Ancestor Ouyang wavered once again.

The countenance of the sect leader of the Mystic Moon Sect was also incredibly ugly to behold. She could also sense how extraordinary Jun Yu was. The situation was fast developing into something she had never expected.

“Isn't noble nephew cultivating in the Royal Sacred Sect, how do you have the time to come back?” At this moment, Old Man Tianji laughed as he turned his gaze onto Jun Yu.

Jun Yu impassively returned Old Man Tianji's gaze and replied in a calm voice, "I heard that there were endless storms of commotion in Grand Xia. Somebody actually dared to make a move against my Pill Emperor Hall. How insufferably arrogant is that? Now that I'm back, I hope that the various transcendent powers would give me some face; if you meet Qin Wentian in the future, please capture him. I shall personally bring him away."

Jun Yu had already heard about what happened back then from the Pill Emperor. There was an extremely powerful force behind Qin Wentian, Jun Yu naturally wouldn't kill him.

If Qin Wentian appeared, he must definitely be captured alive. Jun Yu shall personally lead the interrogation to find out Qin Wentian's secrets as well as who or what exactly is behind him.

"That's simply a matter of course." The powerhouse from the Chen Clan agreed. After which, he turned his gaze onto Bai Qing and coldly spoke, "This woman is a good friend of Qin Wentian, and she is also implicated in the theft case regarding the Sacred Royal Medallion of my Chen Clan. Today, if the medallion doesn't appear, we shall kill this woman here after we enjoy her and display her naked body for the public to admire. I want to see if the thief would show himself, and if Qin Wentian would make an appearance today as well."

As the sound of his voice faded, a harsh killing intent gushed out from him and permeated the air.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and the Mystic Moon Sect wants to wage a war against his Great Solar Chen Clan? In that case, he

would show these people how the word ‘regret’ is written.

He truly wanted to see who could stop him today.

“Despicable.” The sect leader of the Mystic Moon Sect coldly spat out upon hearing the venomous words of the powerhouse from the Chen Clan. “No matter what, you are still an existence at the Ascendant level, someone standing at the peak of Grand Xia. To think that you actually have no qualms about using such despicable methods and even spout words of such a lowly standard.”

“You and the others were the despicable one first, plotting to steal my sect’s Sacred Royal Medallion away. As long as I can recover the medallion, I don’t give a damn about the methods used.” The powerhouse from the Chen Clan thundered.

Those from the Chen Clan were visibly agitated as well. They seemed to have been influenced by Jun Yu.

Jun Yu was a genius of the Pill Emperor Hall as well as a holder of a Sacred Royal Medallion. Now that he had returned, Pill Emperor Hall’s status would surely rise to the clouds, who would still dare to antagonise them? As for their Great Solar Chen Clan, they would only have three medallions every hundred years. A medallion meant an opportunity. How could they even waste one of them?

“What a lousy joke, you even dared to make such a shameless claim? Chen Wang was killed because of his own inability, that was

all there was to it.” Although the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect wasn’t someone so easily infuriated, her flames of anger were stoked when she heard how the Great Solar Chen Clan wanted to deal with Bai Qing.

The powerhouse from the Great Solar Chen Clan flicked his sleeves, “If the medallion doesn’t appear today, I will do as I’ve said. I’d like to see who can stop me.”

“Bzzz!”

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect stepped out as a powerful aura containing an icy intent gushed forth from her. She turned her gaze in the direction of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan only to see Ancestor Ouyang standing there silently with his gaze fixated ahead, refusing to meet her eyes. It seems as though this incoming clash had nothing to do with him.

If he didn’t act, those from the Jiang Clan naturally wouldn’t act as well.

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect paled, she kept her gaze on the Ouyang Ancestor, yet he remained silent, as though he didn’t feel her gaze, and remained as motionless as an immovable mountain.

“Oh it seems that the Mystic Moon Sect disagrees?” The ancestor of the Chen Clan coldly laughed. He made a motion in the air as a palm imprint grabbed hold of Bai Qing.

Seeing how weak Bai Qing currently was, the leader of the Mystic Moon Hall felt stabs of pain in her heart. She too, liked and doted on Bai Qing tremendously but if the Ouyang Ancestor didn't act, not only would the experts from the Mystic Moon Sect would fail to save Bai Qing, it was almost certain that they would all end up being buried here.

Could it be that they have no choice but to give up, and watch on as Bai Qing was humiliated to her death?

“Haven't you already promised to act? In any case, you've already obtained two of the nine ultimate arts. Why are you still hesitating now?” The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect transmitted her voice to the Ouyang Ancestor, only to hear him sighing, “You have also seen the current situation. The Pill Emperor Hall has three Ascendants, taking into account Jun Yu's status, if my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan acts against the Chen Clan, we will undoubtedly offend the Pill Emperor Hall as well.”

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect trembled with rage upon hearing the words, yet she could do nothing as well. While this happened, among the crowd, Di Tian who was actually Qin Wentian, was still calmly observing the situation.

He didn't expect a character such as Jun Yu to appear.

Right now, the Ouyang Ancestor seemed as though he wanted to back out of his promise, as though he only wanted to be a spectator instead.

“Senior Ouyang, once Qin Wentian arrived with his forces, we wouldn’t be at a disadvantage even if we clashed head-on.” Qin Wentian transmitted a message to the Ouyang Ancestor. The gaze of the Ouyang Ancestor flickered, as he sighed in dejection.

He lightly shook his head, and proceeded to close his eyes right after, ignoring Qin Wentian.

AGM 457 – Hostage Exchange

The action of closing his eyes, the meaning behind it was clear to all.

The appearance of Jun Yu thoroughly disrupted his plan. Initially, he thought he would be able to exterminate the Chen Clan, thus he had agreed to the alliance. Now, with the three Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall appearing here, in addition to Jun Yu's status, the Ouyang Ancestor no longer wants to be a part of this murky water.

The Ouyang Ancestor wasn't Ouyang Kuangsheng. He had to take into consideration every single thing that would affect his entire clan. The risk of taking part in the the battle outweighed the gains.

"Ancestor, we won't be any weaker than them if we fight." Ouyang Kuangsheng appeared beside the Ouyang Ancestor as he spoke.

"Kuangsheng, shut up." The Ouyang Ancestor widened his eyes, as he berated. Ouyang Kuangsheng's countenance turned ashen. He knew that regardless of how outstanding his talent was, it would also be useless. He wouldn't be able to change the Ouyang Ancestor's mind.

And now, since both the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan weren't willing to act, how could the Mystic Moon Sect not be worried?

Based on Qin Wentian's character, now that Bai Qing was in such a situation, he would rather die than avoid the battle. He would never want to face that scene again, that damning feeling of being helpless. Losing someone dear to him because he was not strong enough.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Chu Mang. The three of you, come with me.”

At this moment, a voice drifted over. Ouyang Kuangsheng's eyes flickered for a moment before he glanced in the direction of the voice. The person who spoke was actually none other than Qin Zheng.

Throughout these few years, Qin Zheng had fought together with them. They were already well acquainted.

“What's the matter?” Ouyang Kuangsheng asked in a voice transmission.

“Yun Mengyi. She activated the secret of the Grand Xia's ancient kingdom. All of you, come along with me. However, we still lack one person.” Qin Zheng spoke, his words caused Ouyang Kuangsheng to instantly understand what he meant. Following which, their eyes all landed on an extremely ordinary-looking person in the crowd. Through the transmission, they knew that he was none other than the disguised Di Tian.

“Di Tian, follow me to the ancient kingdom.” At this moment,

Ouyang Kuangsheng spoke. Qin Wentian's expression faltered slightly as he turned his gaze onto Ouyang Kuangsheng. At such a trying moment, he didn't dare to leave here even for a single second.

"You won't be able to change anything, a friend of ours discovered something in the ancient kingdom. This may aid our cause." Ouyang Kuangsheng continued. Qin Wentian could only nod his head in agreement as he silently left together with Ouyang Kuangsheng and the others, moving with great speed towards the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia.

Not many people took note of their departure. The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect sighed in her heart as she stared at Bai Qing. She felt an extremely strong sense of reluctance. Was there no way to wash clean the humiliation the Mystic Moon Sect had suffered?

"Release Bai Qing and my Mystic Moon Sect will ignore the matters of the past. The Sacred Royal Medallion truly wasn't stolen by us." The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect sighed. With the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan forsaking her, although she didn't want to bow submissively, she had no choice.

Upon hearing the words of the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect, the crowd couldn't help but shake their heads silently. A leader of a transcendent power was reduced to such a state whereby she could even ignore past humiliation for the sake of Bai Qing. One could very well see what dire straits had she been forced into. Right now, she could only hope that they would spare Bai Qing, she didn't want any more needless sacrifices.

“I can use an ultimate art in exchange for her.” The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect naturally understood that the Chen Clan wouldn’t possibly allow Bai Qing to go free so easily. She could only hope for a transaction.”

“Do you think that the ultimate arts of Grand Xia are more valuable than the Sacred Royal Medallion?”

At this moment, a cold voice resounded out. Chen Fan, whose cultivation base was at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper suddenly stood out and walked to the side of Bai Qing. One of his hands fiercely clutched Bai Qing’s shoulder as a terrifying heat surrounded her.

Chen Fan inclined his head, staring at the skies as he coldly spoke, “I believe that since you said the Sacred Royal Medallion would appear today, it will definitely appear. If you still don’t show yourself, don’t blame me if I use some of my methods.”

In the middle of the air, the fluctuations of energy pressed down. The Ascendants all inclined their heads, staring at the sky as glints of terrifying light flickered in their eyes. The powerhouse from the Chen Clan directly soared skywards, his countenance ice-cold.

There was actually someone hiding here, somewhere.

As the sound of Chen Fan’s voice faded, killing intent erupted out of him.

Without waiting for the Chen Clan's powerhouse to soar up, a raging wind abruptly gusted in the middle of the air out from nowhere.

The crowd lifted their head, as they only saw the clouds billowing by. From within, a terrifyingly immense silhouette descended from the blanket of clouds, appearing in the vision of the crowd.

That silhouette was so high up in the skies, it descended with fearsome speed and only after ten breaths of time did it finally appear fully, above the air space of the Venerate Heavens Sect.

A monster with a wingspan of 3,000 miles, its cold eyes emitted a baleful aura as it surveyed the crowd. This silhouette actually belonged to a primordial great roc.

A primordial great roc? In that case, it was Qin Wentian!

Indeed, Qin Wentian didn't die. Right now, he had made an appearance in front of the various transcendent powers once again.

"Wentian gege." Bai Qing felt shocked and surprised upon seeing the appearance of Qin Wentian. She thought that she would never be able to see Qin Wentian ever again. But now, her Wentian gege was still alive! Although he had transformed into a primordial great roc, she knew that his heart was still the same, he still cared about her.

“Qin Wentian.” The eyes of the Chen Clan’s Ascendant radiated sharpness. “The slip of paper wrote that the Sacred Royal Medallion will appear here today. Could it be that you are the one who killed Chen Wang and stole his medallion?”

The Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall also stood up as their eyes were fixated on the immense silhouette hovering in the air.

Their hatred for Qin Wentian was too deep. It was precisely this great roc who had split apart the Pill Emperor Hall, causing the prosperity of their sect to fall to the bottom of the abyss. Fortunately, Jun Yu had returned.

“This great roc is Qin Wentian?” Jun Yu gazed at the primordial great roc as he asked the Pill Emperor.

“Yes, there’s no mistake. The secret art he used is irreversible, hence he remained in the form of a primordial great roc.” The Pill Emperor spoke, his words causing Jun Yu to coldly laugh, “Borrowing the power of the demonic divinity constellations to transform? Of course this is irreversible. How could mortals obtain such power without paying something in return?”

The Pill Emperor nodded his head lightly. Such a heaven-defying art had no way to be negated indeed. The only possibility for Qin Wentian to regain human form once more was to cultivate to a level above Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants.

The gazes of everyone present were all fixated onto Qin Wentian who was hovering in the air. Looking at his current form and

comparing it to that young man of yesteryear who had obtained the position of the top ranker in the Heavenly Fate Rankings three years ago, traces of complication couldn't help but to appear in the eyes of the spectators.

Qin Wentian's glory as the top ranker was extremely short-lived. However, the actions he did caused waves of commotions over and over, rocking all of Grand Xia. None had managed to do so before him.

A vast majority of them even looked up to Qin Wentian, taking him as their idol.

Who could, for the sake of love, use a sword to split apart the entire Pill Emperor Hall? Regardless of his courage or his talent, Qin Wentian became the target that countless youth wanted to pursue in their hearts.

The legend of Qin Wentian resounded throughout Grand Xia. Too many worshipped him, yet whenever he appeared, who would dare to stand openly on the side of him?

“Little Qing, Wentian gege has implicated you.”

The eyes of the great roc flickered with a gentle light as an expression of guilt could be seen on its countenance, “I've implicated your Master, as well as the other seniors of your Mystic Moon Sect that died that day. Chen Wang was killed by someone under my command.”

Bai Qing and the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect started for a moment, before Bai Qing recovered and shook her head, “Since it was done by Wentian gege, it doesn’t matter if I pay for it. My death has no meaning, but my hatred for the Chen Clan, for their actions of killing the sisters of my sect and the humiliation of my master, shall never fade.”

“The hatred that abounds in this world will never have an end. Leave this to me. You must not taint your heart with the darkness of hate at such a young age.” The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect continued, “The grudge between Qin Wentian and Chen Wang came about because of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Three years ago, Chen Wang had already wanted to kill him. There’s nothing surprising now that Chen Wang is dead, if the Chen Clan has the ability to, they could just avenge Qin Wentian by killing him. Yet, the Chen Clan chose to vent their frustrations out on my Mystic Moon Sect instead.”

“Little Qing, remember this. The hearts of people are what is the most important. For you, Qin Wentian was willing to appear in front of the Chen Clan. In that case, there’s no longer a reason for my Mystic Moon Sect to retreat. If the Chen Clan want a war, we will give them a war. If they refuse to release you, in that case from this generation onwards, the Mystic Moon Sect shall regard the Great Solar Chen Clan as their enemies for eternity. If we see one, we will kill one. No mercy shall be shown.”

The voice of the leader from the Mystic Moon Sect was ice cold, yet the powerhouse from the Chen Clan was still laughing coldly. After which, he glanced at Qin Wentian, “Where’s the Sacred Royal Medallion?”

“Release her.” Qin Wentian stared at the ancestor of the Chen Clan as he emotionlessly stated.

“Release her? Return the medallion and I will release her. You should understand by now that I don’t give a damn about her.” The ancestor of the Chen Clan laughed.

“Ten breaths. If you refuse to release her, I shall destroy the Sacred Royal Medallion.” Clutched in the talons of the great roc, the Sacred Royal Medallion appeared. If the Chen Clan wished to test his patience, he would directly destroy the ancient medallion.

The countenance of the Chen Clan’s Ancestor stiffened. Currently in this situation, the Pill Emperor Hall would definitely not allow Qin Wentian to escape from them again. The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan didn’t dared to make any reckless moves, and his Great Solar Chen Clan was vastly more powerful compared to the Mystic Moon Sect. Even if Fairy Qingmei was added into the mix, his Great Solar Chen Clan would still be able to handle the situation.

Right now, they were guaranteed success. With the three Ascendant powerhouses of the Pill Emperor Hall holding down Qin Wentian, he could just brute force his way through and exterminate the Mystic Moon Sect before dealing with Qin Wentian.

As he thought of this, a cold smile appeared on the face of the ancestor from the Chen Clan. Right now, he was only afraid that Qin Wentian might really destroy the Sacred Royal Medallion.

“Come down here and I will release her.” That Ancestor from the Chen Clan stated.

“Wentian gege, don’t trust him.” Bai Qing shook her head.

“Fine.” Qin Wentian directly agreed. After which, his immense body gently descended downwards. Instantly, the Ancestor of the Chen Clan waved his arms as a constellation was birthed in the skies above the great roc.

A blazing sun manifested behind the old man, the baking heat it exuded was capable of even burning the oceans. The cold smile that played on the ancestor’s lips got wider and wider.

“Release her.” The Chen Ancestor commanded. To his Chen Clan, Bai Qing wasn’t worth a single fart. The value of the Sacred Royal Medallion was far above her.

Chen Fan released his grip, releasing her. A moment later, the silhouette of Bai Qing flickered as she rushed towards the direction of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s silhouette continued descending as he spoke to Bai Qing, “Little Qing, leave here first.”

Bai Qing’s eyes flashed with something akin to defiance, wanting to shake her head yet she only saw a sharpness flashing past the eyes of the great roc. “Little Qing, are you not going to heed my

words as well?”

“But, Wentian gege...” Bai Qing’s countenance was pale white.

“Retreat, I can take care of myself.” Qin Wentian transmitted. Expressions of a struggle could be seen on her countenance before Bai Qing finally nodded her head. Her silhouette moved towards the back yet she still didn’t leave. Evidently, she was still worried despite Qin Wentian’s assurance.

Qin Wentian’s immense body landed on the arena. The sheer size of his body struck terror in the hearts of the spectators; but despite this, the constellation in the form of a blazing sun abruptly appeared directly in front him while emitting a scorching heat that could incinerate all under the heavens!

AGM 458 – Might Of Celestial Phenomenon

The Chen Clan Ancestor swept his glance towards the spectators, “Everyone, please step back temporarily.”

As the sound of his voice faded away, the spectators all obliged. Of course they would step back, nobody would dare to get near in the face of that terrifying heat.

The attacks of a powerhouse at the Celestial Phenomenon level were beyond imagination. Especially for that blazing sun constellation, how tyrannical was it? Just the remnant energy fluctuation and shock waves generated from the impact when during an attack, would already be sufficient to kill some of the ordinary Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

In the blink of an eye, the surrounding crowd all retreated to places of safety. Even those from the Ouyang Aristocrat and Jiang Clan joined them.

They have already decided that even if Qin Wentian appeared now, they would not participate in the all-out war against the Great Solar Chen Clan.

The three Ascendants of Pill Emperor Hall continued seating on their platform. They, naturally had no need to leave. The energy fluctuations couldn't harm them.

The only other one remaining was Old Man Tianji. He remained seated in his original spot. He was the host of the Heavenly Fate

Rankings.

“Brother Tianji, for the matter today, I will definitely pay a visit to your esteemed sect in the future to make my apology. Today, I have to settle things with the thief that stole my Chen Clan’s Sacred Royal Medallion.” The Chen Clan’s Ancestor glanced at Old Man Tianji as he spoke.

Old Man Tianji didn’t react, he continued sitting there and was calmly regarding the scenes unfolding.

“Qin Wentian, I have already released the hostage. Isn’t it time for you to hand the medallion over?” The Chen Ancestor then shift his gaze onto Qin Wentian as he stated.

“I only said that the Sacred Royal Medallion would appear here but I never made any promises that I would hand it over to you, did I?” Qin Wentian’s emotionless voice resounded out, his talons were still gripping onto the Sacred Royal Medallion tightly.

The pupils of the Chen Ancestor narrowed dangerously. If the medallion wasn’t handed over, there would no need for Qin Wentian to even think that he could leave here alive today.

However right at this moment, Jun Yu flicked his sleeves and stood up, turning his gaze onto the great roc as he spoke, “I don’t care about the Sacred Royal Medallion of the Chen Clan. However, Qin Wentian, you actually dared to destroy my Pill Emperor Hall? Follow me back, I will promise you that I won’t kill you.”

Qin Wentian's large eyes stared at Jun Yu, he could sense the terrifying aura of an Ascendant emanating from this person. Jun Yu had an extraordinary demeanor, it was his appearance that led to the ancestor of Ouyang Aristocrat Clan reneging on his words.

This man used to be a disciple of the Pill Emperor Hall but was now a direct disciple under an elder of the Royal Sacred Sect instead.

Qin Wentian didn't know anything regarding the Royal Sacred Sect, he didn't know how strong they were exactly, yet just the presence of a mere disciple like Jun Yu was sufficient to make the ancestors of the various transcendent powers in Grand Xia greet him with respect, afraid to do anything that would offend him in the slightest.

All he knew was that since Jun Yu was from the Pill Emperor Hall, things were simple then. He was his enemy.

Since he was an enemy, why even bother about his status or background?

However currently, Qin Wentian's forces were truly not a match for the joint forces of the Great Solar Chen Clan and Pill Emperor Hall.

The Mystic Moon Sect had a total of two Ascendants. In addition to Fairy Qingmei, Qin Wentian only had a total of three Ascendants on his side while his enemies had six. Or you could have : His enemies however, had six ascendants.

If the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan didn't renege, they might still have a chance. But sadly, the Ouyang Ancestor didn't dare to battle which led to the dangerous scenario right now.

However at this moment, Qin Wentian's other body was already hurrying towards the royal palace of the ancient kingdom together with Ouyang Kuangsheng and the others.

In the ancient kingdom now, there were only them. Right now, the attention and focus of everyone was fixated at the soon-to-erupt battle in the Venerate Heavens Sect, who could care so much about things happening in the ancient kingdom?

Upon arriving, Qin Wentian found that Yun Mengyi was already here. Currently, in the ancient kingdom, including himself, there was a total of seven people.

Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le, Yun Mengyi, Qin Zheng as well as someone that made Qin Wentian feel taken aback by surprise. The seventh was none other than the disciple of the Poison Monarch, Mu Feng.

Right now, Qin Wentian felt extremely shocked when he took note of his surroundings. Up ahead, within the ancient kingdom, there was a vast piece of earth that was caved in, as though it was devoured by something. Soon after, the cavity on the ground widened rapidly as gigantic and imposing looking grand halls appeared around there.

“This is the underground kingdom of ancient Grand Xia, and also a place of absolute secrecy. Even the nine grand clans have no idea of it’s existence, hence it was able to remain hidden through the ages.” Yun Mengyi explained to the others. “The underground kingdom, otherwise known as the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia, contains many secrets within.”

“Why did you summon all of us here?” Qin Wentian inquired. Currently, the situation in the Venerate Heavens Sect was far from ideal, war could erupt any moment. Why did Yun Mengyi gather all of them here?

“Since you are Qin Wentian’s trusted aide, you should know that right now he is in grave danger. I have the means to activate the Puppet Protector of the Tomb of Ancient Grand Xia.” Yun Mengyi stated. Her silhouette flickered as she appeared again at the entrance of the tomb as she mumbled to herself, “To think that the entrance would actually be hidden under the protective Vermilion Bird Formation. Luckily the Vermilion Bird Formation has vanished, if not, even I would have no way to locate the entrance.”

As she spoke, her hands were folded into mudra as she chanted something mysterious. Moments later, clouds of dust rose from the earth. A chilly gust of wind blew past, only to see seven solemn-looking warriors clad in armor appearing in a circle around Yun Mengyi. These armored warriors were akin to statues that had remained motionless for the past ten thousand years, yet the exquisiteness of their carved features were all extremely vivid and life-like, as though they were real humans.

Seven humans, seven directions, forming an innate connection

with the Seven Slaughter Constellations as a heavy killing intent permeated the air.

“These seven puppets are all fifth-ranked puppet warriors. Although our strength is limited, the power we can unleash through them should be sufficient to scare others. However, to use the seven puppets, it requires us to have absolute trust in each other. I don’t dare to enter it recklessly. The hearts of all seven must be linked, our intents one and the same. If we fail to accomplish this, all of us will die without a doubt.”

Yun Mengyi glanced at Qin Wentian, she wasn’t acquainted with him. As for the others, they have fought together before throughout the years, she knew that all of them could be trusted.

“Don’t worry.” Qin Wentian understood Yun Mengyi’s meaning. He lightly nodded his head, indicating that he understood.

Ancient Grand Xia was one of the three tyrants that dominated the world, it’s strength had no boundaries, the secrets hidden within it’s depths were naturally not so easily acquired. Who would have thought that the royal tomb would be underneath the location protected by the Vermilion Bird Formation?

There were most definitely even more secrets hidden within the royal tomb.

But now, Qin Wentian was even more suspicious of Yun Mengyi’s identity.

She actually found the location for the royal tomb, and even knew that how to use the seven slaughter puppets.

“Prepare to enter the puppet.” Yun Mengyi’s silhouette flickered before she appeared behind the core of one of the puppets. Pressing out with a single finger, a bright light flashed as the puppet opened, allowing Yun Mengyi to enter it, perfectly concealing all traces of her.

The others all respectively mirrored her movements and entered their respective puppets.

The instant Qin Wentian entered, he could clearly sense how terrifying the power of these puppets was.

Given his understanding towards puppets, just a glance was sufficient to tell that these puppets were forged with priceless treasures. Even the inscriptions engraved on them were all extremely fearsome, able to grant it an even greater combat strength, allowing it to use the power of constellations.

And what made Qin Wentian marvel was that, what Yun Mengyi said was true. Right now, after all seven of them entered the puppets, they shared their thoughts and intent.

The Seven Slaughter Puppets melded their wills into one.

“Let me teach you guys how to control the puppets, you all must master the way to control it before we arrived in the Venerate

Heavens Sect.” Yun Mengyi’s voice rang out in the minds of the other six cultivators, her words causing their expressions to turn solemn.

The Seven Slaughter Puppets, killing seven with a single thought.

When Yun Mengyi taught the rest how to activate their puppets, the space shook as an immense astral energy shot straight up towards the clouds. In the middle of the sky, resplendent astral light shone, as though a constellation was trying to be birthed.

Moments later, the constellation in the sky solidified. The Seven Slaughter Puppets all transformed into streams of light as they shot towards the Venerate Heavens Sect.

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As Qin Wentian’s other form was still there, he naturally understood the current situation.

Right now, what he needed was time. Time for the Seven Slaughter Puppets to arrive at the Venerate Heavens Sect. At the very least, their combined power could contend against a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.

The great roc coldly smiled as he saw the dominating postures of the Chen Clan and the forcefulness of Jun Yu. “You want me to return with you to the Pill Emperor Hall? Are you not afraid that I will wield the demon sword again?”

“Although the sword is powerful, it is already sealed by me. You won’t be able to wield it.” Jun Yu self-assuredly stated, his words causing Qin Wentian to mockingly laugh silently in his heart.

The demon sword was sealed by him?

Although he didn’t know what exactly happened, the power of the sword was too monstrous, it hated that the heavens were too low. Years ago, he dragged the sword for ten thousand miles, using his blood to feed it yet even then, he could not completely control it. It was unknown how intense the pride the sword has.

And now, because of their karmic bonds, the demon sword bestowed on him an immortal art, giving him an opportunity to reverse the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation. How heavenly-defying was that? Was it the true scope of the demon sword’s powers? No, that was only a portion of it.

Leaving aside Jun Yu, even his master who was an elder of the Royal Sacred Sect, there was no way he would be able to move the sword as well.

“You truly know how to brag. Back then, the two Ascendants of your Pill Emperor Hall was injured by me and right now, you even dare to say that you have sealed the demon sword?” Qin Wentian’s voice contained a heavy sense of sarcasm.

“Don’t waste my time by spouting nonsense. If you are unwilling to return with me, I can only choose to drag you back by force.”

Jun Yu spoke as a terrifying might emanated forth from him.

“You want to fight? With so many Ascendants present, you guys truly respect me. In that case, come at me then.” The great roc soared through the skies as the blood in his body started seething. An immense, torrential wave of demonic qi erupted forth from him.

“Bzzz!” The great roc flashed by, penetrating through space, dashing towards Chen Fan from the Chen Clan.

“Useless struggle.” With three Ascendants of the Great Solar Chen Clan present, how could they allow Qin Wentian to make a move against Chen Fan? The instant the shadow of the great roc flashed by, they had already deduced his intent.

“BOOM!”

The great roc collided with a shield of fire. In front of Chen Fan, streams of astral light rained down, transforming into a fiery shield of fire. Despite the power of its immense body, the impact of the collision only cracked the shield of fire apart, but Chen Fan remained unharmed.

“The distance between Heavenly Dipper and Celestial Phenomenon is something unbreachable. I’m afraid, you still don’t understand the power of Constellations.” The youngest Ascendant from the Great Solar Chen Clan was the younger brother of the current clan lord of the Chen Clan. He was clad in a luxurious golden robe, and stood there exuding an air of unmatched

arrogance. Above him, a flame titan whose body rained lava manifested, exuding a peerless might.

“Bzzz!” That Ascendant casually punched out, the flame titan above him instantly mirrored his movements. The sharp talons of the great roc pierced out, colliding with the fist. But at the instant of collision, the body of the great roc started to turn from the heat, Qin Wentian felt that his talons were about to be shattered by the rebound of the force. The backlash of that impact caused his immense body to shudder as he was forced back, coughing out a mouthful of fresh blood.

“Celestial Phenomenon in comparison to Heavenly Dipper. That’s a qualitative evolution, unable to be breached. Even with your monstrous body, without the demon sword, you are nothing, even lowlier compared to an ant in front of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant.”

That person stepped out once more. With a clutch of his fist, the astral light streaming down transformed into a gargantuan palm imprint, grabbing towards the great roc.”

“PENG!”

The immense body of the great roc was locked down. The Ascendant casually dragged the body of the great roc towards him.

“Wentian gege!” Upon seeing this scene, Bai Qing’s countenance paled. She wanted to rush out only to see the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect waving her hands, signalling for someone to take Bai

Qing away.

One of the members of the Mystic Moon Sect obeyed, forcibly dragging the struggling Bai Qing away. The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect didn't move because she had already heard Qin Wentian's message through a voice transmission.

The gargantuan hand of the titan deposited Qin Wentian in front of the youngest Ascendant of the Great Solar Chen Clan. This Ascendant appeared to be a young man, his smile emanated the sharpness of a cold blade, as he stared at the Sacred Royal Medallion clutched in Qin Wentian's talons. However, in his elation, he failed to notice something. An unbridled and immensely powerful killing intent, flashed with terrifying sharpness in the large eyes of the great roc!

AGM 459 – Who Among You Wishes To Die?

Yuanfu Cultivators, needed to comprehend insights into different Mandates before they could rise in strength.

Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns needed to comprehend second-level insights, allowing variations to their respective wills of Mandates, further strengthening them.

There were nine levels to Celestial Phenomenon, and each level was a qualitative evolution. When a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant reached the peak of the ninth level, it meant that the constellations they birthed had already reached perfection, which also indicated that the evolution of their respective Mandates had reached the limit.

Although this young man from the Great Solar Chen Clan was their youngest Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant, he was already over a hundred and had terrifying strength.

Qin Wentian borrowed the power of the divinities to transform into a demon. This was a strength granted by external means, and wasn't truly his to begin with. Although his talent was outstanding, and although he was at the peak of Heavenly Dipper with his great roc form, when he came face to face with a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant, there was no need for any comparison at all. He didn't stand the slightest bit of chance.

Hence, the other two Ascendants of the Chen Clan were content watching at the side, without making any moves to help. Any

Ascendant could deal with the great roc with the ease of flipping a palm, there were no challenges if they wanted to catch him alive.

The eyes of the Chen Ancestor gleamed with a cold laughter when he saw the gigantic palm clutching the great roc. This was the killer of Chen Wang, the one who stole their Sacred Royal Medallion.

In that case, not only would their Chen Clan take back the medallion today, they would do the Pill Emperor Hall a favour and capture Qin Wentian for Jun Yu.

The Chen Ancestor wasn't a fool, the seclusion of the Pill Emperor Hall allowed him to understand that there was an immense power backing Qin Wentian. In that case, they didn't want to hold on to this hot potato, they would toss it into Jun Yu's hand.

With Jun Yu's status and background, so what of it even if Qin Wentian had an immense power backing him?

As for those belonging to the Mystic Moon Sect, since the Great Solar Chen Clan had already declared war on them, they might as well use this opportunity today to thoroughly wipe out all of them.

The great roc was captured, the young Ascendant from the Chen Clan had a cold smile on his face as he appeared before the great roc. With a gesture, the flame titan above him slammed a fist aiming for the great roc's body.

“BOOM!”

The terrifying force of the strike jolted the great roc badly, causing its body to convulse. The young man snorted before he stretched his hands out towards the medallion clutched in the great roc’s talons, wanting to retrieve it.

An armor of flames burst into being around him while a terrifying manifestation of a flame titan was behind him. The stars in the patch of sky above him, also re-arranged themselves into the form of a gigantic flame titan constellation.

The sharpness in Qin Wentian’s eyes never faded. Abruptly, he opened his beak and exhaled violently.

Instantly, an exceptionally formidable killing intent swept out over everything in the area. The instant the killing intent erupted forth, a flood of astral light inundated the area as the silhouette of the great roc disappeared from sight. Over there where the great roc used to be, a resplendent constellation could be seen.

“Damn, the Shadow Glamor Constellation!” The expressions on the faces of the other two Ascendants were flushed with shock.

The Shadow Glamor Constellation was the constellation of Fairy Qingmei. It could cast a glamor over the crowd, immersing them in an illusion imbued with her killing intent, trapping them within for eternity.

Fairy Qingmei was extremely skilled in illusion techniques. She had actually hidden herself in Qin Wentian's beak, cloaked in illusions, concealing her presence from even the Ascendants. Only when Qin Wentian exhaled did her killing intent explode forth.

The expression of the young Ascendant from the Chen Clan drastically changed. Earlier he was already prepared to retrieve the medallion but when that formidable burst of killing intent erupted outwards, it froze him in his tracks momentarily. He couldn't react in time, he only saw a shadow flashing past.

Too swift, his location was just in front of the great roc. And when the great roc exhaled, Fairy Qingmei removed her illusion and directly appeared. At such close range, even an Ascendant would be hard-pressed to react to Fairy Qingmei's attacks.

“Bzzz!”

Fearsome streams of astral light landed on his body, the flame titan manifested, standing protectively over him. However, even before the flame titan could finish its manifestation, the shadow that was Fairy Qingmei had already arrived. Abruptly, numerous phantoms of Fairy Qingmei appeared, all attacking in the same instant, slamming their palms into the body of the flame titan.

“BANG!”

The dazzling flames that exploded forth blinded the eyes of the crowd. The gigantic flame titan shattered, the phantoms of Fairy Qingmei fused together, becoming one again while the young

Ascendant from the Chen Clan stood there motionlessly.

A sound softly echoed out as the young Ascendant fell to the ground, deader than dead.

From the instant her killing intent erupted up till now, only the space of a single breath had passed. Her speed had already reached a terrifying realm.

Fairy Qingmei had a cultivation base at the second level of Celestial Phenomenon, while her opponent was only at the first level. When comparing strength, she had already surpassed him by far, not to mention that her attack had the element of surprise to it due to a sneak attack. Even if her opponent was an Ascendant, it would be almost impossible to escape his fate.

“BOOM!” The corpse of the young Ascendant was blasted into fragments. The Shadow Glamor Constellation then flashed with resplendent light as the silhouette of Fairy Qingmei and Qin Wentian flickered, reappearing in the middle of the sky.

Upon seeing this, the two remaining Ascendants of the Chen Clan trembled with untold rage. The fire of their fury was palpable in the air as their eyes reddened with a boiling storm of anger.

That was an Ascendant, a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant!

How utterly rare were Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants? The reason that their Chen Clan could be ranked within the top five

among the transcendent powers in Grand Xia was purely because they had three Ascendants.

Ascendants were the pillar of support for their respective clans and sects. Without an Ascendant at their core, that power couldn't be termed as a transcendent power.

But now, an Ascendant of their clan was openly slain in front of their eyes.

The Great Solar Chen Clan only had two Ascendants left.

They had thought that an expert at the Celestial Phenomenon level would be more than enough to deal with a great roc at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. Yet they had forgotten to take into consideration Fairy Qingmei. Right from the start she had already been hiding in the beak of the great roc, concealing her presence with her formidable illusory techniques.

Fairy Qingmei was a character that had lived for over thousands of years, who would ever imagine that someone of her status would be willing to hide inside the beak of a demonic beast? Yet, Fairy Qingmei had done precisely that.

“Qingmei, considering your status, to think that you would resort to such a despicable method to slay a junior.” The Chen Ancestor glared at Fairy Qingmei, his eyes glimmering with unbound rage.

“Do you even have the face to utter such words? Back then didn’t the whole lot of you also gang up on the Azure Emperor? Even if we leave that aside, look at your actions. Three Ascendants showing up to deal with a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign junior. How shameless can you be?”

Fairy Qingmei sarcastically spat. Moments later, the sky glowed with the brilliance of star light as the various Ascendants in the area all manifested their constellations.

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect as well as an extremely old-looking granny appeared right next to Qin Wentian. Their constellations exploded into being as well.

For a glorious moment, the sky lit up majestically like fireworks as star light of different colors bloomed in the air. Those below only felt their hearts thumping incessantly as they lost themselves in awe at the sights.

A battle at the level of Celestial Phenomenon was a sight rarely seen even in a thousand years. Right now, they were all personally witnessing this with their very eyes.

“Is that a sun-type constellation?” Behind the back of the Chen Ancestor, a gigantic ball of flames emerged. His surroundings were as lit up by rays of the sun, in a certain radius around him, even the space itself shimmered, evaporating from the terrifying heat. The hearts of the crowd pounded as they stared blankly, there were rumors saying that the ancestor of the Chen Clan had already reached the third level of Celestial Phenomenon. In the entire Grand Xia, the number of third level Ascendants could be counted

on a single hand. Without a doubt, he was one of the most terrifying existences currently still alive in Grand Xia.

“Senior Qingmei, as well as the two seniors from the Mystic Moon Sect, if the three of you join forces, would you be able to hold off the Chen Ancestor?” Qin Wentian transmitted his voice to the three of them.

“If the three of us join forces, we would naturally be able to hold him back. But even so, it would be impossible to kill him with our power. However, wouldn’t that mean sending you to your death?” Fairy Qingmei replied.

“Don’t worry, I have my methods.” Qin Wentian replied, his words causing the Fairy Qingmei and the two other Ascendants to start.

Other than the Chen Clan’s Ancestor, the clan lord of the Chen Clan was also a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant at the peak of the first level. Even discounting him, there were three other Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall, with two of them at the second level of Celestial Phenomenon and one at the first level. Any of them could effortlessly trample on Qin Wentian. How could he be a match for any of them?

“Trust me.” Qin Wentian resolutely replied. After a few moments of hesitation, Fairy Qingmei finally agreed.

“Fellow Ascendants, we will act together to suppress the Chen Ancestor then.” Fairy Qingmei stated. Following which, their

constellations brightened in radiance as they dashed towards the direction of the Chen Ancestor.

“Mhm?” Upon seeing their decision, the Chen Ancestor couldn’t help but to laugh. Every increment in level when at the Celestial Phenomenon level, meant a massive leap in strength compared to the previous level. Even if the three of them join forces, he wouldn’t lose out to them in the slightest.

“Don’t join my battle, just focus on retrieving the Sacred Royal Medallion.” The Chen Ancestor transmitted his voice to the clan lord of the Chen Clan.

“Roger.” The Chen Clan’s clan lord nodded. His eyes stared at the great roc hovering in the skies. Now that Fairy Qingmei was tied up, he truly wanted to see what other methods Qin Wentian had left.

The constellations of the three attackers enveloped the Chen Clan’s Ancestor as a terrifying battle erupted within. The Chen Clan’s Ancestor found an opening and forced his way out, before shooting off into the distance, changing the location of their battle to a place above the clouds.

Right now, in the middle of the air, the great roc hovered there. Below him, there were a total of four Ascendants as well as numerous experts at the Heavenly Dipper level from the Chen Clan. However, the sovereign-level cultivators need not participate in this battle. In a fight of this level, they had no qualifications to participate.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEK!” The great roc inclined its head as let out a piercing cry. Jun Yu and the others coldly snorted as they soared into the air with a speed as fast as lightning

However, right at this moment, they discovered that the immense body of the great roc was actually burning? Qin Wentian was enveloped by a seemingly endless white-colored pure flames as the entirety of his body was trembling.

“Bzz!”

A terrifying heat sizzled the air, the entirety of Qin Wentian’s energy; the external energy he borrowed from the demonic divinities, the totality of the astral and divine energy in his Yuanfus, as well as the energy of his very life itself, were all burning.

A single sword suddenly exploded forth into being. That was Qin Wentian’s Kingly Sword Astral Nova.

At that very moment, an extremely mysterious energy coated this entire space. The heavens and the earth were shaking, as terrifying gales of sword-wind gusted about the area.

Every mote of air contained a monstrous sword intent within. As the wind gusted violently, it appeared as though there were millions upon millions of swords all vibrating together.

The crowd lifted their heads, staring at the skies. Yet they only saw a countless number of swords covering the entire skies. Right in the centre of that torrential sword might, an immense silhouette that was wreathed in white flames could be seen.

The expressions on the faces of the Chen Clan's clan lord, as well as Jun Yu and the rest all grew extremely fascinating to behold. Looks of shock and amazement could be seen etched on their countenances, especially on Jun Yu's. Seeing the trembling of that massive frame, he exclaimed, "Isn't this using his body as a sacrifice, burning the entirety of his energy up, even to the extent of expending his life force to borrow the power of the Heavens?"

Jun Yu raised his hands, as numerous sealing gates slammed towards the great roc. He wanted to seal the energy within.

However, the sword intent of the millions upon millions of swords shattered the sealing gates. Qin Wentian halted in the middle of the air, his body immersed within the pure white flames, burning at an increasing intensity. Soon after, his entire monstrous frame was shimmering in and out of existence.

With the demonic energies being burnt as fuel, the form of the great roc would be reversed, while Qin Wentian's human form reappeared.

"The top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings appears again." The spectators wordlessly watched on, their hearts seized with dumbfounded amazement. Who said that the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation was irreversible? He had entirely burned through the energy transfused in him by the demonic

divinities.

The outline of Qin Wentian's human form got clearer and clearer. He stared at the space below as his eyes sparkled with a foreboding light. Stretching his finger out, he pointed it at the four Ascendants. A glacial tone colder than ice echoed out, "The Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay can even slay immortals. Tell me, who among you wishes to die?"

AGM 460 – The Finger Descends

As he pointed his finger downwards, the sword qi in the area congregated as a sword-type constellation appeared in the sky ahead. Everything below him was enveloped by that torrential, never-ending sword intent.

It was as though with just a single thought, Qin Wentian could destroy anything.

The clan lord of the Chen Clan as well as Jun Yu and the rest of the Ascendants, all had incredibly ugly expressions as they stared at Qin Wentian.

The spectators far away were all extremely shocked. Qin Wentian who was in the form of the great roc had turned back into a human. As his finger pointed downwards, his sword could vanquish immortals. Even Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants dared not rashly make a move.

“Such power, can you even control it? If you persist, you will die undoubtedly.” The expressions on the faces of the Pill Emperor as well as Jun Yu stiffened as they stared at Qin Wentian. “This sword art, even if you burn through the entirety of the vast demonic divinity energies, you still wouldn’t have enough power to use it.”

Jun Yu, as someone who was widely travelled, he was extremely experienced. He had met countless experts and had even witnessed battles among those at the peak of Celestial Phenomenon before.

The power of the sword art Qin Wentian was using, had a might that was simply terrifying. Borrowing the power of the Heavens, he needed to first exhaust his life force as a price to execute this art. If there was insufficient energy, death would be the only outcome.

In fact, Jun Yu's estimation was right. The Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay wasn't something Qin Wentian could execute at his current level. Although he had only learn the simplest first stance of the swordplay, it still wasn't something he had the power to unleash. Other than burning his energy and life force as the fuel, he had to be completely focused. If there was even the slightest of mistakes, he would die first, even before unleashing the strike.

“So what of it? Killing you isn't a problem.”

Qin Wentian slowly walked downwards in the air. An instant later, the sword might surrounding the area moved together with him. With every step downwards, the sword might in the area seethed and bubbled, Qin Wentian's finger was still outstretched, it seemed as though that finger of his could be used to unleash the entire might of the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. He placed all his concentration and focus onto that outstretched finger of his.

Right now, Qin Wentian had turned his gaze onto Jun Yu, causing the countenance of Jun Yu to darken with fear and anger. He was actually threatened by a lowly Heavenly Dipper Sovereign!

“Do you dare to kill me?” Jun Yu coldly spat out.

Qin Wentian took another step downwards. Right now, the image of the primordial great roc that appeared behind him had mostly faded away. The divine and astral energy in his Yuanfu were frenziedly being sucked into a vortex while the power of his bloodline was drawn in as well.

His finger pressed downwards once more, the towering sword might around him ‘breathed in and out’, as an immortal slaying sword appeared, coalesced from the sword might, its tip pointing straight at Jun Yu.

“I promise you this. If you dare to move, or even utter a single word, I will kill you.”

Qin Wentian slowly enunciated his words as his killing intent erupted. Jun Yu’s lips trembled with impotent outrage, glaring at Qin Wentian, his own killing intent exploding out like a storm yet he didn’t dare to say anything.

He knew that if Qin Wentian was pushed too far, he truly had the capabilities to end his life.

What status did Jun Yu have? Who in Grand Xia dared to show disrespect to him? Even the Chen Clan’s Ancestor and Old Man Tianji were nothing in his eyes.

Yet right now, Qin Wentian forbade him to move and even told

him to shut the fuck up.

However, Qin Wentian hadn't make his move yet.

It was as if he was waiting for something. He burnt through everything he could burn to sustain enough energy to unleash the strike, yet he still hadn't attacked.

From afar, the fluctuation of terrifying energies drifted over. The experts from the Pill Emperor Hall and Chen Clan all turned their gazes over only to see seven armored bodies flying over here with great speed.

“Are those puppets?” Someone stared at the seven silhouettes as he commented. In the blink of an eye, the puppets had already arrived at this location.

Seven puppets stood in a line, facing seven different directions. The one standing in the middle was the master of the seven.

At this moment, resplendent light burst out in the air. The stars in the skies shifted as a cold and icy intent abruptly radiated out. Right above the seven puppets, a constellation of ice and snow appeared.

“Peng!”

A freezing energy shot forth with the seven puppets at its core. The entire space in this region was frozen solid. The atmosphere

now was so cold that the spectators from afar could even feel a bone-chilling cold that made them shiver.

Astral light erupted, the seven puppets vanished in an instant before appearing right before the clan lord of the Chen Clan. A ray of dazzling sword light shot down from the heavens, cleaving forwards with unfathomable might.

Abruptly, the the Icesnow Constellation re-arranged themselves as a new sword-type constellation was birthed. This constellation seemed to be capable of changing form.

The clan lord of the Chen Clan frowned, he blasted out with a palm as a gigantic monument of lava fire manifested, swinging upwards to meet the descending sword.

“BOOOM!” At the moment of impact, the lava fire monument had been shattered. The puppet in the centre of the seven puppets constantly rotated. With each rotation, a new constellation was birthed.

Right now, a blood-colored constellation appeared. The seven puppets stretched out their hands at the same moment as an impossibly huge palm imprint that contained an endless blood might smashed out. The entire world seemed to freeze as a gargantuan blood-colored palm smashed down from the heavens. The clan lord turned pale with fright as he sought to evade. However, even before he could do anything, the blackish fumes from the blood-colored palm had already entered his body, causing the astral energy within him to flow in reverse.

“Poison.”

The clan lord of the Chen Clan trembled involuntarily. What kind of monsters are these seven puppets?

However at this moment, the eyes of Old Man Tianji brightened with a sharp gleam.

“Royal Tomb, the guardian puppets.”

The seven slaughter puppets actually appeared. In that case, did someone discover the secret location of the royal tomb of ancient Grand Xia?

The three Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall felt that something was wrong. It seemed as though the arrival of the seven puppets was precisely what Qin Wentian was waiting for. Earlier they had wanted to act, yet as Qin Wentian’s sword might enveloped them, they could feel how unstable it was, if Qin Wentian’s concentration lapsed for a second, the sword might would dispersed. Yet they couldn’t say for sure that Qin Wentian wouldn’t seize that opportunity to kill them.

“Try moving and see. I will kill him.” Qin Wentian stared at Jun Yu, his voice colder than ice. The three Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall all obediently stood in the air like idiots, not daring to make the slightest of movements.

Jun Yu, was the hope of their Pill Emperor Hall.

This situation was something that they had never expected. The three Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall were held hostage by a single Qin Wentian. While Fairy Qingmei and the two other Ascendants from the Mystic Moon Sect was holding back the Chen Clan Ancestor.

And now, the seven puppets that just appeared, they were working like a single entity, suppressing the clan lord of the Chen Clan.

And now, the experts from the Great Solar Chen Clan all turned pale as they witnessed the scenario unfolding. They no longer had expressions of arrogance on their faces, but instead, their countenance was marred by nervousness and anxiety.

The Chen Clan had already lost one Ascendant. And right now, their clan lord was facing a disaster. If they lost a second Ascendant, the status of their Chen Clan would definitely plummet without a doubt.

“Puchi!”

Right at this moment, a light sound resounded out. Above the air, flashes of red appeared. Qin Wentian’s body was counter lacerated by the sword qi, as blood started leaking out from his wounds.

This sight caused the eyes of many to narrow. This Immortal

Vanquishing Swordplay truly wasn't something that Qin Wentian could control. He was almost at his limit, if he continued enduring without finding an outlet for it, death would be the only outcome for him.

With but a thought, the danger would be eliminated. At this moment, Qin Wentian didn't have the slightest intention of releasing the concentrated the sword might.

Qin Wentian's brow was slightly furrowed, he continued staring at Jun Yu.

Madness, pure madness. Qin Wentian's actions were like those of a crazy fool.

The spectators had all heard of how crazy Qin Wentian could be all those years ago when he dragged the demon sword for ten thousand miles to split apart the Pill Emperor Hall. Since he could afford such madness then, there was no reason why he couldn't afford to do so now.

The only reason being that, he was Qin Wentian.

When it came to the things he wanted to do, nobody could cause his heart to waver.

This was courage, this was conviction. The strength to continue pressing forward, an unbreakable determination.

“Puchi!”

The sword intent penetrated Qin Wentian’s body, yet his outstretched finger was still as steady as ever, pointing straight at Jun Yu. How would Jun Yu dare to move under such circumstances?

Upon seeing Qin Wentian’s resoluteness, the three Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall could do nothing but wait there with him. Although they could overpower him, they knew that at the instant of his death, Qin Wentian would still have the time to slay one of them. And if Jun Yu fell, the Pill Emperor would never be able to rise in Grand Xia ever again.

Fear struck deep within their hearts, especially in the hearts of the Pill Emperor and the ancient elder. All those years ago, Qin Wentian had already left a shadow in there.

Hence, they chose not to take the risk. The Pill Emperor Hall had to act with the safety of Jun Yu in mind.

Jun Yu, how could he die a useless death like this here? He was the hope and future for the Pill Emperor Hall.

They would rather hope for the situation to remain as it is. As for the death of Chen Clan’s Ascendants, what has it got to do with their Pill Emperor Hall? As long as Jun Yu was safe, everything could start afresh.

Everyone would obviously act with their own interests in mind. Just like back then when Jun Yu had appeared, the alliance between the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Jiang Clan and the Mystic Moon Sect came to an abrupt end. This was because the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan acted with their best interests in mind, so what if Qin Wentian and his forces fell in the battle? It was not as important as their own safety. There was no right or wrong, it was merely a natural law of the world.

The clan lord of the Chen Clan was currently in extreme danger. The seven slaughter puppets floated up into the skies as brilliant flashes of light erupted forth from their body, causing the constellation they manifested to rotate and change time after time, again and again. The clan lord soon found himself at his wits end with regards to the ever-changing attacks.

“Clan lord..” Chen Fan’s countenance turned green as he stared at the spectacle unfolding in the skies. He hated that he himself wasn’t an Ascendant, he had no way to participate in a battle of this scale and could only spectate from the side.

Shifting his gaze back towards the Chen Ancestor, it appeared that the Chen Ancestor himself was in a bind as well. The attacks that he unleashed were furious and frenzied, yet Fairy Qingmei and the two other Ascendants were tightly on his heels, on par with him. With a roar of rage, the Chen Ancestor finally executed Stellar Transposition as he appeared in the area where the clan lord of the Chen Clan was while Fairy Qingmei and the two other Ascendants, joined up with the seven slaughter puppets.

“What the hell are these things?” Staring at the ever-changing

constellation in the skies, the blazing sun behind the Chen Ancestor erupted with an even more blinding light as the fiery sun rays shot towards the puppets.

“Seal of ice.”

An icy voice rang out as the Icesnow Constellation appeared once more, freezing the entire space.

“Arctic Underworld.”

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect coordinated well as her Arctic Underworld Constellation transformed into an Arctic Domain, which enveloped the entire space, turning this area into a world sealed by ice upon fusing with the Icesnow Constellation.

“Pu!”

At the same time, in another direction, numerous wounds appeared on Qin Wentian’s body, his entire shirt had long been dyed red with blood. Upon seeing this, the hearts of the other spectators were all pounding with incredulity. Too crazy, does he not fear death?

Old Man Tianji also stared at Qin Wentian. Such resolution was rarely seen.

“Swish!”

Finally, Qin Wentian's outstretched finger stabbed out. In that instant, the sword might circulating in this region had all turned into spirals, gathering onto the tip of his finger.

As the finger descended, the millions upon millions of swords issued a terrible keen, vibrating the void, the fluctuations of the sword energy turning everything in the surrounding into nothingness. Even if an immortal appeared now, he would also be vanquished by the power of this strike.

Jun Yu turned pale with fright. He finally moved, a strange looking bead he took out shattered into fragments as an astral river abruptly appeared in the middle of the air, enveloping him protectively. At that instant, he clearly felt the threat of death looming over him, he had no choice but to expend the precious life-saving treasure granted to him by his master. Once that defensive item was used, the sword wouldn't be able to kill him, but he would have wasted an immeasurably powerful magic treasure.

He would definitely make Qin Wentian pay the price!

AGM 461 – Calamity Of Great Solar Chen Clan

Jun Yu knew that Qin Wentian only had enough strength for a single strike. And the strength to unleash that one fatal strike consisted of the entirety of energy within Qin Wentian's body.

After he executed that strike, Qin Wentian would be totally defenceless, anyone could kill him with ease.

But even so, Jun Yu still unhesitatingly chose to use that defensive treasure his master bestowed upon him. The threat of that sword strike was too great to him, he didn't dare to take the risk.

As that protective astral river appeared, the space around him all bent away. Jun Yu had a sardonic smile on his face as his eyes twinkled with malice, staring at Qin Wentian.

A raging wind gusted past, as Qin Wentian's silhouette disappeared. The force of that sword finger didn't erupted towards Jun Yu at all.

Qin Wentian only had a single strike. In fact right from the beginning, he had never even intended to use it against Jun Yu.

That sardonic smile on his face abruptly twisted as boiling flames exploded in Jun Yu's heart. He trembled violently as white froth bubbled out of his mouth, as though he had just received the

greatest humiliation in his life.

He was someone from the Royal Sacred Sect, yet he was pranked by a member of the junior generation in Grand Xia?

The current smile on Qin Wentian's face was akin to a sneer. It was as though Qin Wentian was telling him that he couldn't be bothered and disdained to use this sword strike against him.

And although Qin Wentian didn't unleash that sword strike on him, Jun Yu had already wasted a priceless life-saving treasure.

To Qin Wentian, he only had a single opportunity to unleash that strike of overwhelming destruction. Regardless of what status Jun Yu had, or how great his background is, Jun Yu was after all only an Ascendant at the first level of Celestial Phenomenon. Since Qin Wentian only had a single strike, he would naturally target his attack at a character that could direct the flow of battle here today.

And this character, was none other than the Ancestor of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Without the participation of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan, there was basically no one who could hold the Chen Clan Ancestor back. With his strength, only a total of three Ascendants joining forces could hold him back.

Only through killing the Chen Ancestor would they be able to reverse the situation today. Hence, Qin Wentian had constantly

been transmitting messages to Fairy Qingmei and the rest.

At the moment Qin Wentian acted, the three Ascendants as well as the Seven Slaughter Puppets struck out at the Chen Ancestor at the same time. They completely ignored the clan lord of Chen Clan. The four Ascendants used their strongest attacks with the Chen Ancestor as their target. Underneath the mounting pressure, the Chen Ancestor howled as radiant blazing suns erupted into being all around him. The rays of the suns shone brilliantly, condensing into a shield of sunlight, blocking the tyrannical attacks. The light erupting forth was so blinding that no one could even look directly at it.

“Too powerful, a third level Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant can truly be called a character standing at the very peak. The joint attacks of three Ascendants, in addition to that of the Seven Slaughter Puppets, still had no way to break through his defense.” The spectators silently mused in their hearts.

And at this very moment, in another direction, the sword strike which Qin Wentian wanted to unleash at Jun Yu, suddenly shifted direction and stabbed out in the direction of the Chen Ancestor.

A massive wind kicked up that gusted throughout Heaven and Earth, the entire space turned eerily silent, as though Qin Wentian's finger was the only thing remaining in this world. An invisible and formless energy transformed into an immortal slaying sword, firing forth, aiming right for the Chen Ancestor.

This sword was formed by both the Heaven and Earth, while powered by the entirety of the energy in Qin Wentian's body. After

that sword was unleashed, Qin Wentian's body sagged, totally devoid of energy as he fell down from the skies. To unleash this strike, he had already exhausted the last remaining traces of energy he could muster. Even his resolute will as well as his killing intent were merged into that final strike of his.

The instant the sword strike was unleashed, the conviction in his heart was being shot out together as well. His body couldn't endure anymore, and like a falling leaf, he drifted helplessly in the middle of a terrifying windstorm.

However, right now, the attention of the crowd was no longer focused on him. Their focuses were all on that immortal slaying sword.

That sword penetrated through the void, piercing through space as a beautiful line of flames trailed after it. It was simply too swift, swift to the extent of being inconceivable.

The instant Qin Wentian changed his target, the Chen Ancestor already felt that there was a sword pointing right at him. His countenance instantly paled, and with a roar of rage, the light from his constellation cascaded down on him. The thousands of blazing suns around him all shone with an increased radiance, merging together as one as the silhouette of a golden crow appeared.

The expression on the Chen Clan's clan lord's face was similarly extremely unsightly to behold. He slammed a vicious palm into Fairy Qingmei's back, yet the instant the attack landed, Fairy Qingmei's form turned ethereal, allowing the attack to pass

through her. Moments later, numerous phantoms appeared, all of them simultaneously unleashing their attacks towards the Chen Ancestor.

Several underworld spears appeared in front of the leader of Mystic Moon Sect. All of them fused together as one, transforming into a terrifying spear of darkness, as it stabbed outwards, aiming for the Chen Ancestor.

At this moment, the controller of the Seven Slaughter Puppets was Ouyang Kuangsheng. In the middle of the air, a thunderfire constellation appeared. Vast amounts of astral light emanating from his constellation rained down upon him, he absorbed all the energy before cleaving down with a single sabre – Thunder God’s Slash!

All the attacks were aimed at the Chen Ancestor and all their effects erupted forth at the same time, wanting to reap his life.

At this moment, the breathing of everyone seemed to halt. Too swift, Qin Wentian’s immortal slaying sword flashed like a bolt of lightning, all within the space of a single thought.

“BOOOM!”

An intense light erupted as the sword pierced through the manifested suns, through the head of the golden crow, aiming for the heart of the Chen Ancestor. The body of the Chen Ancestor instantly morphed into lava giant. He blocked his chest with one of his hands as his other hand instantly reached out towards the

incoming sword.

“Bang, bang!”

The immortal slaying sword effortlessly penetrated his palms, and pierced right into the heart of the Chen Ancestor, rupturing it.

The hurried defenses the Chen Ancestor put up simply weren't enough to block the power of the first stance of the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. At this moment, the attacks from the other Ascendants all continually rained down upon him. Fairy Qingmei's phantoms blasted his back, the spear of darkness pierced into his shoulders, while the Thunder God's Slash cleaved onto his head.

The eyes of the crowd widened as they watched the scene play out. The next moment, the body of the Chen Ancestor trembled slightly for an instant, as his head cracked open from the force of the Thunder God's Slash.

“NOOOOOOOOOO!”

A voice filled with unwilling rage reverberated through the entire space. His body was shattered into dust as he disappeared forever.

Everyone's hearts stopped, they didn't dare to believe what their eyes were telling them.

The Chen Ancestor had fallen?

A terrifying existence at the third level of Celestial Phenomenon was a character standing at the absolute pinnacle of Grand Xia. The Ouyang Ancestor said before, even if they joined forces nobody could prevail against him

Yet Qin Wentian and the others had actually accomplished the impossible with their efforts.

This was just like a dream, nobody dared to believe that it was real. An existence at the peak of Grand Xia died at the stage where the Heavenly Fate Ranking Battles were held this year.

If people thousands of years later spoke of the events that happened today, they would totally forget that the Heavenly Fate Rankings were held this day. They would only remember that today was the day Qin Wentian slayed an existence at the peak of Grand Xia, albeit with the help of others.

In this battle, Qin Wentian had unleashed a critical strike. But in fact, the true credit of killing the Chen Ancestor goes to Fairy Qingmei. If it wasn't for her Shadow Glamor Constellation, the three Ascendants would probably have found it impossible to hold off the Chen Ancestor for so long.

“Hu...” Someone heavily exhaled. Even the sound of breathing could be heard clearly in the silence that followed after the death of the Chen Ancestor. Fairy Qingmei spat out a mouthful of blood. Evidently, she had been suppressing the injuries she'd sustained

during the course of her battle with the Chen Ancestor.

However, for those from the Great Solar Chen Clan, they were still staring blankly, stunned with disbelief. Even the Celestial Phenomenon clan lord of the Chen Clan had yet to recover from his daze.

“The ancestor has fallen.”

Is this real?

The death of the Chen Ancestor indicated the decline of the Great Solar Chen Clan. In fact, they might even face the possibility of being annihilated.

Earlier, the Great Solar Chen Clan who dominated Ginkou, how proud were they? Arrogance was carved into their bones as they strutted their way through Grand Xia. But right now, their hearts were all shivering with fear and terror.

No matter how many demon-level talents, no matter how many powerful Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns the Great Solar Chen Clan had, without the protection of a mighty Ascendant, all of their strength counted for nothing. Especially the fact that they were one of the nine grand clans of the ancient Grand Xia. How many transcendent powers had they offended back then? As for the wealth of the Great Solar Chen Clan, how many would covet it, with the death of the Chen Clan's Ancestor?

“No...”

Chen Fan murmured, constantly shaking his head. Even leaving their wealth aside, would the other transcendent powers not be greedy for the Sacred Royal Medallions in their possession?

Even if Qin Wentian died today, their Chen Clan would be hardpressed to escape from this calamity. They no longer had a way out.

“Go, GO!” The clan lord of Chen Clan abruptly howled, commanding the others from the Chen Clan to leave immediately.

“Freeze.” The controller of the Seven Slaughter Puppets changed. Earlier it was Ouyang Kuangsheng but now it had changed to Yun Mengyi. Once again, the space was frozen.

The all-out war has yet to be concluded.

The silhouettes of the two Ascendants from the Mystic Moon Hall flashed as they rushed towards the clan lord of the Chen Clan. Earlier in the battle, the clan lord had already been injured, and was almost killed by the Seven Slaughters Puppet. Now that he was besieged by attacks from two Ascendants, he didn’t even have time to catch his breath.

Since they had already exterminated the Chen Ancestor, they might as well do things thoroughly, completely eliminating all Ascendants from the Great Solar Chen Clan.

At another area, Qin Wentian's body that was hurtling downwards through the air, was caught hold of by a snowy white demonic beast. This beast was naturally none other than Little Rascal. Currently, it was in its battle form. It stowed Qin Wentian onto its back as it tried to run away.

But how could Jun Yu spare Qin Wentian?

Not long ago, that disdainful look in Qin Wentian's eyes, and the faking of his sword strike had carved a deep scar of humiliation in Jun Yu's mind. Not only that, he was even tricked into wasting his priceless life-saving treasure.

And now that Qin Wentian was totally defenceless, did he really think that he could still escape?

Qin Wentian had actually cultivated such a terrifying technique, the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay? In that case, this must merely be the tip of the iceberg, he should still have many other secrets on his body. Jun Yu wanted to know everything.

Right now, he stretched his hands out and made a grabbing motion in the air. Instantly, Little Rascal felt its body being seized. It tried to break free, but its struggle was useless. As a Heavenly Dipper Realm demonic beast, how could it break free from a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant? A simple grab was sufficient to deal with it.

“Bzzzz!”

Astral light flashed again as the Seven Slaughters Puppet appeared standing in front of the unconscious Qin Wentian.

The hearts and minds of the seven users were linked together as one. After they executed spatial freezing, they immediately executed the Stellar Transposition, rushing towards Qin Wentian, ready to face off against Jun Yu!

AGM 462 – Release

Right now, the controller of the Seven Slaughters Puppet, was Qin Wentian's original body. His multiple wills of Mandates erupted forth, while the astral energies of the other six cultivators flooded into him.

In the middle of the air, a terrifying sword melody abruptly resounded. Above the sky, a dazzling dream-type constellation formed, while an overwhelming force gushed forth from it.

“Do you think you can stop me with this?” Jun Yu's voice was ice cold. He leisurely stepped out while releasing his constellation as well. Moments later, an extremely fearful sealing energy permeated the entire area.

“Capture him.” Jun Yu spoke. The two Ascendants beside him stepped out, making their moves at the same time. Jun Yu pointed his finger ahead. This entire space was vibrating, as though it was currently being forcibly sealed by a terrifying energy.

“BREAK!” The Seven Slaughters Puppet slashed out with a sword, powerful to the point where it seemed like it could slash apart the entire world. At the same time, an alluring figure untouched by mortal dust appeared next to Little Rascal. She took hold of the unconscious Qin Wentian while spatial energy erupted around her as she rapidly retreated.

“Where can you run to?”

Jun Yu coldly snorted, a pair of confinement imprints appeared in the middle of the air, each locking down on the either sides of the maiden. Space was locked down, Qing`er couldn't move. Her eyes erupted with an extreme coldness, staring at Jun Yu. The sight of her actually caused Jun Yu to hesitated slightly as he frowned.

Such a beautiful woman, yet she was as cold as a snow lotus.

The other two Ascendants from the Pill Emperor had already arrived, and instantly surrounded Qing`er and the unconscious Qin Wentian. They had no escape route.

The the other battle had already concluded. Fairy Qingmei, as well as the leader and old granny of the Mystic Moon Sect easily dealt with the clan lord of the Chen Clan who only had a cultivation base at the first level of Celestial Phenomenon. There was no suspense to this battle.

Shortly after, the remaining Ascendant of the Great Solar Chen Clan was trapped by Fairy Qingmei before the spear of darkness of the Mystic Moon Sect pierced right through his brain, killing him.

The death of the Chen Clan's clan lord signified the destruction of yet another transcendent power. The Great Solar Chen Clan that was one of the nine grand clans in ancient Grand Xia, a powerful clan that was ranked within the top five of the thirty-six transcendent powers, was now merely a shadow of its former self.

The three Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants of the Great Solar

Chen Clan had all died today.

If this matter were to be brought up in the future, people would definitely use this incident as the butt of a joke.

The clouds of the world had no form and were constantly changing. Doomsday had arrived for the once powerful Great Solar Chen Clan.

The others from Chen Clan were all staring blankly. And when they finally recovered and wanted to escape, several masked figures abruptly appeared, blocking their way. No matter where the Chen Clan members chose to go, there were already people arranged to block the paths of escape via the skies and the earth.

These masked figures had infiltrated and mingled within the spectators of the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. Nobody knew who they were and where they come from.

However, Fairy Qingmei and the clan leader of the Mystic Moon Sect had no time to care about these members of the Chen Clan. They instantly sped towards Qin Wentian only to see that right now, Qin Wentian and Qing`er were trapped in the space between the Pill Emperor Hall's two Ascendants.

“You dare to touch them?” Fairy Qingmei's voice was ice cold as her Shadow Glamor Constellation appeared. At the same time, the two Ascendants from the Mystic Moon Sect similarly released their constellations. All the powerhouses at the Ascendant realm had gathered here for the final confrontation.

Pill Emperor lazily swept a glance at Fairy Qingmei. He languidly walked to Qin Wentian's side, "Everything today can finally come to an end."

The Great Solar Chen Clan has been destroyed, but it has nothing to do with them. On the contrary, it was beneficial to their Pill Emperor Hall. With a powerful transcendent power out of the way, it meant one less obstacle to block their rise back to glory.

Now, Qin Wentian had landed in their hands as well.

The battle today could be considered to have concluded with a perfect ending.

But right now, they only saw Qing'er gently placing Qin Wentian back onto Little Rascal's back while she stepped forward, towards the space between the two Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants.

"Mhm?" The Pill Emperor frowned as his killing intent burst forth from him. This woman had appeared before in their Pill Emperor Hall. Back then, she was the one who whisked Qin Wentian away.

"If you dare to touch her, I can guarantee that even the Royal Sacred Sect of Grand Shang, wouldn't be able to save your Pill Emperor Hall." Fairy Qingmei's voice coldly sounded out, her words causing the frown on the Pill Emperor's face to further deepened. He then glanced at Fairy Qingmei, "Are you trying to scare me?"

What sort of power is the Royal Sacred Sect? Fairy Qingmei's meaning was that the background of this celestial maiden was so high that even the Royal Sacred Sect wouldn't even dare to antagonise her backers?

"That's right, I'm trying to scare you. Why don't you try it and see?" The Fairy Qingmei's glacial voice rang out, her words causing the pupils of the Pill Emperor to narrow as he stared at Qing'er. However, Qing'er didn't even bother with him. In fact, she didn't even glance at him. Looking at her arrogance and aloofness, the heart of the Pill Emperor couldn't help but waver slightly as he thought back to the back view of her carrying Qin Wentian away back then that day.

This female was extraordinary for sure, did she really have some sort of overwhelming background?

In fact, Qing'er wasn't arrogant. It was merely that her temperament had always been ice cold. This wasn't something she intentionally exuded and it was precisely because of this unconscious lofty feeling she exuded that caused the Pill Emperor to be slightly wary of her background.

Shifting his gaze onto Qin Wentian again, he decided. Since Qin Wentian was still in their hands, if this maiden wanted to leave, they can just allow her to leave. With her current strength, she wouldn't be able to affect the situation here today.

Yet he didn't expect that Qing'er would walk to the location of

the Seven Slaughter Puppets. After which, one of the puppets opened up as a young man exited it. This young man was none other than Qin Wentian's other true body, Di Tian.

This sight caused all of the spectators to be stunned. Were these puppets controlled by humans? In that case, were there still other cultivators within the other six puppets?

Qing'er entered the puppet, taking control of Di Tian's puppet.

"Useless parlor tricks. Get the hell out of my way. Today, my Pill Emperor Hall will definitely take Qin Wentian away with us." The Pill Emperor walked to the side of Qin Wentian. Little Rascal howled furiously, barking at him, yet the only reaction the Pill Emperor had was a cold laugh. With a glimmer in his eyes, the palm of the Pill Emperor suddenly snaked out. Instantly, Qin Wentian's body was abruptly locked down, shifted away by the Pill Emperor.

Fairy Qingmei and the other two Ascendants were still holding their positions. How could they possibly allow the Pill Emperor to take Qin Wentian away?

"You guys, even when adding the power of the puppets, you only have a total of four Ascendant-level cultivators. Without that Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay from before, do you think you are powerful enough to stop the three of us? Foolish idiots, if we start a war here, you might be able to hold us back for some time but we would still be able to retreat unharmed. However, if Qin Wentian somehow dies during the battle between us, it wouldn't be our fault." The Pill Emperor threatened coldly.

However, at this moment, an intense spatial pressure permeated the air. Above the puppet Qing'er entered, a space-type constellation was birthed as terrifying spatial fluctuations sealed the entire space. And in addition to the illusionary-type Shadow Glamor Constellation of Fairy Qingmei, it isn't going to be so easy for them to break through the encirclement.

“My name is Di Tian.”

At this moment, a thunderous voice boomed out. The brows of Jun Yu and the two others all furrowed as they stared in the direction of Di Tian. He stood in the centre of the Seven Slaughter Puppets, protected by them.

The three Ascendants were all taken aback. The one who spoke out at this moment, was actually this man.

“The ‘Di’ of Di Cang, the Azure Emperor. Right now, the Di Clan answers not only to Qin Wentian, but also to me. The innate techniques I know, Qin Wentian knows them as well.” Di Tian calmly spoke as he continued, “Naturally, the innate techniques Qin Wentian knows, I, Di Tian, also knows them as well.”

“Jun Yu, do you want to die?” Di Tian inclined his head, staring at Jun Yu, his countenance like an unsheathed sword, able to penetrate through everything.

Jun Yu frowned, his killing intent obvious to all. The words spoken was something Qin Wentian had said to him before. And

today, this man actually dared to threaten him once more?

“With the chant of the demonic divinities, the ancient will stretching across the skies. Gathering the demonic qi from the eight directions, devouring the astral energy from the starry skies...” Di Tian murmured. A strange melody echoed throughout the world as a terrifying energy rocked the void, gathering on Di Tian.

“Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation.”

The Pill Emperor stiffened. He was all too familiar with this particular secret art. Back then, he had personally witnessed Qin Wentian using this.

And right now, the technique Di Tian was using, was none other than the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation!

He said that he knew all the techniques Qin Wentian knew.

And he had proven that he even knew the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation.

In that case, didn't that mean that he also knew how to execute the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay?!

Upon thinking of this, the three Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall all felt their hearts shuddering. Their eyes were fixed onto Di Tian while terrifying sharpness flashed in their eyes.

“If I use the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation and turned into a demonic divinity, I will definitely execute the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. And at that time, maybe Qin Wentian would die, but Jun Yu, you would definitely have to accompany him in death!” Di Tian’s eyes gleamed with a cold light, his words causing Jun Yu’s heart to shudder violently as his countenance turned incredibly unsightly.

“I don’t believe that you know that particular sword art.” Jun Yu spat.

“After killing you, I shall flee Grand Xia. How vast is this world? Don’t tell me bullshit like you are the direct disciple of an elder. Even if you are a direct descendant of the Royal Sacred Sect, what can they do to me? Do you want to gamble on this?” Di Tian’s tone of voice was glacial. At this moment, a terrifying ancient will permeated, stretching across the skies. The power of the demonic divinity’s constellations in the eight directions were as if they couldn’t be blocked by the lockdown of space and directly sent down starlight, landing on Di Tian’s body. The demonic qi exuding from him grew increasingly terrifying.

“If I turn into a demon, I won’t rest until I have killed you. You have five breaths of time left.” Di Tian stared at Jun Yu, every word of his causing the expression on Jun Yu’s face to grow uglier by the second.

The demonic qi in the air got thicker and thicker. The ancient will connected with the demonic divinities as their power gathered. Once the essence of humanity is sacrificed and the

essence of the divinities flooded his body, only the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay would be able to negate it. And if he was forced to use it once more, he would definitely unleash the sword strike at Jun Yu.

“Release Qin Wentian.” Jun Yu bellowed, his expression extremely ashen.

The countenances of the other two Ascendants were incredibly unsightly to behold as well. With a wave of his hands, they tossed out Qin Wentian. Fairy Qingmei’s silhouette flickered as she appeared near him and caught hold of him.

Unless Di Tian truly underwent the demon transformation and slayed Jun Yu, the combat strength of both sides were equivalent. Either way, they couldn’t stop the Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall from leaving.

However, the price for doing so, was too great.

Qin Wentian was grievously injured while Di Tian had to control the situation.

“This matter has not ended yet.” Jun Yu snarled, departing as the spatial energy dissipated, allowing him to leave.

The dangerous situation today had finally ended with the death of the three Ascendants of the Great Solar Chen Clan. Although Qin Wentian was grievously injured as a result, an

outcome like this was well worth it!

AGM 463 – Royal Tomb

The Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall finally left. They had no other recourse available to them. Initially, they thought they could retain Qin Wentian, yet they had never anticipated the appearance of Di Tian.

This man actually shared command with and had the same authority as Qin Wentian. In that case, there must be an extremely close relationship between them. Even the innate techniques they cultivated were the same, one in the shadows and another one in the light. Di Tian must have took great care to obscure himself in the shadows only stepping out after Qin Wentian transformed into a roc.

When faced with Di Tian's threat, Jun Yu and the two other Ascendants dared not gamble. They could only choose to leave.

Today, he came here with his head up high in pride and glory, yet he was faced with countless threats, ending in his humiliation. Everyone understood that with Jun Yu's status, there was no way he would merely let things rest like this.

Although Qin Wentian and the others temporary avoided danger, but just like what Jun Yu had said before he left. This matter hasn't come to an end.

Looking at the numerous silhouettes standing in the air, the spectators all sighed in their hearts. To think that although Qin Wentian and his companions were face to face with life-

threatening danger today, they had safely resolved it. Not only that, it resulted in the destruction of the Great Solar Chen Clan. Such an ending was sufficient to cause the entire Grand Xia to shake in terror.

That single sword attack that changed fate but caused Qin Wentian to faint into unconsciousness, heavily injured. It was unknown whether his injuries were fatal or not.

Once, Qin Wentian had transformed into a primordial great roc, splitting apart the Pill Emperor Hall. Now, the primordial great roc had turned back into a human, and become an instrument of destruction that exterminated the Great Solar Chen Clan. The hearts of the crowd were all trembling involuntarily, if Qin Wentian didn't die, how much more powerful would he be in the future? If he had ten years worth of time, there might no longer be anyone in Grand Xia capable of standing against him.

Also, those Seven Slaughter Puppets, what were they? Where did they originate from?"

Only to see that right now, there were cultivators exiting the seven puppets. Other than the untainted celestial beauty Qing'er, the appearances of the other six caused the crowd to be badly startled.

It was actually them? The outstanding characters on the Heavenly Fate Rankings three years ago.

Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Chu Mang

and Mu Feng. Even Mu Feng had appeared here today, participating in the battle to save Qin Wentian.

“Kuangsheng?” The expression on the Ouyang Ancestor’s face stiffened slightly. Ouyang Kuangsheng was the controller of one of the seven puppets.

In another direction, the remnants of the Great Solar Chen Clan all had ashen expressions on their faces when they saw the Ascendants of the Pill Emperor Hall leaving. They knew that their Chen Clan was finished for sure.

“Great Solar Chen Clan.”

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect flickered as she instantly flew above the air. The terrifying Arctic Underworld Constellation enveloped the entire space as the killing intent emanating from her felt incomparably sharp, like a sharpened spear ready to kill at any moment.

The remaining experts from the Chen Clan stared at the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect in the air, their countenances all turned pale, their faces masks of terror.

Chen Fan no longer had the arrogance that he’d had before. He stood there blankly staring at the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect, feeling an indescribable emotion in his heart. Who could have imagined that their Great Solar Chen Clan that was vastly more powerful than the Mystic Moon Sect just moments ago, were now like sheeps waiting to be slaughtered.

“Is this Heavenly Fate?”

Chen Fan inclined his head, staring at the skies as he murmured.

The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect waved her hands as countless underworld spears appeared, raining down upon the remaining members of the Chen Clan.

“The Great Solar Chen Clan had reaped what they had sown. What Heavenly Fate?” Qin Wentian’s other form, Di Tian, halted the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation in the instant that Jun Yu gave up. Right now, he appeared beside the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect, staring down at Chen Fan as he coldly spoke, “Back then, when the Chen Clan was powerful, the members of your clan were merciless and cruel, using such methods to humiliate the seniors of the Mystic Moon Sect, thinking that nobody could ever deal with your Chen Clan. If not for that, how could the Chen Clan be in this state today?”

If it wasn’t because of the Chen Clan’s oppressiveness, how could Qin Wentian lead his forces over, and how would he have a reason to unleash the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay?

Chen Fan was wallowing in misery. Not long ago, he was looking down on this group of people with contempt. Back then, how mighty had their Chen Clan been? They could do what they want with no fear of repercussions. But to think that now, revenge came so swiftly.

“I want to kill him with my own hands.” A cold voice drifted over. Qin Wentian turned his head as Bai Qing appeared.

Bai Qing was the most heart-broken person in the Mystic Moon Sect. Because, among those the Chen Clan humiliated to death, her esteemed master, who was like a mother to her, was part of them.

Right now, an extremely cold and terrifying killing intent radiated out from her as she stared at Chen Fan.

“Fine. There should be a Sacred Royal Medallion on Chen Fan as well. After his death, the medallion shall belong to you, Bai Qing.” The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect stated. After which, her palm pushed out in the air as a frigid underworld energy gushed into Chen Fan’s body, causing him to groan in agony as he spat out fresh blood.

“I’M UNWILLING TO DIE LIKE THIS!” Chen Fan inclined his head and howled his heart out. Yet, the devil might around Bai Qing increased in intensity as a devil sabre appeared in her hands. The entire sky turned dark from the amount of roiling devil might that currently permeated the air.

The rims of her eyes were red as she walked towards Chen Fan, “Master, your disciple is useless, causing your death. Now, I can only avenge you by personally killing this man.”

As the sound of her voice faded, the vast amounts of devil might infused into the devil sabre of Bai Qing as it cleaved down with world-shaking might.

“RUN!” Below the air, the other members of the Chen Clan fled in all directions.

Those spectators from afar had already known that the Chen Clan was finished upon seeing this scene.

After this battle, the thirty-five transcendent powers of Grand Xia would be once again be reduced by one. Only thirty-four remained.

The Great Solar Chen Clan and the Nine Mystical Palace had been annihilated all because of Qin Wentian.

“Wentian gege.” After Bai Qing slew Chen Fan, she retracted the devil might and sped towards Fairy Qingmei. Right now, Qin Wentian was still unconscious and the one carrying him was actually a supreme beauty whose looks and demeanor didn’t lose out in the slightest when compared to Mo Qingcheng.

Qing`er, upon seeing Bai Qing rushing over, lifted her head and lightly spoke with her usual ice-cool countenance, “Don’t worry, I won’t let him die.”

“Thank you.” Bai Qing spoke to Qing`er, her worried expression caused Qing`er’s eyelashes to flutter but Qing`er didn’t say anything else in response.

“Let me take a look.” A voice drifted over as Old Man Tianji

appeared.

This demon star of Grand Xia, only used a short span of a few years to achieve what he had done – the start of the change in Grand Xia’s destiny.

Qing`er coldly turned her gaze onto Old Man Tianji, Qin Wentian was still being tightly embraced by her, she had no intentions to loosen her grip. Old Man Tianji couldn’t help but to have a bitter smile on his face. This maiden definitely had an extraordinary back ground, Qin Wentian’s luck with ladies really wasn’t bad. To think there would be so many outstanding beauties worried about his safety.

“The energy in his body has completely dissipated, even the slightest strand of astral energy has been exhausted. Now that he is unconscious, he has no way to absorb astral energy from the constellations, he would need precious medicines to aid him before he would have the opportunity to recover.”

Old Man Tianji stated with a straight face. Earlier, even he was awed by the might of that Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay.

That single stance was too overpowered, but it was too dangerous as well. He had never seen a scenario such as this, where the entirety of energy within a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign’s body would be siphoned away so completely. In addition to that, merely the amount of astral energy Qin Wentian had shouldn’t be sufficient to unleash that sword strike. The power of his bloodline as well as his very life force, had been drained as well.

Fairy Qingmei nodded, “We will take note.”

“Qingmei, it has already been so long since the battle that year. You should let go of the hatred in your heart and stop obsessing over revenge. It will do you no good.” Old Man Tianji persuaded, his gaze shifting onto Fairy Qingmei.

“I know.” Fairy Qingmei nodded as she replied softly. Old Man Tianji didn’t say anything else.

The Venerate Heavens Sect had never participated in external events since time immemorial. No one knew how strong they were, they only knew that despite the waves of commotion rocking Grand Xia, the position and status of the Venerate Heavens Sect had never wavered in the slightest.

At this moment, the silhouette of the Ouyang Ancestor appeared here. “Qingmei, Di Tian, as well as Kuangsheng. The matters today were out of my control, it isn’t that I wanted to pull out of the alliance on a whim. Since my Ouyang Clan has decided to set up our roots here in Grand Xia, we cannot afford to offend those people.”

“I know, you don’t need to explain anything to us.” Fairy Qingmei’s detached voice rang out. The Ascendants of the Mystic Moon Sect also gazed over as they spoke, “That’s right. The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan have their own position to consider, we are very clear on this. However, I hope that although two of the nine ultimate arts were already bestowed to you, you yourself and your

clan members best not cultivate those. It wouldn't be too good to take the things of others for free without any payment would it?"

Vengeance was thick in the voice of the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect.

Although the dust has already settled after the battle today, the overwhelming danger they faced earlier was still fresh in the minds of everyone. If it wasn't for that Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay of Qin Wentian, the Chen Ancestor wouldn't have fallen. In the end, the power that would be utterly annihilated, would definitely have been the Mystic Moon Sect as well as Qin Wentian and his forces.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Jiang Clan chose to pull out of the alliance at the last moment. Their decision had almost caused the death of the rest of them.

Although the Ouyang Ancestor had his own considerations, needing to think about the future for the entire Ouyang Clan, it was impossible for the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect to not feel any anger at all. Since you had your own worries, I shall not blame you for them. But the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan had already received the ultimate arts as payment before this yet they still chose to withdraw at the last moment, obtaining the benefits for free.

"That's right, that's what I wanted to say as well." Fairy Qingmei stated.

The Ouyang Ancestor didn't reply. He turned his gaze onto

Ouyang Kuangsheng as he asked, “This puppet, where did it originate from?”

“Not an item of mine.” Ouyang Kuangsheng snappishly replied, his tone causing great dissatisfaction to the Ouyang Ancestor. It was normal for Fairy Qingmei and the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect to be angered. But Ouyang Kuangsheng was a junior of his clan. He should be standing on his side and think in his shoes, considering how their actions would affect the future of their Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. What right did he have to be angry?

“Kuangsheng, how can you talk to the ancestor like that?” The clan leader of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan berated.

“Clan lord, from now onwards, I shall leave Grand Xia to temper myself. I won’t bother with any of our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan’s matters.” Ouyang Kuangsheng stated with a glint of steel in his eyes. The clan lord of the Ouyang Clan berated, “Rubbish. Do you think that these matters have really been concluded? Jun Yu will never give up, he will surely seek revenge. I can forget about the matter regarding your attitude, just come back with us and quickly settle your marriage with Jiang Ting.”

“I have my own path to walk. This has nothing to do with the clan.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes flashed with resolution. “Regarding the matters of marriage, if Ting`er is willing to follow me out of Grand Xia to temper ourselves, I will definitely give her a suitable explanation. If she’s unwilling and chooses to stay in the Jiang Clan instead, I won’t blame her. In the future when I return, if she is still willing to be with me, I will marry her and officially make her my woman.”

“You...” The Ouyang clan lord was so angered that he couldn’t speak, only to see the Ouyang Ancestor waving his hands and interjecting, “Let him go, allow him to do what he wants.”

“Hmph.” The clan lord of the Ouyang Clan coldly snorted, his countenance unsightly. Ouyang Kuangsheng was too spoiled by the clan and was getting increasingly undisciplined and out of control. This was unacceptable, he didn’t even put his elders in his eyes.

“Hehe,” Old Man Tianji’s eyes twinkled with amusement. He then turned his gaze onto Yun Mengyi and the others, before shifting his gaze in the direction of the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia as he added in a low voice, “Tell me, has the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia appeared?”

AGM 464 – 10% Survival Rate

“Royal Tomb!”

As the voice of Old Man Tianji faded, silence descended on the area, as the hearts of everyone pounded.

The Royal Tomb has appeared?

In Grand Xia, the Royal Tomb was only heard of in the legends.

Ever since the ancient kingdom was destroyed, there was no longer a force powerful enough to unite the entire Grand Xia. The Royal Tomb naturally referred to the tomb of the previous emperors of Grand Xia.

However, even three thousands years ago, before the ancient kingdom was destroyed, nobody knew the secrets of the Royal Tomb. This was a place only mentioned in the legends, they knew of its existence, yet they didn't know where it was.

Only descendants of the royal clan would be privy to its location.

And today, Old Man Tianji had actually asked if the Royal Tomb has appeared? He must have already deduced something.

The eyes of the Ouyang Ancestor and the others all shone with a sharp light as they stared towards the same direction as Old Man

Tianji – in the direction of the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia.

Ouyang Kuangsheng and his friends controlled the Seven Slaughters Puppets that could manifest the powers of an Ascendant. Where did such powerful puppets originate from? Were they from the Royal Tomb?

“These seven puppet guardians should be fifth-ranked puppets. And if the controllers were all at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm, when the seven combined into one, the power output would definitely be amplified by an unknown number of times. However, the requirement was that all seven had to be of one heart. Only then would they be able to use these Seven Slaughter Puppets. Such a requirement might be slightly tough to meet.”

Old Man Tianji cast a glance at Di Tian and the other six. These seven could actually accomplish the realm of seven hearts as one, bond by their friendship with Qin Wentian.

“Bzzz! A raging wind gusted, the Ouyang Ancestor’s silhouette flickered as he called out, “Members of the Ouyang Clan, come with me.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the other members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan all departed, following him, rushing towards the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia.

Old Man Tianji only shook his head lightly. Yun Mengyi calmly stared at the departing silhouettes of the Ouyang Clan as she spoke, “The Ouyang Ancestor is truly a crafty individual, as

expected of an old monster that has lived for over a thousand years. However, how can it be so easy for people to casually enter the Royal Tomb? There's only a 10% survival rate for those who venture in. There are too many unknown factors."

"Those who are blessed with great luck shall survive, but those who have none shall perish." Old Man Tianji smiled at Yun Mengyi as he continued, "With the descendant of ancient Grand Xia leading the way, I'm sure the survival rate would be totally different. Or more accurately, it should be a 100% survival rate isn't it?"

Yun Mengyi cast a glance at the unconscious Qin Wentian, sighing in her heart. Sadly, it seemed that Qin Wentian had no destiny with the Royal Tomb. Today was the only chance they had to enter the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia. After today, the various transcendent powers would definitely send their experts to guard the entrance and pry into the hidden secrets. At that time, it would be impossible even if they wanted to enter.

"Let's go, we mustn't waste time." Yun Mengyi's silhouette flickered as she disappeared, while Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest mirrored her actions.

Qin Wentian's other self, Di Tian, naturally showed no hesitation as he joined in. Although one of his bodies would enter an extremely dangerous location, he still had another body on the outside.

His two true-bodies of shared the same thoughts and experiences. With one entering the Royal Tomb, the benefits gained from that

would naturally be shared among the two true-selves. This was the heaven-defying benefit granted by the Great Nirvana Art.

The Great Nirvana Immortal Art allowed a cultivator to have two true-selves. Each self could walk a different path, cultivating different Mandates. But in the process, the experiences and insights comprehended by each self would be shared among the two.

“Bai Qing, come with us as well.” Di Tian turned his head as he spoke to Bai Qing.

“Yes. Bai Qing, go with them.” The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect looked to Bai Qing as she gave her consent. Bai Qing glanced at the unconscious Qin Wentian with worry apparent on her face only to hear Qing`er reassuring her. “Don’t worry, I will take care of him.”

“Thank you..” Bai Qing stated her thanks softly. After which, her silhouette flickered as well as she dashed off in the direction of the ancient kingdom together with the rest of Qin Wentian’s companions.

At this moment, the Great Solar Chen Clan of Ginkou had already been destroyed. Fairy Qingmei and the leader of the Mystic Moon Hall stood together as the leader spoke, “The battle today was won through sheer luck. However, I think that from now on, our sects will probably face many dangers in Grand Xia. Transcendent powers like the Hua Clan, Pill Emperor Hall and Wang Clan, will definitely not spare us.”

“Qin Wentian had never planned to establish his own sect immediately. This was the reason why his followers from the Azure Faction and my followers from the Celestial Lake Palace are all masked. Nobody can tell their identity and they could melt into the crowd at anytime. Given how vast Grand Xia is, I doubt anyone can find them if they don’t want to be found.” Fairy Qingmei stated.

However, the Pill Emperor Hall definitely wouldn’t waste time. They would surely target key characters like Fairy Qingmei and Qin Wentian.

“However, like what you said, the Mystic Moon Sect might be in extreme danger from now onwards.” Fairy Qingmei added in a low voice.

The Mystic Moon Sect leader nodded, “Our sect is located in the Spirit Continent, and there’s no doubt that after today, we would definitely become the target of a multitude of arrows. Qingmei, I decided to be like you, allowing my Mystic Moon Sect to roam Grand Xia, hiding our identity. How about the two of us form an alliance?”

“That would be naturally for the best.” A smile appeared on Fairy Qingmei’s face. “This force only answers to Qin Wentian, while as for your sect, seeing how deep the relationship between Qin Wentian and Bai Qing is, I don’t need to say anything more. In fact, there might even be an opportunity for these two forces to merge.”

Upon hearing Fairy Qingmei's words, the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect also understood the reason within. A rare smile also appeared on her face as she stated, "Or maybe, in the future, there would only be a single power in the whole of Grand Xia."

A glint of sharpness flashed past Fairy Qingmei's eyes when she heard that. It wasn't that she had never thought of this, but the future they are speaking of is still a little too far away.

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The Great Solar Chen Clan of Ginkou, this ancient family had occupied an extremely vast territory. Standing at the peak of Grand Xia for a few thousand years, it was one of the strongest transcendent powers ever to exist. There were countless people who wanted to join the Great Solar Chen Clan.

However, at this moment, the gazes of several figures were directed in the direction of the Chen Clan. Only to see that in the middle of the air, a black-robed granny could be seen standing there with an incomparably sharp killing intent radiating out from her. Around her, experts from the Mystic Moon Sect could be seen. The remnants of the Chen Clan had already heard the news and were on the run. The wealth the Chen Clan had accumulated was now fated to become the loot of others.

"An imposing clan destroyed in a single day. How sad, how lamentable." The crowd in the surroundings sighed within their hearts. They had never even imagined that the day of the Heavenly Fate Rankings would actually be the day of demise for the Great Solar Chen Clan.

The powerful majestic Chen Clan, how glorious were they? Those from there all commanded an imposing presence, clad in luxurious robes and equipped with powerful weapons. Yet now, in the history of Grand Xia, they faded away with the blowing wind.

“The winners become the king, the losers are all vilified. It has been like this since time immemorial. How could an all-out war be so simple? A single wrong move equates utter annihilation.” Another person sighed. In the entire Grand Xia, one power would not easily be willing to wage an all-out war with another. Once the declaration of war is announced, neither side will rest until one side is completely wiped out. They would never leave sources of future trouble unchecked. Hence, before this, the Great Solar Chen Clan were extremely ruthless and merciless to the Mystic Moon Sect for no other reason than the fact that an all-out war had already started between them.

Yet the Great Solar Chen Clan never expected for them to not be the victors.

In an inn located extremely far away from the Chen Clan, a silhouette clad in dragon robes gazed in the direction of the Chen Clan. His eyes were incomparably sharp, and also emitted a frosty chill of anger.

The eyes of this man had a terrifying flame flickering within. He was one of the remnants of the Chen Clan who had luckily escaped in time.

He opened his palm, lowered his head and stared downwards. Clutched in his hand was a mysterious ancient medallion. That was none other than a Sacred Royal Medallion.

Every hundred years, the Great Solar Chen Clan would only have three. One medallion was given to Chen Fan, the second one bestowed upon Chen Wang. Both of them had already fallen, their medallions taken away by others. As for him, he was the holder of the third medallion.

As for the medallion's holders a hundred years before him, other than the youngest Ascendant from the Pill Emperor Hall Jun Yu, none of the others returned. Maybe, they had fallen, or maybe they were kicked out and didn't have the face to return to their clans.

Right now, only seven grand clans out of nine remained in Grand Xia. Every hundred years, these grand clans would receive three Sacred Royal Medallions, but it didn't mean that if you were bestowed one, you would definitely be an outstanding character. The world out there was too vast, there were numerous demon-level talents. And amidst the clashes of life and death to temper oneself, it was wasn't abnormal for the death rate among holders of the Sacred Royal Medallions to be high.

However, every medallion represented a piece of hope. There were several Ascendants in the seven grand clans that were holders of the Sacred Royal Medallion back in their younger days who survived and came back to become leaders of their respective clans.

Closing his fingers, this man tightly clutched the ancient medallion while the sharpness in his eyes grew even more intense.

After which, he stood up and departed from the inn, continuing on his own journey, travelling in a certain direction.

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At this moment, the situation in the ancient kingdom was totally opposite to the situation in the Chen Clan. The surroundings near the Chen Clan were desolate and bleak, but in the ancient kingdom, there was a sea of humans. The news circulated extremely quickly and all the powerful characters of the various transcendent powers that were already in Ginkou, were currently in the ancient kingdom.

Countless silhouettes gathered in the ancient kingdom, their eyes trained at a single spot in the centre. Over there, the entire piece of ground had caved in, producing an immense cavity that revealed a majestic sight hidden within.

The legends stated that these underground palaces were known by another name. The tomb of the ancient kingdom, where all the royal emperors were buried.

The entrance to the Royal Tomb was guarded by a gigantic totem of a vermilion bird. The large opened beak of the vermilion bird was the entrance to the Royal Tomb yet nobody dared to casually step within.

Since this place was the Royal Tomb of Ancient Grand Xia, it goes without saying that there would be traps set within to prevent intruders from disturbing the peace of those who lay within.

Dangers most definitely abounded everywhere, with only a 10% chance of survival for those who ventured in.

“The experts from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Jiang Clan, Shi Clan and Venerate Heavens Sect have all arrived. How swift.” Before the entrance of the Royal Tomb, a row of figures could already be seen standing there. They were all from the various transcendent powers of Grand Xia.

In the middle of the air, a raging wind gusted as a total of seven to eight people arrived at this place. These people all had puppets with them and they were all extremely young. Naturally, these people were none other than Di Tian and his companions.

“Upon entering the puppets, they could join forces and rival a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant. Earlier, in the Venerate Heavens Sect, it was precisely them who had fought against the clan lord of Chen Clan and Jun Yu, it was obvious that they were very powerful.”

“That man in the centre is Di Tian. It was him and Qin Wentian who command the Azure Faction. He cultivates the same innate techniques as Qin Wentian and it seems that he even knows the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation. Of course, it was also because of his threat that the Ascendants from the Pill Emperor Hall finally chose to leave.”

“Causing so much commotion the first time he appeared, he’s another demon-level talent like Qin Wentian.” The hearts of the crowd sighed in admiration, “Qin Wentian, the top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings slayed the Chen Ancestor with a single

sword. Once again, he opened a new page of history in Grand Xia. He's simply too terrifying."

The discussion of the crowd continued unabated. The Chen Clan was the same as the pill Emperor Hall, both of them had enraged Qin Wentian. But what was the result? The Pill Emperor Hall ended up being split apart, while the Chen Clan suffered even more drastically, their entire clan was annihilated.

It was as though one must never provoke this man lest they face his wrath!

AGM 465 – Grand Xia Has Already Fallen

Outside the Royal Tomb, a sea of experts gathered, yet no one dared to step within.

How vastly powerful was ancient Grand Xia? The Royal Tomb was the burial place for powerhouses like the past emperors of Grand Xia, How could this sacred place allow others to blaspheme it? There were no doubts that this place was littered with dangerous traps.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Shi Clan as well as the other transcendent powers all gathered their members and prepared to be the vanguard, being the first to step into the Royal Tomb.

Right now, the gaze of the Ouyang Clan Lord shifted onto Yun Mengyi and the rest. His countenance flickered with as an unknown light flashed in his eyes. The Royal Tomb was opened by these people? Also, they obtained the Seven Slaughters Puppets from here. In that case, are they aware of the locations of the dangerous traps?

“Let’s go in.” At this moment, Yun Mengyi spoke in a low voice as she stepped forwards in the direction of the Royal Tomb’s entrance.

Qin Wentian and the rest didn’t hesitate, they followed Yun Mengyi and moved forward. When controlling the puppets, the hearts of the seven were as one, hence there was no reason to doubt her. As for Bai Qing, although her relationship with the

others wasn't that deep, they knew that her relationship with Qin Wentian was like that of siblings. Hence, there was no need to worry about her character.

Qin Wentian himself also really wanted to tell them the truth, yet although they would keep the secret for him, there was no guarantee that they would not call his name out during moments of danger due to agitation. In that case, the secret of the Great Nirvana Art would be leaked, which would mean that he failed in his promise to Qing'er.

Even now, there were many whose eyes were filled with the heat of enmity and greed when they looked at him. It was because he knew the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. The power of his sword strike was witnessed by many, how could others not covet it? If it wasn't for the fact that they feared there might be a powerful force behind his back, as well as the threat which manifested because of the annihilation of the Great Solar Chen Clan, these people would have long since acted against him.

On the martial path, the hearts of humans were treacherous. This was something he had learnt long ago. Not everyone was like Ouyang Kuangsheng and Fan Le, who were buddies who could face death without flinching together with him.

Qin Wentian and the rest had arrived at the large beak of the vermilion bird. Yun Mengyi didn't hesitate and directly walked in. Very swiftly, the others stepped in after her, disappearing from the crowd's field of vision.

“Go.”

Seeing someone taking the lead, the rest of the experts felt emboldened. They too, rushed forward, stepping through the entrance into the Royal Tomb.

A moment later, they felt as though they entered a different space. When they turned back, the entrance no longer existed.

They could only enter, they couldn't exit.

The hearts of the experts all pounded. Some of their hands were clenched into fists, indicating their nervousness.

However as they saw Yun Mengyi and her group, sharpness once again flashed through their eyes. These people seemed to be familiar with the layout of the Royal Tomb. In that case, following them should be the best way to bypass all dangers.

Inclining their heads, they started to survey the interior of the Royal Tomb..

The atmosphere in the Royal Tomb projected a sense of majesticness and imposingness, yet there were also a gloomy and somewhat sinister streak mixed within.

After all this place was the Royal Tomb of ancient Grand Xia.

In front of them, a wide pathway leading forwards could be seen.

On both sides of the path, gigantic statues layered there. These statues all seemed to be warriors clad in armor, they were riding on demonic beast mounts with long spears in their hands, and their countenance was solemn but vividly-lifelike. Although they wasn't alive, they still emanated a sense of intense danger to all who saw them.

“How can the Royal Tomb be a place where all can enter?” Yun Mengyi stared at the path ahead, smiling coldly in her heart. After which, she transmitted her voice to her companions, “Execute the ultimate arts on the path and you will be able to pass through here with no danger.”

As the sound of her voice faded, her sword unsheathed as Yun Mengyi began an intricate dance, advancing forwards, stepping onto that ancient path.

The expressions of the others froze as looks of bewilderment flashed on their faces. Yun Mengyi was doing a sword dance on the ancient path? And she was using the Heavenly Swordplay?

After Yun Mengyi, Fan Le stepped out. The blood in his body seethed and surged while a terrifying power – the Great Solar Illumination, radiated out of him. He initially had the bloodline of the Empyrean Flames, and after he cultivated the Great Solar Universe Technique, the energy of his bloodline got even thicker, complementing each other perfectly.

Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang and the others displayed the ultimate arts they cultivated and advanced forwards.

From Bai Qing, roiling devil might could be felt. She stepped out, and walked towards the front.

Qin Wentian as the last. Right now, he stepped out as well. The will of the Bloodcurse Imprint coated his entire palms, turning them crimson while a strange energy bubbled in his blood.

The eight of them had already set foot on the path. Those behind them could only watched on in stupefaction.

These eight all cultivated the ultimate arts of Grand Xia? What would happen to those who didn't know any of the nine ultimate arts?

The experts from the Shi Clan rushed forwards, circulating their Golden Dragon Battleform and entered the pathway. They too, didn't meet any obstruction.

Those who cultivated the nine ultimate arts were originally only a minority. Very swiftly, all of them had already stepped onto the pathway and passed through it. The countenances of those remaining were contorted by a mixture of negative emotions. Following which, one among them decided to try his luck and rushed out in the direction of the ancient path.

However, the moment his foot landed on the path, the statues on both side suddenly shone with an intense, brilliant white.

“Bzzzz!” Abruptly, the stone spears in their hands were shot out with terrifying force, sealing his path forward, as well as his path of retreat. His countenance turned ashen as he glanced about, only to see the stone statues retrieving their bows, locking down on him. An instant later, a cold and fearsome light burst forth.

The fired arrows joined like a string of pearls, as a golden streak of light penetrated through the void. That person let out a blood-curdling scream before the force shattered him, turning him into a pool of blood, his original body in pieces around the impact.

Silence descended, nobody even dared to breath. Yet the pounding of the hearts of those who remained got increasingly greater in intensity.

This path, was a path of death. Only those who knew the nine ultimate arts would be allow to proceed forward.

Glancing back, they only saw an icy stretch of stone wall. There was no exit but even then, there were still people rushing into the Royal Tomb to send themselves to their death.

“If this is a path of death, why weren’t there any dried up skeletons or corpses who came by those years ago?” Someone questioned in suspicious. If they were trapped in this place of death, there should be others like them in the past. But why were there no traces at all?

“This place is the Royal Tomb of ancient Grand Xia. Those who entered before must definitely have the bloodline of the ancient

emperor. How could they not know this secret? Evidently, they must have also cultivated the nine ultimate arts. How could they be like us? Trapped here right after entering the entrance?" Another person replied, causing the person who asked the question to shut his mouth. A sickening expression of comprehension dawned on his face, as his countenance paled.

These people here all felt their hearts turning to ice.

Yes, this was the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia. How can it be a place where others are allowed to enter so easily?

Those that were buried here, were all ancestors of the ancient Grand Xia. How could others be allowed to disrupt their resting places even after they were gone?

"That woman is truly venomous." At this moment, an icy voice rang out. Obviously, the person was cursing at Yun Mengyi. She didn't told anyone that one needed the ultimate arts of Grand Xia to pass through this place. In that case, all of them were already doomed the moment they decided to enter.

Yun Mengyi continued her intricate dance, advancing along the path. She naturally didn't know what the others were thinking. Even if she knew, their curses wouldn't affect the state of her heart.

The martial path was unfathomable, the hearts of people treacherous. Upon encountering the Royal Tomb, who wouldn't want to enter?

If she really did tell them that they shouldn't enter, would they even heed her advice? No. On the contrary, they would even have suspected her motives, and that she was lying to them. They would still have chosen to enter in the end.

This ancient pathway was extremely long. And after some moments, a gate finally appeared in front of Yun Mengyi. She swiftly stepped through the gate while the others followed behind her, as they appeared in an entirely different place.

This new location wasn't as narrow as the ancient path, they were now within a grand hall. Within the grand hall, there were several runic inscriptions engraved, and numerous stone pillars acting as support within. And right in the centre, there was a platform used to give offerings to the gods. Right now on that platform, there seemed to be a gigantic coffin that were carved out from a gargantuan block of astral stone. And below it, mysterious lights could be seen flashing, as though they were pulling the coffin along.

There were four huge pillars around the platform, each with pictures of the vermilion bird totem engraved upon it, incredibly vivid and lifelike. In front of the ancient coffin, there was a praying mat placed on that sacrificial platform. Both the pillars and the mat emanated an extremely, and incomparably thick astral energy and seemed to have been created from Yuan Meteor Stones purely..

“These natural Yuan Meteor Stone are so pure, they should have originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer or above. Not only that,

the terrifying amount of astral energy within them indicated that they might even originate from the 6th or 7th layer.” The hearts of those that arrived all speculated, pounding wildly. How large a block of Yuan Meteor Stone must be to create these pillars?”

“How luxurious. Such an astronomical amount of high-graded Yuan Meteor Stones, I don’t even know how long can it sustain a peerless transcendent power for.” Some sighed in envy.

The higher the heavenly layer a Yuan Meteor Stone originate from, the more terrifying and pure the energy in them would be. However, top graded Yuan Meteor Stones were extremely limited in number.

Yun Mengyi walked up, and knelt on the astral praying mat in front of that ancient coffin while kowtowing nine times. Every time her forehead slammed onto the ground, she would place her palm correspondingly in a seemingly random pattern on the vermilion bird totems engraved on the four pillars.

An instant later, astral energy gushed out as the entire platform lit up. Above the four pillars, the radiance emitted illuminated the entire grand hall.

Above the air, in the centre of the four astral pillars, on top of the ancient kingdom, a radiant screen of light in the form of a vermilion bird appeared. Fiery flames birthed, cloaking the bird, as its eyes snapped open, containing an extremely baleful aura within. Despite so, the majesty and terrible beauty it exuded couldn’t be denied.

“The legendary totem beast of Grand Xia, Vermilion Bird.”

“But there shouldn’t be any lifeforms in this place. What is that thing exactly?”

Gradually, a soul-shaking screech echoed in the air as the manifested Vermilion Bird soared into the skies. Gradually, the radiance that shone from it enveloped everyone who arrived here. A dark grim light of rage flashed in the eyes of the bird while a gut wrenching fearsome aura emanated forth from it.

“Why are you the only one that has the bloodline of my clan?” A voice of extreme chill resounded out from the Vermilion Bird, causing the hearts of everyone to shudder involuntarily.

“Replying to ancestor, the Xia Clan has already fallen. After several thousand years, i’m the only descendant remaining.” Yun Mengyi’s eyes shone with reverence and respect. She kowtowed again, but the atmosphere in the air got heavier and heavier. The dark look on the vermilion bird’s countenance deepened as its eyes blazed with the fury of hellfire.

Grand Xia has already fallen?

AGM 466 – Inheritances Of Ancient Grand Xia

The cold intent that radiated out from the Vermilion Bird enveloped the entire grand hall. The bodies of everyone involuntarily tilted, even their breathing got erratic. This pressure that emanated forth from the Vermilion Bird was simply too monstrous. Nobody could stand up to it.

“Who was the destroyer?” The Vermilion Bird icily inquired.

“The Nine Grand Clans of ancient Grand Xia were in cahoots with each other. They joined forces in betrayal.” Yun Mengyi replied.

“Impossible, the strength of the royal clan far exceeds the nine grand clans.” The Vermilion Bird coldly replied.

“Behind the nine grand clans, there was a shadowy hand orchestrating everything. I suspect the mastermind was none other than Grand Shang Empire. After the last Xia Emperor has fallen, they worked together with the nine grand clans, causing the destruction of Grand Xia.” Yun Mengyi replied again, her words causing the flames around the Vermilion Bird to blaze even brighter.

“My Grand Xia has fallen for over thousands of years while you, are the last remaining descendant of the royal clan of Grand Xia.” The Vermilion Bird shifted its gaze onto Yun Mengyi as it continued, “How had you survived? And why did you only choose

to enter the royal tomb at this moment?”

“My ancestor is Xia Tianyu. She was humiliated by the heads of the nine grand clans back then but was luckily saved away by a mysterious man. Ever since then, Grand Xia has been occupied by our enemies up till the current era. I’ve never forgotten the teachings of our ancestors and right now, our enemies are climbing over our heads, wanting to annihilate us. Hence I’ve no choice but to open the royal tomb to acquire the seven slaughter puppets, which inadvertently alerted the current transcendent powers of Grand Xia of this location.”

Yun Mengyi respectfully stated. Her words caused those behind her to shudder uncontrollably. Especially those from the Shi Clan, their countenances all turned pale white. This place was the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia. They were outsiders. Not only that, they were descendants of the nine grand clans who turned traitor back then. In that case, were they not seeking their own deaths by entering here?

The Vermilion Bird went silent for a moment before asking again, “Who are these people?”

“The seven behind me are all my good friends. Right now, the current Grand Xia is in a period of turmoil. The descendants of the Venerate Heavens Sect prophesied that Grand Xia would come under one rule again in the future. And these seven, might very well be key characters in Grand Xia in the future. For the others, they arrived here because they knew one of the ultimate arts of Grand Xia. They are none other than the descendants of those traitors who betrayed our clan.”

Yun Mengyi's words caused the rest of them to feel as though their bodies turned to ice. The eyes of the Vermilion Bird landed onto them, abruptly, columns of flames shot out from it, instantly incinerating them into ashes, amidst a cacophony of shrieks and screams, as they disappeared from this world forever.

"We would still need Ancestor to guard the Royal Tomb, please take it easy, in case of over exhaustion." Yun Mengyi kowtowed once more.

"The amount of astral energy here is sufficient to sustain me. Sadly, I have no way to leave the Royal Tomb." The Vermilion Bird stared at the eight people in front of it, "Since you brought all of them here, I shall open up the emperor gates for them. The rules will be the same as before, they will all be sent to different places based on their talents. However, whether would they be able to obtain any inheritances or not, it naturally depends on their own performance."

"I understand." Yun Mengyi nodded. "The ancient emperors of our Xia Clan have all left their inheritances behind in the Royal Tomb after their deaths. The Ancestor shall send you all to different places based on your talent. Depending on your destiny, different inheritances might appear."

Yun Mengyi's words were for those seven behind her. She was telling them that this was a chance they could acquire the inheritances of the past Xia Emperors. The higher the talent one has, the better their performances in the trials, the stronger the inheritances they acquire would be.

No wonder the legends always said that the power of ancient Grand Xia far exceeds even the total might of all the transcendent powers. Even after the ancient kingdom has fallen, the nine grand clan couldn't uncover the greatest secrets of Grand Xia at all. Because, this secret was only known to descendants of the Xia Clan. The greatest secrets of Grand Xia lies in the Royal Tomb.

The Royal Tomb, was the resting place for the ancient emperors. It was also the place that contain their inheritances.

Back then, every descendant of the Xia Clan, would have an opportunity to enter the Royal Tomb, paying their respects to the Ancestor as it opened up the emperor gates for them.

“Since you all were brought here by her, I believe that all of you wouldn't leak this secret. However, I still need to leave behind a resistance imprint on your minds. In the future, if someone searched your souls, this resistance imprint will block that attack. But of course, if the soul-searcher has a cultivation base much higher compared to you, this resistance imprint shall self-destruct and wiped out your memories. Are all of you willing?”

The Vermilion Bird stared at the eight of them as it spoke.

The Royal Tomb of Grand Xia contains Grand Xia's greatest secret. The only reason why this secret was still leaked even when Grand Xia was destroyed was because back then, those who entered the Royal Tomb, were all the core members of Grand Xia. They would naturally not betray their own clans. And as for why

nobody had learnt anything from them, it was probably because of the resistance imprint which the Vermilion Bird was currently speaking of.

In truth, this tactic was quite commonly used among many powerful forces.

“Able to block soul-search techniques? That sounds good.” Ouyang Kuangsheng directly replied. If things had truly come to that point, he wouldn’t be far from death.

The others all nodded their heads, signifying that they had no objections. An instant later, an ancient imprint blazing with golden flames shot out from the eyes of the Vermilion Bird. The light from this ancient imprint abruptly erupted, shooting into the minds of the eight present as they felt their sea of consciousness being protected by a screen of yellow golden light.

“It’s done. Stand before me one by one, allow me to sense the power of your perception.” The Vermilion Bird spoke. Yun Mengyi took the lead and walked to the front of the Vermilion Bird.

The talons of the Vermilion Bird were placed upon her head, as its eyes snapped shut. Streams of light floated in circles around Yun Mengyi as several of the purple pillars in the grand hall lighted up.

Inside the grand hall, there was a total of eighty-one stone pillars. Yun Mengyi lighted up a total of over forty pillars before it finally stopped.

“Astral Soul.” The Vermilion Bird spoke again. The next moment, Yun Mengyi released her Astral Souls.

“Enough.” The Vermilion Bird took away its talon. After which, Ouyang Kuangsheng stepped out, the Vermilion Bird then did the same thing as what it done to Yun Mengyi.

Next, Fan Le, Chu Mang, Qin Zheng, Mu Feng, Bai Qing all underwent the inspection. Majority of them could light up over forty stone pillars. Bai Qing and Ouyang Kuangsheng were the better ones in comparison, after all, their first Astral Soul was condensed from the 4th Heavenly Layer.

Finally, Qin Wentian stepped out. The Vermilion Bird placed its talons into his head and instantly, Qin Wentian felt his perception being forcibly stretched out, covering the entire space. An instant later, the stone pillars lighted up one after another and very swiftly, over fifty stone pillars had already been lighted up.

However, it hadn't came to an end yet. A moment later, over sixty, over seventy pillars all lighted up, causing the eyes of the Vermilion Bird to snap open in surprised as a terrifying glow flickered within.

It wasn't at an end yet. When the final four pillars around the sacrificial platform lighted up, pure astonishment could be seen in the Vermilion Bird's eyes. It stared at Qin Wentian with an expression as though it couldn't believed what it just seen.

All the eighty-one stone pillars had all lighted up.

The entire Grand Hall was as though it had turned into a starry sky. The radiance from the eighty-one pillars were incomparably resplendent.

Not only the Vermilion Bird, even Yun Mengyi and the rest were obviously taken aback with shock as they stared at Qin Wentian.

Was Di Tian's talent truly so terrifying?

They already knew how monstrous Qin Wentian's talent was. But now that there was this Di Tian. This was the man handpicked by Qin Wentian, to think that he was so terrifying as well.

Even now, nobody had ever thought that Di Tian was actually none other than Qin Wentian himself.

Because they had personally witnessed the primordial great roc wielding the sword, destroying the Chen Ancestor before slipping into unconsciousness. They had never heard of things like the Great Nirvana Art before. Naturally, they wouldn't be able to imagine things like having two true-bodies.

"Your Astral Soul." The Vermilion Bird spoke as it stared at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian remained silent. He could disguise his features but if he released his Astral Souls, wasn't it basically telling others

straight out that he's Qin Wentian?

Upon seeing Qin Wentian's reaction, the eyes of the Vermilion Bird glimmered. After that a screen of light manifested and enveloped the two of them within.

"I will keep the secret for you, but I must take a look at your Astral Soul before I know which emperor gate would be suitable for you. In any case, later on when you enter an ancient emperor gate, i would still know when you release your astral souls to augment your strength during combat." The Vermilion Bird didn't hide anything as it stated.

Qin Wentian hesitated for a moment. This Vermilion Bird was the guardian of the Royal Tomb. Considering its status and power, it wouldn't go so far to lie to a member of the junior generations.

Nodding his head, Qin Wentian released his four Astral Souls; the first three were from the 5th Heavenly Layer while the last one was from the 6th Heavenly Layer.

"Enough." The Vermilion Bird nodded its head. Qin Wentian retracted his Astral Souls as the screen of light vanished.

The body of the Vermilion Bird landed on the ancient coffin. It's talons pressed down and instantly, on the walls of this Grand Hall, a door abruptly appeared as it slid open. Over there, an incomparably gargantuan statue could be seen.

That statue was a statue of an august, awe-inspiring middle-aged man. He had a thunder god sabre in his hands and was clad in an armor made of lightning. On his shoulders, there were a lightning serpent coiling around it while a crown of incomparable luster sat on his head.

“He’s known as the Tyrant Emperor of our Xia Clan. In the history of Royal Xia, the power of this man could ranked within the top five. When he was alive, he swept across the entire Grand Xia region unrivalled. Back then when there was a great war between Grand Shang and Grand Xia, Grand Shang assassinated the princess of Grand Xia. Under a fit of rage, the Tyrant Emperor barged into Grand Shang and killed the Emperor of Grand Shang as well as five marquis before he was forced to retreat. With a single breath, he made it all the way back to Grand Xia. After that, he chose to enter the Royal Tomb and died here in the end. After that battle, both the foundation of Grand Xia and Grand Shang was badly weaken.”

The voice of the Vermilion Bird was extremely solemn as it revealed to them ancient history. After which, it turned its gaze onto Ouyang Kuangsheng and Chu Mang, “Thunder God’s Slash was the ultimate art created by the Tyrant Emperor. The two of you are suitable to enter the Tyrant Emperor Gate.

“Many thanks senior.” Ouyang Kuangsheng bowed.

“Right.” Chu Mang similarly dipped into a bow of respect. After which, he entered together with Ouyang Kuangsheng in the gate as the gate slammed shut.

The sharp talons of the Vermilion Bird pressed down on the ancient coffin again. Following which, another statue of an ancient emperor appeared. This ancient emperor had an extremely strange appearance, he looked like he was just out of his teens, and exuded an immensely fearsome aura.

“This statue depicts yet another ancient emperor of Grand Xia. The Blood Emperor, he was the same as the Tyrant Emperor, and dominated the world with no equals. From the time he was born till the previous Emperor abdicated his throne to him, it only took him a hundred years to be equal to the previous Emperor. The Bloodcurse Imprint was the ultimate art created by him. You, are suitable to enter his gate.” The Vermilion Bird pointed to Mu Feng as it stated.

AGM 467 – The Hardest Path

The Royal Xia Clan of Grand Xia was exceptionally famous and dominated the entire region in ages past. The Tyrant Emperor and Blood Emperor were names given to those top-tier powerhouses after they became Emperors of Grand Xia.

Chu Mang and Ouyang Kuangsheng entered the Tyrant Emperor Door, walking on the pathway of his inheritance.

While Mu Feng entered the path of the Blood Emperor's Inheritance.

After that, the gaze of the Vermilion Bird landed on Fan Le as it spoke, "Your perception ability with regards to constellation can only be considered ordinary among this group of people. However, your conviction is top-notch and you can actually use psycforce? It just so happens that there was an emperor of my Grand Xia that specialised in psycforce. You'd best make good use of this opportunity and see if you can pass the test, therefore obtaining the inheritance.

After speaking, the Vermilion Bird pressed down with its talon as another statue appeared. The eyes of this statue contained an endless depth. Just a single glance caused the hearts of those who saw it to shiver.

Fan Le then walked towards the direction of the statue.

The Vermilion Bird turned its gaze onto Qin Zheng, "The power

of space is an extremely outstanding ability. You have advantages in both attack, escape and it could even be used to complement other abilities. You too, have to make good use of this opportunity.”

After speaking, its talon pressed down. Qin Zheng bowed towards the Vermilion Bird before stepping onto his path.

The Vermilion Bird turned its gaze onto Bai Qing, “I can feel your determination in enduring the cold and dark energy of the devils within your small and weak frame. Seeing how you were able to persist up till now, it truly isn’t easy. Your path will be an extremely difficult one. In the entire history of Grand Xia, the Chaotic Devil Emperor was one of a kind. From young, he had always been alone and after he dominated Grand Xia, he was unwilling to become the Xia Emperor. But even so, he still consented to leave his inheritance behind in the Royal Tomb for future descendants. His trial will be exceedingly crafty and challenging. I hope you will be able to pass.”

The sharp talons of the Vermilion Bird pressed down again. Bai Qing bowed to it and started walking towards the Chaotic Devil Emperor statue.

Very quickly, only Qin Wentian and Yun Mengyi remained.

Qin Wentian’s gaze shifted to the Vermilion Bird, he then asked, “Senior, these inheritances were left behind by the ancient emperors of Grand Xia. But what about the emperors themselves? Are they all already dead?”

Since they were able to become the Emperors of Grand Xia, there was no need to doubt their strength. And according to Fairy Qingmei, back then in Grand Xia, the pinnacle of strength were those Ascendants at the peak of Celestial Phenomenon. How could people like that die so easily?

And also, upon reaching that realm, how could those people be fine with remaining in Grand Xia? They would definitely leave this place for a vaster piece of sky, aiding to further their pathway in cultivation.

The Vermilion Bird stared back at Qin Wentian and didn't reply. It was pondering, which inheritance would be suitable for Qin Wentian.

The sensory abilities and perception of this young man before him, as well as the power of his Astral Souls, were the most terrifying among this batch of people. With his talent, even when compared to the descendants of the Royal Xia Clan in the past, this young man might be the one who has the most opportunity to obtain the complete inheritance of one of the ancient emperors.

Those that Yun Mengyi brought here today were all extremely outstanding. The Vermilion Bird had personally chose the emperor gates in which each individual had the highest chance of success. But even among these elites of the younger generation, Qin Wentian still shone the brightest, he was like a blazing sun.

“How important is this man to your quest of reinstating Grand

Xia?” At this moment, the voice of the Vermilion Bird rang out in Yun Mengyi’s mind.

Yun Mengyi’s gaze flickered, she naturally understood the meaning of the Vermilion Bird. Glancing at Qin Wentian, she replied, “Extremely crucial.”

From her perspective, although Di Tian’s background was mysterious. This man should share an exceptionally close bond with Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian could even impart him the secret art of the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation, from this, one could see that Di Tian had the absolute trust of Qin Wentian, and was his representative.

In addition to that, the monstrous talent Di Tian had shown, made it so that he was even more important.

The eyes of the Vermilion Bird shifted back onto Qin Wentian, “The inheritances of my Grand Xia isn’t so easy to acquire. If you want the chance to obtain the complete inheritance, there would be a very high chance that your life will be in danger. Of course, regardless of you or the earlier six who entered, or even the descendants of my Royal Xia Clan, there were people who survived, but they left here with only part of the inheritance of the respective ancient emperors, and not the complete set. I want to know, how great is your ambition?”

“I want the complete inheritance.” Qin Wentian replied.

“If I select a path with the highest degree of difficulty, would you

dare to walk on it?" The Vermilion Bird asked again.

Qin Wentian's eyes gleamed, he replied, "The higher the difficult and the more dangerous it is, the more powerful the obtained inheritance would be. Why would I not dare?"

"Since this is the case, let me give you a warning. You might come across various scenarios that might be unimaginable to the current you. Especially for the last test, stay true to your heart. You can go." As the voice of the Vermilion Bird faded, its sharp talons pressed down on the ancient coffin once more. Rumbling sounds echoed out while behind the Vermilion Bird, the grand hall was actually pulled apart from the left and right. This time, no statue appeared. There was only a golden gate that exuded an incomparable majesty.

Qin Wentian bowed and stepped onto the path selected for him. Very swiftly, he entered the gate as his silhouette disappeared.

Right now, within the grand hall, only Yun Mengyi remains.

After Qin Wentian left, the Vermilion Bird gaze at Yun Mengyi as it spoke, "With your strength, I'm afraid that the path of reinstating Grand Xia is going to be a long and arduous one. Since you brought these people here, I believe that all of them are no ordinary characters. However, it isn't going to be easy to control characters like them. If they are merely 'friends', how can you be sure of their loyalty? Do you want to take the risk?"

"I don't seek to become the Empress, my only wish is for the nine

traitorous clans to fall. “ Yun Mengyi knelt down, “Begging old ancestor’s pardon, I brought all of them here because there’s one man whom the others are all willing to listen to. That person, is the core. He’s of utmost importance.”

“The one prophesied by the Venerate Heavens Sect, is the man you talked about, that same person who lit up the eighty-one stone pillars earlier?” The Vermilion Bird asked.

Yun Mengyi shook her head, “Not him.”

“There’s someone even more outstanding compared to him?” The flames in the eyes of the Vermilion Bird flickered. Di Tian was someone who had lit up all of the eighty-one stone pillars!

“I think so,” Yun Mengyi nodded her head. “The man I’m talking about mastered the secret art of our Grand Xia, the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation. He has transformed into a primordial great roc and has a cultivation base at the second level of Heavenly Dipper. In fact, he even used some mysterious method to negate the transformation and slay a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant with a single sword strike. Right now he is still unconscious, hence I didn’t bring him over.

“Also, the Astral Souls of these person is so powerful that it’s inconceivable. The first three of his Astral Souls originates from the 5th Heavenly Layer.” Yun Mengyi added. Upon hearing her words, the gaze of the Vermilion Bird sharpened. It asked again, “What Astral Souls does he have?”

“Heavenly Hammer, Great Dream, Demon Sovereign.” Yun Mengyi replied.

“This person is now unconscious? Why? And are you sure?” The Vermilion Bird asked.

“Because of the battle that happened today where I had to use the power of the Seven Slaughters Puppets to obtain victory.” Yun Mengyi explained. “The man I’m talking about has a background that wouldn’t lose out to Grand Shang. He is definitely the one that will create the future where Grand Xia comes under one rule. Yet, I believe that his final stopping place would definitely not be in Grand Xia.”

It was as though the Vermilion Bird hadn’t heard her words. After recovering from its stunned state, it nodded lightly. In its heart, it finally understood what was going on.

“Understood. You should get moving as well.” The Vermilion Bird pressed its sharp talons onto the ancient coffin for the final time. A statue appeared while a path opened up. Yun Mengyi stood up and proceeded forwards, leaving the Vermilion Bird behind in the grand hall.

“Negating the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation and even having an additional body that shares the same soul and essence as the original. This young man...” The Vermilion Bird murmured. After Yun Mengyi’s speech, it already knew that Di Tian was the person that Yun Mengyi was talking about. However, since it had already promised Qin Wentian to keep this a secret, it naturally wouldn’t reveal this to Yun Mengyi. Although it didn’t

know why Qin Wentian wanted to keep this from the others, it could only hope that Yun Mengyi's judgement wasn't wrong.

After Qin Wentian stepped into the gate, he could clearly felt the power of spatial energy. The spatial fluctuations got increasingly intense as the space around him warped, sending him into a separate dimension.

Right now, Qin Wentian found himself in a world of ice and snow. The vast land was covered by a blanket of white, the atmosphere was so cold that it caused him to involuntarily shiver.

"There are bound to be many trials on the pathway of inheritance. I wonder how high the difficulty of this particular trial is." Qin Wentian mused. He then stepped out, leaving behind his footprints in the blanket of snow.

However, right at this moment, Qin Wentian halt his steps. He could feel something monitoring his movements. An instant later, a terrifyingly cold intent burst out, wanting to freeze Qin Wentian solid.

"Peng!"

Stellar Transposition instantly erupted, Qin Wentian retreated explosively. His countenance radiated sharpness as he looked straight ahead, trying to pinpoint the location of his opponent.

Only to see a pile of thick snow convulsing, while a silhouette

rose from it. It was actually another human who was clad in white. But strangely enough, both his face and skin, were the color of snow.

“My perception actually failed to sense him?” Qin Wentian stared at his opponent. Evidently, his opponent had insights into the Mandate of Ice and Snow, it seemed that he could fuse with it as one to erase any traces of his presence.

“How rare, there’s actually someone here.” That snowy figure spoke, feeling incredibly astonished. After which, a smile flashed as he revealed his pearly-white teeth, “From the time since I started guarding this place, only a minority would dare to venture here. To think that even after so many thousands of years, there would still be someone who dare to come here.”

“Senior, what is the first trial?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Trial? Do you know that within the rules set, I’m allowed to kill you?” The snowman stared at Qin Wentian while a sinister grin appeared on his face.

“In that case, may I ask senior, what are the rules of this trial?” Qin Wentian asked again. The strength of this man was immeasurable, and certainly wasn’t someone he could defeat. However since the Vermilion Bird sent him here, there shouldn’t be a trial that was impossible to pass.

“What’s your cultivation level?” That snowman continued grinning. After so many years of loneliness, he finally had a chance

to vent his emotions.

“Second level of Heavenly Dipper.” Qin Wentian replied.

“I shall suppress my cultivation level to the second level of Heavenly Dipper. There’s only one rule here. Defeat me or die.” Hints of amusement flashed through the eyes of the snowman, his words causing Qin Wentian to frown slightly.

“Right.” Qin Wentian replied. Stepping forwards, a flood of astral light erupted. He executed Stellar Transposition while a sword flew out simultaneously, directly slashing against the snowman’s body.

However, Qin Wentian only saw that the snowman was transforming back into a pile of snow, his form melting away, easily avoiding the power of his attack. Evidently, his opponent wasn’t human.

“Kacha!” A crisp sound rang out. Qin Wentian’s legs were sealed by ice.

He lifted his feet wanting to move yet he found that the power of the frozen ice was way beyond what he expected. The power of frost seeped through his legs, freezing his blood, cutting off the path of energy circulation so that his astral energy had no way to reach his legs.

“This...” Qin Wentian’s gaze stiffened. Not only his legs, even

both his arms and body had started to freeze.

“I said that I would suppress my cultivation to the second level of Heavenly Dipper. However, I didn’t say that I would do the same for my Mandates.” A voice as chilly as the cold wind drifted over, causing Qin Wentian’s heart to shudder. This was merely the first trial after he entered the gate, was the level of difficulty already this high?

AGM 468 – Sword Forest

That power of that freezing energy was exceptionally terrifying. After seeping through the flesh, it could even freeze the blood and even the astral energy circulation of the victim. If his internal organs were all frozen, he would undoubtedly die under the power of that freezing ice. That snowman wasn't joking with him, it would definitely kill him.

As he thought of here, the blood in Qin Wentian's body started to seeth and surge. He called upon the power of his bloodline and executed the Fiend Art Transformation as terrifying amounts of demonic qi exuded from him.

“SHATTER!” With a howl of rage, the ice crystals forming on his arms shattered into fragments. The shadow of a primordial great roc could be seen flashing by above his head.

The sounds of freezing continued on, that icy energy still enveloped him.

“Fiend Art Transformation.” Qin Wentian growled, the demonic qi exuding from him surged in intensity. That terrifying energy currents circulated around him as his body underwent a transformation into a great roc.

However, the power of this transformation is by far weaker compared to the power granted by the Demon Divinity Sacrificial Transformation. Its physique was smaller by countless times, and its wingspan was only about tens of metres wide.

However despite transforming into a roc, parts of his body was still frozen by the ice. He flapped his wings furiously as beams of sword light shot forth from him. The countless sword beams coalesced into a giant kingly sword that pierced deep into the ground. That was his Astral Nova. That sword started vibrating as a strange keening resounded forth from it, the sharpness of the melody shattering the ice that bounded him.

But right at this moment, a violent storm of snowflakes danced wildly in the air, covering the great roc, turning him white.

“Bzzz!”

The body of the great roc shot up into the skies. The kingly sword on the ground flew up with him, circling around him as the keening melody continued on unabated. The terrifying sword might generated from it destroyed the entirety of the flying snowflakes.

Qin Wentian’s sharp gaze swept downwards. A moment later, his body transformed into a stream of light as he descended with the speed of a comet, instantly landing upon the ground. The Kingly Sword stabbed out madly, the power of laceration sweeping over everything.

The great roc was extremely decisive, since he couldn’t find the snowman. He might as well destroy the entire snow in this space.

However right at this moment, the snow on the ground shot to

one direction and abruptly gathered with increasing speed. A few breaths of time later, a snow mountain appeared on top of the ground in a certain direction and was growing exponentially larger with every second. It was as though the entire snow in this world have all been compounded and were being concentrated on this snowy mountain.

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto that snowy mountain. In the form of the great roc, he soared up into the skies. A kingly will emanated forth from his Sword Astral Nova and slammed downwards, aiming for the snowy mountain, smashing down with overwhelming might.

A terrifying vibrational energy permeated the space. Great fissures could be seen appearing on the snowy mountains yet they recovered with blinding speed. And at the same instant, a gigantic sabre made of ice shot out from the snowy mountains and pierced upwards, aiming at the great roc.

Qin Wentian explosively retreated, the snowy mountain below him was still expanding in size and soon became a gigantic snowy mountain of over a few thousand metres in height. Rumbling sounds echoed out while the snowy mountain trembled. An extremely strange sight occurred, the snowy mountains was actually growing out arms and legs. In fact, facial features also appeared, it was none other than the snowman whom Qin Wentian fought earlier.

In the blink of an eye, that snowy mountain transformed back into that snowman. But this time around, it was a few thousand times larger compared to before. With a single glance, it caused

Qin Wentian to feel as though even his soul was being frozen.

“Initially I still wanted to slowly play around with you. Who would have thought that you would be so boring?” A frigid voice rang out from the snowman. After which, as it moved, the entire earth trembled. Upon nearing, it immediately shot out a snow-colored gigantic palm, aiming to grab the body of the great roc.

And even before the palm neared, that incomparably powerful icy energy had already descended. The great roc felt his entire body growing cold, and instantly slapped its wings furiously, appearing in another location. The snow palms closed upon nothing, but an immense crystal of ice could be seen forming at the heart of its palm.

“This world is extremely large. You can continue evading, I don’t mind, I’m having fun. However, you shall be trapped here for an eternity with me. I’m looking forward to it, it has been too long since I have someone to play with.” The immense snowman mockingly laughed, his words causing the expression on Qin Wentian’s face to turn extremely unsightly.

His opponent had abided by the rules and suppressed his cultivation to the second level of Heavenly Dipper. This was the only reason why was able to dodge. But even though that snowman has already suppressed his cultivation, its body had a size of over thousands of metres and seemed to have an undying body. How could he win?

“His body is formed by snow and ice. Unless I can destroy it entirely at one go, I won’t be able to kill him.” Qin Wentian

silently speculated. The demonic blood in his body surged as a towering demonic qi erupted forth from him. This terrifying power of his bloodline caused his own cultivation level to temporarily shot up to the next level, as he emitted an aura similar to third level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.”

“The power of my bloodline can augment my strength. Although I’m at the third level now, my true cultivation is still at the second level of Heavenly Dipper.” Qin Wentian stared at the snow giant, he hadn’t thought that at merely the first trial, he would already have to call forth the power of his blood. This feeling left Qin Wentian a little unsettled, he had an ominous feeling regarding the subsequent trials. How terrifying would they be?

“Third level of Heavenly Dipper? What can you do with it?” The snow giant coldly laughed.

At this moment, Qin Wentian turned back into his human form. After which, fearsome looking demonic scales enveloped his body as the will of his Mandate of Demons unleashed to its limits. His body was protected by layers of incomparably tough draconic scales while the kingly sword was held in his hands as he strode forward.

With Qin Wentian’s current prowess, if it was in the external world, it was a piece of cake for him to kill a fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign .

“I truly want to see how much attacks can your body absorb.” Qin Wentian’s speed abruptly heightened. A cold wind gusted as the will from the Mandate of Ice and Snow got increasingly

stronger. Once more, his body started to freeze, every cell in his body felt as though they were frozen solid.

“DIE!”

While he still could move, Qin Wentian’s silhouette vanished. He wielded the kingly sword with both his hands and cleaved it downwards, aiming for the head of the snow giant. The kingly sword which was his Astral Nova in condensed form, directly penetrated through as the will of his Mandate of Force erupted forwards, exploding the gigantic head of the snow giant. The terrible melodies of sword keening echoed out, speedily destroying that body of ice and snow.

“Swish!” The icy palms violently pressed towards Qin Wentian. The kingly sword was left embedded inside the giant. With a twist to the side, Qin Wentian executed the Stellar Transposition and dodged behind it. An instant later, a Heavenly Hammer condensed from his first Astral Nova appeared in his hands as he smashed it forcefully towards the back of the giant.

“BOOOM!” His immense strength flooded out, the vibrational shockwaves of his second level insight coated his attacks. Spider-web like cracks formed at the point of impact while the next instant, as endless amounts of sword qi formed into a vortex, Qin Wentian stabbed out with a single finger, intending on breaking the heavens with a single stab! Heaven Breaking Finger, slamming right into the body of the snow giant before he once again explosively retreated. That icy intent radiating forth was too strong, he would be frozen solid if he stopped his movements.

Staying far away from the snow giant, Qin Wentian's countenance appeared extremely solemn as he turned his gaze ahead. The combination of attacks he used, caused the entire immense frame of that giant to tremble unceasingly.

Finally, with a thunderous boom, the snow giant's body disintegrated, as boundless snowflakes drifted about in the wind. That normal-sized snowman from earlier appeared once again, peering at Qin Wentian.

"Your combat strength is passable." That snowman suddenly laughed, "Congratulations, you can enter the next level. However, it isn't going to be so easy. In fact, in your current state, it's almost impossible to pass the next trial. You better be prepared."

As the sound of his voice faded, the snowman turned into the endless snow, dissipating in thin air. At the place where he vanished, a flight of stairs leading to another ancient pathway could be seen.

Snow, rained down once more, seemingly appearing out of nowhere. Very swiftly, the entire land was once again covered by snow. Qin Wentian stretched his palms out, allowing the beautiful snowflakes to land on his palm, feeling the tingling coolness of it before it melted away. He then turned his gaze onto that flight of stairs. According to the snowman, the difficulty of the trial ahead would be even higher.

The Vermilion Bird chosen the path of the Tyrant Emperor for Ouyang Kuangsheng and Chu Mang, the path of the Blood Emperor for Mu Feng, the path of the Chaotic Devil Emperor for

Bai Qing. But what has it chosen for him?

If he passed all the trials on this path, what would he acquire?

Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged in the snow, allowing the snow to pile up on his body, burying him underneath.

After calling upon the power of his demonic blood to temporarily increase his cultivation level, it was only normal that he would be feeling weaker after and would require a period of time to recuperate.

Several Yuan Meteor Stones appeared around him as he began absorbing astral energy from them to replenish his Yuanfu.

Several days later, Qin Wentian stood up and walked towards the flight of stairs.

Lifting his head and gazing upwards, he showed no hesitation and immediately proceeded to climb it.

The instant he exited, the flight of stairs vanished. He appeared in another dimension and this place, was none other than a forest of swords.

“Bzzz!: An incomparably terrifying sword qi instantly locked onto Qin Wentian. The expression on his face turned ashen as he surveyed the surroundings. Countless sharp swords were floating in the air and each of them were emanating tremendous amounts

of sword might, as though wanting to pressure him to death. This forest, was a forest of swords. Each of them seemed alive and also seemed to be a single entity.

“This...” Qin Wentian stared at the hovering swords, they seemed akin to leaves on the trees of actual forests that moved with the wind. The tip of each sword were pointed right at him as beams of sword light sparkled resplendently. It was as though the moment he moved, he would trigger the swords into shooting out.

“This place, is the Sword Forest. If you are willing to give up now, I shall send you out, no harm will come to you.” A gentle voice echoed, seemingly originating from the void. A moment later, a silhouette could be seen walking out from the forest of swords.

That person moved at a leisurely pace, but the feeling he gave Qin Wentian was as such that each and every step he took, sword intent would breath in and out. It felt as though this man was the incarnation of a sword, and was also one with the Sword Forest.

“How do i pass this trial? Qin Wentian asked.

“I will only tell you after you’ve decided. But I have to remind you that if you choose to give up now, you can still exit safely. But once you decided to take the test, you’ll be at death’s door where the slightest mistake could claim your life.” The other party spoke. Qin Wentian inclined his head, staring at the surrounding swords. Indeed, he could sense that if he made the slightest mistake, he would definitely die.

But now, he didn't even know what the test would be, how can he give up so simply?

This was something Qin Wentian would consider. Since he has already chosen the hardest path, how can he still retreat in the face of danger? If he did, was he still him?

“How do I pass this trial? Qin Wentian asked again.

The countenance of the other party was serene as he spoke, “Walk through this Sword Forest and exit it, you will pass the trial. If you cannot, just die of old age here.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the other party turned and left. At the same time, a voice resounded out in the air, “Just a gentle reminder, as you are now, if you take a single step forward, the swords would definitely slay you.”

Qin Wentian clenched both his hands into fists as his heart pounded intensely. Such a trial, how can he complete it?

From all perspectives, it seems like an impossible task. He would die if he make the slightest of movements!

AGM 469 – Seven Annihilations Swordplay

Qin Wentian stared at the person walking away, he involuntarily called out, “Why doesn’t the swords slay you?”

“I am a sword, why would the swords slay me?” That person softly replied, his words causing a look of contemplation to flash upon Qin Wentian’s countenance.

I am a sword, why would the swords slay me?

He is a sword?

Qin Wentian stood in his original spot, not daring to move a muscle.

The sword intent permeated the air, locking down on him. As long as he moved, the swords would definitely slay him. Needless to say, such a feeling felt extremely threatening, but also exceedingly marvellous in a sense. He could clearly feel each and every sword that existed in the sword forest.

But even so, what did he had to do to walk through this place?

Closing his eyes, Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, trying to settle the chaotic rumblings of his heart. He knew that he had to maintain a cool head if he were to have any chance of cracking the riddle.

If his mind was muddled, that equates to death.

The Vermilion Bird had already asked him if he was willing to risk death back then before he made his choice. Since he had already chosen this path, he shouldn't feel fear. Only by moving forward would he be able to live.

There were no other choices available, he had to have the courage and conviction to advance forward relentlessly.

"I am a sword, I am a sword..." Qin Wentian murmured, the words of the other party resounded in his mind. This phrase which he uttered seemed to be the key of solving the riddle.

If he was a sword, merging together, being one with the Sword Forest, the countless swords hovering wouldn't target him.

Abruptly, an immense, overpowering sword intent gushed forth from Qin Wentian's body, he was trying to forcibly merge his sword intent with the sword intent exuded from the Sword Forest in the air.

But in that very instant, he suddenly sensed that the killing intent of the hovering swords intensified as though they could shoot through space any moment and kill him. Qin Wentian's expression turned heavy and instantly retracted his sword intent.

This method was wrong.

If the key of solving this riddle was so simple, it wouldn't be termed as the hardest pathway among the paths of the ancient emperors' inheritances.

In the first dimension, it was a test of his combat strength. In the second dimension, what they wanted to test, was his comprehension.

If he wanted to exit the Sword Forest, he had to become one with the sword. It was the same principle the snowman had utilised in the dimension before this – he could fused together with the snow, completely being one with it, concealing all traces of his presence. The man who walked out of the Sword Forest earlier also exuded this kind of aura. The feeling he gave others were like he himself, was a sword.

However, the countless swords in the air are all pointing towards him right now, how could Qin Wentian be able to quietly comprehend the meaning of one with the sword?

Qin Wentian drew in another mouthful of deep breath, wanting to calm his heart down completely. He stood with his hands crossed behind his back and silently looking at those floating swords that were swaying in the wind.

The sword was sharp and straight. It's intrinsic quality was sweeping everything that stood before it.

“Observing the sword to know the sword.” Qin Wentian silently mused. He stood there erected, as straight as a sword and silently

gazed intently at the hovering swords., observing everything about the sword.

A harmonious sword melody emitted from Qin Wentian, as though he wanted to resonate the same note as the hovering swords.

Numerous days later, the sword melody from Qin Wentian continued unabated. The countless swords were still pointing right at him, the killing intent still permeated the air. However, Qin Wentian had a strange feeling. It seemed as though the killing intent had lessened by a little. Although the decrease was pathetic, it was at least a form of improvement.

“Copying the sword to comprehend the sword.” Qin Wentian silently stated in his heart. He was imagining himself to be a sword standing erected in this forest of swords, sharing the same will and intent as each and every sword here.

The swords keens, so did he, the swords sleep, so did he.

Within the Sword Forest, there were actually climatic changes. A great bout of rain flooded down, the hovering swords still remained motionless, pointing at Qin Wentian. As the rain splattered on his body, Qin Wentian had no reaction at all. The sword keen emitting from him continued unabated, he was still trying to merge as one with the surrounding swords.

The rain got heavier and heavier, soaking him thoroughly. Yet he stood there erected, resembling an embedded sword as a fearsome

sword intent gushed out from him to brush the rain water apart.

The sword keening from the Sword Forest got increasingly louder. Similarly, the sword keen from Qin Wentian also reached a frequency similar to them.

Finally, the rain ceased. The sword keening still resounded but right now, Qin Wentian discovered that the killing intent of the hovering swords that was directed at him, had diminished a little more.

This caused Qin Wentian to feel joy in his heart. It seems that the path he had chosen was right. Only when the killing intent of the swords dissipates completely would he be able to continue on his path.

Time flowed by, Qin Wentian learnt about the sword by observing it, progressing well in his attempt to be one with the sword. He wanted to comprehend the realm of what the man said earlier, 'I am a sword, why would they slay me?'

Within the Sword Forest, a cold wind kicked up, gusting past his body. Qin Wentian was still immersed in that special state where he had forgotten everything, even himself. Right now, he was a sword, a sword in the Sword Forest.

Three months passed, Qin Wentian stood there silently with his eyes closed. Right now, he began exuding the aura of an actual sword, emitting a keen together with the other swords, swaying together with them in the wind, while also 'breathing' sword

intent in and out.

Outside the Sword Forest, a figure stood there, silently contemplating Qin Wentian as a sharpness gleamed in his eyes. This young man was extraordinary, his comprehension was on an insane level. Maybe, he would be able to exit this place using only just three years of time.

Another half a year passed, Qin Wentian right now was as though he had transformed completely into a sword, blending in with the other swords in the Sword Forest. The floating swords no longer pointed at him, and the sword might in the area was many times less oppressive compared to before.

A smile appeared on his face, Qin Wentian lifted his foot and stepped out, whistling through the air like a flying sword. However the instant he stepped out, a terrifying killing intent gushed out right at him as the sword might in the area intensified abruptly. Qin Wentian's countenance paled, his heart pounded violently with the cold taste of defeat as he quickly retracted his foot. What was wrong?

Using sincerity as his approach, tempering the state of his heart as a sword for half a year. Was his path wrong?

The Sword Forest still didn't want to acknowledge him, he still couldn't exit this place.

"Was I wrong? In that case, how can I walk out from this Sword Forest?" Qin Wentian silently questioned himself.

He chose the hardest path, how should he clear this trial? If he really couldn't pass this place, could it be that he would be stuck here for all eternity?

Thinking of here, Qin Wentian's heart involuntarily started to get chaotic.

Half a year, he used a total of half a year worth of time only to find out that he was wrong. He had always treasured time, unwilling to waste it. But now, after half a year, he just couldn't accept the fact that he hadn't improved at all compared to the beginning. He still couldn't move, not even a single step.

For a total of three days, Qin Wentian was lost in his thoughts. He started to loathe those floating swords pointed right at him, and wanted nothing more than to blast them all into smithereens. However, as thoughts like these flashed through his mind, the killing intent that exuded from the Sword Forest got even stronger.

As the sound of his voice faded, he closed his eyes once more, abandoning the thoughts of anger and vengeance in his heart. Gradually, that oppressive killing intent vanished once more.

Upon feeling that oppressive killing intent, Qin Wentian's heart trembled slightly. It was as though he understood something. He mumbled in his heart, "To think that as swords, all of your perceptions would be this acute to the extent of even knowing friend from foe, able to tell evil from kindness. It seems that I was

truly mistaken earlier.”

“With sincerity as my approach, if my heart is truly aligned with the sword, I would naturally be able to become one with the Sword Forest. My earlier path isn’t completely wrong.”

This time around, he used only a month of time to return to the previous state of stillness before he attempted to move. However Qin Wentian understood that this was still not enough. He needed to truly forget everything. Forget his name, forget his identity, even forgetting his existence as a human.

One with the sword, nothing without it.

Time flowed by, Qin Wentian continued standing there, in the midst of forgetting everything. He forgotten who he was, forgotten the fact that he had to become one with the sword. But somehow, mysterious changes were occurring, he himself became more and more like a real sword without him trying.

A light wind gusted lightly, in the Sword Forest now, there were no humans. There were only swords.

Right now, Qin Wentian abruptly had a very strange feeling. It felt that the surroundings were all a part of his body, the floating swords, as well as the entirety of the Sword Forest.

Finally at long last, a grin played on Qin Wentian’s lips. He opened his eyes and took a step forward.

The force of this step was gentle, yet it was filled with the unbendable heaviness of his confidence.

With him taking that step forward, it felt as though the entire Sword Forest was taking the step together with him.

Qin Wentian knew that his understanding and comprehension of the sword had reached a whole new realm. He also understood that only upon stepping into this realm would one be able to exit the Sword Forest.

Not only could he exit this place, he could even control the Sword Forest if he so desires.

Stretching his hand out, Qin Wentian caressed one of the floating swords. As it felt his touch, the sword began vibrating gently, as a humming sound filled the air.

“Sadly, in a real battle, there wouldn’t be so many powerful swords lying around for me to control them.” Qin Wentian stated as he sighed. After that, he waved his hands and instantly, the entire swords in the Sword Forest zoomed towards him, hovering in the air while exuding an overwhelming sword might that seemed as though it wanted to devour everything.

The Sword Forest disappeared. What appeared next, was a gigantic ancient sword that was floating above Qin Wentian. And at this moment, the figure from before stepped out once more, there was a strange glow of fascination in his eyes as he stared at

Qin Wentian.

“Not even a year has passed. I didn’t think that you would be able to comprehend this state so fast.” The eyes of that figure was filled with admiration. Qin Wentian’s comprehension abilities has even shocked him.

Qin Wentian had a bitter smile on his face, he added in a low voice, “I didn’t expect it too. However, this is only the second trial and I’m already stuck here for a year. I wonder if I continued upwards, how long would the third trial take me.”

That figure had a smile that didn’t seemed to be a smile on his face as he added, “Do you know that in this span of one year, not only did your Mandate of Swords underwent a break through, you had even already comprehended the principles of an extremely terrifying sword art. Are you still unsatisfied?”

Qin Wentian naturally understood what the other party was talking about. His second level of insight of the Mandate of Swords, Sword Melody, had already broken through from the Advanced Boundary to the Transformation Boundary. He was just one more stage away from reaching Perfection.

Also, he also understood that by being able to walk out of the Sword Forest, he had already comprehended an extremely tyrannical sword art.

“What is the name of this sword art?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Although you’ve comprehended the principles, what you’ve gained insight into, is merely the tip of the iceberg. Come let me bestow this innate technique to you.” That figure laughed and with a wave of his hand, an ancient manual flew towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian caught hold of it, the fluctuations of sword might could be felt emanating forth from the seven bold and golden-colored letterings engraved on the cover of the manual – Seven Annihilations Swordplay.

“You have my thanks.” Qin Wentian bowed in gratitude.

“No need for any thanks, you have already passed two of the trials. However, the next trial that you will be facing isn’t going to be so easy. If you can pass it, it means that you will only be a single step away from success.” That figure smiled as his silhouette started to disperse, before vanishing completely.

This entire dimension started shaking again. And in the blink of an eye, yet another flight of stairs could be seen where the figure was before, allowing Qin Wentian to ascend to the next dimension.

If he passed the next trial, he would only be a single step away from success.

Although this path didn’t have many trials, each trial was incredibly difficult; to the point where it was insane to even attempt one. An example of this was the sword forest, if he had given into the rage and anger he felt, it would have been very difficult to gain comprehension and exit the Sword forest. He might even be trapped for many years, to the point where he might develop impatience and attempt to break out of the Sword Forest

by force which left only one road for him, the road to death.

AGM 470 – Shocked Awake

Qin Wentian didn't leave immediately. Instead, he sat down cross-legged and reviewed everything he had experienced in the past year. Although his cultivation level remained the same, the state of his heart had undergone a qualitative change. Also, especially for his second-level insights into the Mandate of Sword, the improvements were remarkable.

Qin Wentian sank his perception into the sword manual. As the streams of information imprinted themselves on his mind, he could only marvel at the intricacies and tyranny of this swordplay. The power it was capable of unleashing wouldn't lose out to Heavenly Swordplay, one of the nine ultimate arts. In fact, it even exceeded it.

However, for some reason, the Seven Annihilations Swordplay wasn't qualified on the same list as one of the nine ultimate arts—Heavenly Swordplay won that honor instead. Qin Wentian didn't know the reason why, he only knew that unless the state of one's sword heart had reached a certain level, it was impossible for the cultivator to even learn this particular sword art.

He had used an entire year to observe and achieve the state where he was one with the sword. That was an extremely marvelous state, and with a single thought he could control the entirety of the swords in the Sword Forest. This was the basic level of sword mastery one must reach before one can even comprehend the Seven Annihilations Swordplay. In addition, it was fortunate that his comprehension ability was much stronger compared to ordinary cultivators. Some could take a total of five years, or ten, or may even spend their entire lifetime in the forest, trapped until

they met their demise.

Comprehension was something one was born with—it wasn't strange that there were those who might not even be able to comprehend this state even after an entire lifetime attempting it. But the moment, someone managed to comprehend something, they could understand all the intricacies within with just a single thought.

And although the Seven Annihilations Swordplay was outside the ranks of the nine ultimate arts, it's initial criteria was already so harsh that not many people would be able to cultivate it.

The Seven Annihilations Swordplay: Annihilation with a single step; annihilation with the stab of a single finger; annihilation with but a single thought. Even gods and demons would cower before it.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes and began to cultivate it. Right now, there wasn't even the slightest hint of sword intent emanating from him. He had already reached a brand new realm, and when his sword-might exploded forth, it did so in an instant, thunderously packed with an overwhelming power.

Several days passed by silently, while Qin Wentian felt his cultivation level increasing bit by bit. The vortex of astral energy absorption in his sword-aligned Yuanfu rotated at a terrifying speed, leading his other Yuanfu along. His Kingly Sword Astral Nova grew increasingly corporeal, and he was now only a step away from a breakthrough.

Today, Qin Wentian halted his cultivation and climbed up the flight of stairs, entering into the next dimension.

In this dimension, demonic beasts were everywhere. A terrifying surge of demonic qi gushed over him.

Qin Wentian turned ashen—these demonic beasts were all at the second level of Heavenly Dipper at the very least. And he couldn't even see the end of them at the edge of his vision. The endless amount of beasts caused this dimension to be fully packed, so even he were to slaughter them without cease, there would be no end to them. The endeavor would only serve to exhaust his strength completely.

“Roar!” A horrifying bellow rang out, before several demonic beasts lunged right at him. Qin Wentian paused for only a moment, before taking a single step forward, executing the Seven Annihilations Swordplay and directly slaying the demonic beasts that lunged over him. They were lacerated so completely that not even their bones remained behind. Yet even after witnessing this terrifying sight, the other demonic beasts surrounding him showed no signs of hesitation and continued rushing towards him.

“This...” Qin Wentian didn't even have time to react. With an intention, four of his Astral Novas surrounded him, blasting outwards. Wherever they passed, a trail of blood and gore could be seen—the demonic beasts were utterly destroyed. Especially for his Kingly Sword, which was his strongest Astral Nova. Nothing could stand before it, the sharpness radiating forth effortlessly slaying any demonic beast who tried to get close to Qin Wentian. Qin

Wentian slowly stepped forwards, and for every step that landed on the ground, demonic beasts would surely die.

Such blind slaughtering continued for a day, for two days... as though there were no end to it. Seven days later, Qin Wentian completely exhausted all his strength. He could only engrave protective Inscriptions and remain in his current position, making it impossible for the demonic beasts to approach. A feeling of weariness settled in his heart, his gaze at the boundless space as well as the endless demonic beasts. Was there really a way out of this dimension?

If it weren't for the fact that he was proficient in Divine Inscriptions, he would have already fallen from exhaustion due to the never-ending hordes.

Outside the Royal Tomb, about a year's worth of time had already passed.

In this year, Grand Xia had been relatively quiet. This was a total contrast to the life before the Heavenly Fate Ranking people. Every transcendent power was now preparing themselves for the storm that would hit Grand Xia.

As for the reason for this tranquility, was naturally due to the world-shaking war between transcendent powers that took place right after the conclusion of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

During the course of that war, a total of three Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants had fallen. And they were all from the Great Solar Chen Clan, with a third level Celestial Phenomenon Ancestor thrown in the mix.

The Great Solar Chen Clan, who had ruled a part of Ginkou unchallenged for a time, had been utterly destroyed, becoming the second transcendent power to fall, following after the Nine Mystical Palace.

The war had sent a clear message to Grand Xia; that even transcendent powers could fall. And once they did, all future roots of trouble were completely eliminated by the victors.

For a period of time, the members and disciples of the younger generation from the transcendent powers became many times more low profile as compared to before. The Nine Mystical Palace and Great Solar Chen Clan were placed as examples right in front of their eyes: weren't these two powers destroyed in the hands of a young man whom they once ridiculed even when he had yet to mature?

In this year, Jun Yu of the Pill Emperor Hall summoned a few Ascendants over from Grand Shang, and formed an alliance with the Hua Clan and Wang Clan, trying their best to seek traces of Qin Wentian as well as Fairy Qingmei. As long as Qin Wentian was still alive, the Pill Emperor Hall could never be at ease. Obviously, Qin Wentian was a ticking time bomb that would eventually explode on them in the future.

However, Qin Wentian and Fairy Qingmei, as well as the forces

under them had long concealed away all traces of their presence. Even when their investigations reached the remote Celestial Lake Palace in the Demon Continent, they couldn't find anyone. It was as though everything related to Qin Wentian had completely vanished into thin air.

Grand Xia was too vast, and so if someone were to intentionally seek to hide away, it would be almost impossible to find them.

And right now, the disciples from the Pill Emperor Hall were also naturally sent to guard over outside the Royal Tomb. Not merely the Pill Emperor Hall, several members from the various transcendent powers had also sent experts to guard it. Occasionally, they would send additional people inside, however, for those who entered, not one had ever returned. And thus, no news was available. Back then, Ouyang Kuangsheng and the others who entered within, they all seemed to have vanished without a trace.

Because of this, there were even Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants joining forces to attack the Royal Palace. However, they soon discovered that the imposing underground palaces were impervious to their attacks. External attacks were completely unable to affect them.

There were even some that speculated that those who entered the Royal Tomb, would never be able to exit.

Qin Wentian was still living the life of endless slaughter, he

didn't even know how many of these demonic beasts he had killed, and how many Yuan Meteor Stones he had consumed. He finally slaughtered his way past this region, only to discover that what awaited him was an endless amount of demonic beasts with cultivation bases at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. Without anywhere to go, he could only dive head in and continue slaughtering his way through.

Such torture almost made him crazy. However, he didn't have a choice. He could only do his best and rush ahead, hoping against hope that there would be a way out of this dimension.

Qin Wentian was thinking that if it weren't for the fact that he was proficient in Divine Inscription Formations, he would long be dead. Such a trial was truly brutal—it was simply too ruthless.

How long would this trial last? He had no idea, he could only continue to advance forward.

He had already forgotten the passing of time, Qin Wentian felt as though he had descended into a nightmare. And finally one day, he saw an imposing and majestic structure just in the distance. Qin Wentian felt immense joy, the ceaseless slaughter was about to come to an end. He killed his way over, entering the structure, only to discover that he was in the grand hall of the Royal Tomb once more, coming face-to-face with the Vermilion Bird.

“This...” Qin Wentian paled as he stared at the Vermilion Bird.

“This is the path you have chosen, the hardest path. Everything

was an illusion, but what you've obtained was the experiences gained through the tempering of these years." The Vermilion Bird stared at him and quietly added, "Everyone has long exited the Royal Tomb. However, your enemies are standing guard outside, it would be better if I sent you out."

Qin Wentian's countenance was extremely unsightly, the mind-numbing experiences of slaying one beast after another throughout all these years was all nothing but an illusion?

An immense power emanated forth from the Vermilion Bird, enveloping him within. Shortly after, he felt the energy of space begin to tremble and when he opened his eyes once again, he had already appeared in a place some distance away from the ancient kingdom in Ginkou. Upon seeing the number of guards arranged there by the various transcendent powers, Qin Wentian quietly sneaked away.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he left with great speed. Because both of his true-bodies could share the same intent and thoughts, he already knew where Fairy Qingmei was currently located. A few days later, he arrived in Sky Harmony City, back in Chu. He saw Qin Chuan, as well as his elder sister, Qin Yao. The sight left him feeling joyful, and lessened some of the fatigue he felt.

Fairy Qingmei and Qing'er were here as well.

"Damn." At this moment, Fairy Qingmei sensed something was off. After which, Qin Wentian inclined his head—he had felt a terrifying aura descending on them from far away. An instant

later, Jun Yu—as well as an army of Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants and Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns—flew over to their position, unleashing their constellations and Astral Novas, enveloping the entire sky.

“I was followed.” Qin Wentian’s heart pounded rapidly, his countenance as pale as paper. Only to hear Jun Yu speaking, “To think that all of you actually chose to hide away in such a small city so far away. However, since we’ve now found you, all of you shall die here today.”

As the sound of his voice faded, astral light flashed, and Qin Chuan and Qin Yao let out miserable screams, before they both fell over dead.

“NO!” Qin Wentian howled in rage, his eyes crimson from his emotions. Immediately after, the numerous Ascendants all surrounded Fairy Qingmei.

“RUN!” Fairy Qingmei screamed at him. Yet Qin Wentian remained motionless, his mind reeling from the tragedy that he had unwittingly wrought. It was unknown when, but Qing`er finally appeared, standing in front of him protectively. It seemed as though she had been doing so since time immemorial.

The Qin Clan of the Sky Harmony City were wiped out completely. And under the siege of so many powerhouses of the same level, Fairy Qingmei let out a voice filled with complete despair as she too, was slain.

Blood seeped out of Qin Wentian's palm from his nails digging in too deeply. He unleashed the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation once more, and turned into a demon. However this time around, he was instantly suppressed by the number of Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants, their terrifying attacks wounding him grievously—he didn't even have the chance to fight back.

“LEAVE!” Qing`er waved her hands as a light screen made from spatial energy enveloped him within.

Instantly, space started to warp as he could feel himself being transported to another place. Qing`er stood there silently, staring at him as he departed. Those ice-cold eyes of hers finally melted, blooming with the warmth of a smile. But soon after, the joint attacks from the Ascendants disintegrated her completely, reducing her into nothing but dust drifting about, dispersed by the merciless wind.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

That smile was branded into his mind. Qin Wentian howled in total anguish and when he reappeared again, he had already been sent to a location outside of Chu. He stared blankly at his surroundings, and his heart felt as though it had already been sliced into pieces—he wanted nothing more than to join them in death.

They died, all of them died! Because of his carelessness, his foster father, Qin Chuan, as well as his elder sister, Qin Yao, both had been slain. And because of him... Fairy Qingmei and Qing`er had

died as well. In a desolate daze, akin to a mad man, his consciousness started to blur as indescribable pain flooded his heart. He wanted nothing more than to die. He wasn't willing to face reality, he wanted an escape.

Was this his fate? Why was it like this? He wanted to ask the Heavens, what had he done to deserve this?

At this moment, in a bamboo hut inside a forest a thousand miles away from the Spirit Continent, Qing`er quietly stood there, her eyes staring over the horizon.

Behind her, lay Qin Wentian's other true body. A year had already passed and with it came Qin Wentian's gradual recovery. Even though he was unconscious, he could still cultivate in his dreamscape, absorbing astral energy which aided him in his recovery.

“QING`ER!”

At this moment, a shout broke the silence of the bamboo hut. Qing`er turned, a look of puzzlement could be seen on her face as she stared at Qin Wentian. She saw only a silhouette dashing over, embracing her into a hug. Qing`er immediately stiffened, she didn't know how to react. The bamboo flute she was holding in her hands fell straight to the ground, as her heart was overwhelmed by what was happening.

Her head was lying on Qin Wentian's shoulder, her eyes staring blankly ahead. An instant later, she blinked, her eyes as her countenance flashed with an emotion that had never once appeared on her face before.

“You are hurting me...” Qing'er softly stated. Qin Wentian had used too much strength in that embrace.

The melodious sound of her voice woke Qin Wentian up. He relinquished his hold and stepped back, heaving only a sigh of relief when he saw Qing'er standing safe and sound in front of him. Luckily, that was just a nightmare. How terrifying.

“What happened?” Qing'er voice was cold, yet there was a melodic tilt to it, extremely pleasing to the ear. She saw that right now, Qin Wentian's brows were tightly creased with worry.

“My other body has descended into an unending nightmare. In it, I've entered into a dimension that seemed to be an extremely fearsome dreamscape created by the demons in my heart.” Qin Wentian then continued, “Him and I share an innate connection, yet I have no way to awaken him from it,” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. Because of that connection, he knew everything that his other body had gone through. He too, knew how utterly terrifying it was to experience that dreamscape!

AGM 471 – A Resolute Heart

Right now, since Qin Wentian's other self has already recovered, he naturally understood that his other incarnation Di Tian, who had stepped into the third dimension, was actually embroiled in a dreamscape created by the demons of his heart. Years passed in there, but in reality, only the time taken for a single thought to form had passed. It was just a dream, but also a lifetime.

Such a method or innate technique was inconceivably powerful.

“I once entered into a dreamscape created by a senior, but the dreamscape which my other true-self entered, wasn't created through the hands of others.” Although he had a certain level of comprehension in the Mandate of Dreams, and knew that the illusions within were actually fuelled by the power of fears in his heart, he still had no way to extricate himself from it.

Qin Wentian frowned, the hardest path indeed. Even having two true-self, he had no way to awaken himself from it. Everything would have to depend on Di Tian himself, nobody could help him safe for he himself who was currently experiencing the dream.

This trial, if one was truly unable to awaken, there was a possibility that he would end up trapped in that nightmare for all eternity.

“You and him shared an innate connection. Can't he feel your existence?” Qing'er murmured in a low voice. Qin Wentian lightly nodded, “It's precisely why this is so terrifying. Despite the fact

that that's my other true-self, that dreamscape dimension could even seal off even the flow of thoughts and senses between us. I wonder if this is a dream creation technique or an illusion technique."

Qing`er's eye lashes fluttered, she then turned her clean and pure gaze onto Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian felt a little puzzled, he involuntarily asked, "What's wrong?"

"Has that anything to do with you hugging me?" Qing`er innocently asked, her words causing a smile of extreme embarrassment to appear on Qin Wentian's face. He had wanted to shift the conversational topic away, yet who could have thought that Qing`er was so intelligent.

Staring into that eyes of innocence, Qin Wentian could only smile bitterly, "In Di Tian's nightmare, something... something horrifying happened, so..."

"Oh..." Qing`er interjected and directly turned her body, she didn't want Qin Wentian to notice the change of her expressions.

However, it didn't seemed that Qing`er was angry.

Turning his gaze towards the bamboo forest, Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath. Thinking of the anguish and despair Di Tian felt, he resolutely vowed in his heart, "I will never permit that to happen, ever."

As he thought of here, Qin Wentian clenched his fist. At this moment, his thoughts changed. He no longer felt any inclination to clash with the various transcendent powers like the Pill Emperor Hall. He could ignore his safety but he had to take into consideration the safety of his kin and friends. He didn't wish for anything unfortunate to befall him.

“Let every single thing, every bit of misfortune, fall entirely on me.” Qin Wentian sighed. Although Jun Yu's strength wasn't that powerful, Fairy Qingmei has already introduced the strength of the Royal Sacred Sect as well as the relative strength of the three Grand Empires currently controlling this world to him. If things in reality happened according to that nightmare, Jun Yu led external powers over and hunted each of his companions down, so what of it even if he executed the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay and slayed Jun Yu? He simply wasn't strong enough to withstand the fires of rage that would soon follow.

He would surely get revenge for Qingcheng, but he must never allow misfortune to fall on people around him.

“Qing`er, I plan to cultivate a little longer. After that, I will leave Grand Xia.” Qin Wentian spoke. Di Tian's nightmare changed his mind and opened up many new paths of thought for him.

He needed to get out there, he needed to get even stronger. Only when he has sufficient power to stand unrivalled in Grand Xia, would he truly have the capabilities to protect those he needed to protect.

“Okay.” Qing`er stated, she didn't have too great a reaction. Qin

Wentian was already used to her personality.

“I will go with you as well.” Qing`er added, her words causing a smile to appear on Qin Wentian’s face. Although Qing`er was a woman of few words – she wouldn’t even speak much with him, Qin Wentian had long treated her as one of his closest kin. Every time when he was in danger, she would always be standing in front of him protectively, always.

He could still remember back then when he was still in the form of the primordial great roc, Qing`er was there accompany him. She also told him that she didn’t want him to stay a demon.

And because of that one simple wish of hers, Qin Wentian didn’t even know exactly what was the price she paid to obtain the Great Nirvana Immortal Art.

More than once, he had asked Qing`er about it but she just didn’t want to reveal it. However Qin Wentian was still adamant on wanting to know. How could such an incredible, heaven-defying art like the Great Nirvana Art be so easy to obtain?

Forming another body that shares the same talent, same bloodline, same power and even same soul. If it was an extremely powerful but evil cultivator who had obtained this, thereby directly increasing his strength by two fold, the implications would be too horrifying to imagine. If news of this art was leaked, Grand Xia would definitely erupt in total chaos. And leaving Grand Xia aside, even the Royal Sacred Sect in Grand Shang would definitely spare no expenses, causing storms of blood in their quest to obtain it. This was why Qing`er forbade him from revealing it. This was

also why, in accordance to his promise, Qin Wentian didn't even speak of this to Fan Le and the others.

Qin Wentian then went and focused on his cultivation. Di Tian's experiences had been shared to him. His original body also had a breakthrough in boundary regarding his Mandate of Swords. Qin Wentian had to take some time to consolidate the foundations in his original body and also to cultivate the Seven Annihilation Swordplay.

As for Di Tian, because he couldn't sense Qin Wentian in this dimension, he was still struggling amidst the endless agony and pain.

In that dimension, Qin Wentian was still in the Dark Forest of Chu and was currently madly running away. Right now, he was in a crazed state, he wanted nothing more than to escape from this reality.

Dead, they were all dead. Qing'er used her last breath of life to send him away. Even when facing death, she still did so with a smile. He would never be able to forget that image of her before her death. It has already been branded into his mind, and every time he closed his eyes and saw her once more, his heart felt as though it was on the verge of breaking apart.

He didn't dare to face it, he didn't want to think about it, he hated himself.

Why? Why was this happening?

Qin Wentian lifted his head and howled, he ran and ran, it was unknown how long he ran for. Finally, he fainted halfway while running and when he awoke, he was groggy and muddle-headed. His hair was dishevelled, he looked akin to a mad man.

He didn't know that he was in a nightmare, to him, this was reality. It felt like a cycle of samsara, a true life time. He didn't even have the concept that this was still part of the test and that he was still in the third dimension.

As someone who experienced heart-wrenching pain of seeing those companions closest to him dying one after another, how could he even question that what he was witnessing was false?

Obviously, that was impossible!

Self-reproach, hatred and regrets swirled about unceasingly in his heart.

Qin Wentian continued running on and on, and after an unknown amount of time passed, he came to a small village that was situated in Chu.

The people in the village only knew of the simplest cultivation techniques. In fact, they couldn't even be considered Stellar Martial Cultivators, they were absorbing the Yuan Qi of the Heavens and Earth, cultivating normal martial techniques.

Although their strength was at the lowest rung from the perspective of any cultivators, the lives they led were quiet and peace-filled.

Involuntarily, he started to envy the lifestyle of people living in the village. If Qing`er didn't die to protect him, how good would it be if they could live the rest of their lives here, ignoring the strife from the outside world, remaining free from all worries?

Suddenly, Qin Wentian felt very tired. His heart was already extremely weary. He wanted to rest.

When living in the village, he came across a young maiden. With just a single glance, Qin Wentian felt his breath being stolen away. This young maiden exuded an air extremely similar to Mo Qingcheng, her pure and flawless beauty moving the hearts of the crowd. She was like the most beautiful flower in this world, exuding sunlight to others.

Upon seeing that he was injured, the young maiden ran to him and aided him in recovery. Gradually, the two of them got acquainted and would often pass the time by chatting and doing little things together. Gradually, it was unknown when, but Qin Wentian started to fall in love with the lifestyle in this village. He was unwilling to venture out, unwilling to return to his previous lifestyle, a life that seemed a lifetime ago.

It was as though he wanted to escape from something.

He was afraid to even recall that nightmare once again. Every

time Qing`er face flashes in his thoughts, his heart felt as though it was about to be shredded apart. Even the pain of a thousand arrows thundering into his heart couldn't be comparable to the anguish and regret he felt.

Gradually, he chose to forget everything that happened. In this way, he would no longer have to face his past again.

Time flowed by, he started to have a new life of his own. An ordinary man, living in quiet and peace. He wanted nothing more than to continue living like this forever.

However his perfect lifestyle was soon broken apart again. Jun Yu and the others discovered this place and attacked just when he away from the village. Qin Wentian stood at the peak of the mountains nearby and personally witnessed them destroying the village. He witnessed the Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants as complete waves of devastation swept over everything. Even children and women weren't spared. Qin Wentian hated himself immensely, he hated the fact that he was too weak, he hated the fact that he wanted to run again.

“NO!” A hoarse sounding scream echoed out from his throat. That clouded eyes of his, now radiated with a gleam of sharpness as he stared at the skies.

“Qing`er didn't die, foster father Qin Chuan and his elder sister Qin Yao is alive as well. THIS REALITY IS FALSE! EVERYTHING IS FALSE!!” Qin Wentian howled like a mad demon, refuting the scene before him. At long last, he could finally sense a hint of mysterious energy permeating this reality. That mysterious energy

had laid out events after events before him, drawing him closer and close to the centre of this reality, driving him mad, breaking his will, consigning him to a place of eternal damnation.

“I will never run again.” Qin Wentian sat atop the mountain peak, his gaze filled with an incomparable resolution.

As the sound of his voice faded, with an intention of his will, a sword appeared in front of him.

Qin Wentian held the sword in his hands. With no hesitation at all, he directly pierced the sword right into his chest. A bout of rending pain flooded through him, Qin Wentian lowered his head, staring at his wound, looking at the flowing blood. How could this be false? This pain, was real. This was his life, this was reality!

“If this life is real, and I, Qin, am such a coward, what right do I even have to live in this world?” Qin Wentian laughed, after so long, a care-free look finally appeared on his face. His spirit felt liberated, he had seen through the vicissitudes of life and death.

“This reality might be true, or it might be false. Even if I have to suffer the pain of ten thousand knives slashing at my heart, I want this life to end, regardless of it’s real or not.”

As the sound of his voice faded, he pulled the sword out from his chest and pierced it in once again, this time into his heart. This pain, threatened to knock him unconscious.

However Qin Wentian was actually smiling. He roared to the heavens, “If I do this, can you stop me from ending it? Who are you exactly? How can you drive such a mighty power that could trap people within a life of their own making for an eternity?”

While speaking, countless number of sharp swords floated up in the air. Qin Wentian closed his eyes and roared in defiance. In an instant, the endless swords all zoomed towards him, piercing right into his body. The pain of millions upon millions of sword penetrating his heart made him felt an agony even worse than death. However he had no regrets, this was his conviction, he wanted to end this life, end this reality. How could the life of he, Qin Wentian, be so lowly and cowardly?

If this life was a reality, he would choose death.

As the endless waves of swords penetrate through his body, Qin Wentian’s eyes slowly shut.

At this very instant, everything in this space disappeared completely in an instant, only leaving behind silence.

A figure quietly lied there in the middle of the air. This was none other than Qin Wentian. His eyelashes fluttered as he opened his eyes that were filled with an iron will as well as an unbendable conviction.

“This unworthy life, even if it’s but a dream, I still want it to end.” Qin Wentian murmured as he sat up. Indeed, surrounding him was emptiness, the third trial was born out of his own heart.

“Was this the trial in the third dimension?” Qin Wentian felt frustration and disappointment, with no hint of happiness that he transcended it. That was a dream, but also a life which he engraved deep inside his heart. Although he knew it wasn’t a reality, it was still hard for him to forget it.

It was too real, to real to the point where somehow somewhere, he truly believed that deep inside his heart, that was his life. So real to the point where even the pain of a single sword piercing his heart had no way to awaken him out from that reality.

That, was the trial with the highest difficulty!

The first trial was combat, it was the easiest.

The second trial, the difficulty skyrocketed, it tested his ability of comprehension.

While the third trial, tested the strength of one’s conviction. This trial was too terrifying, too terrifying to the extent that even after he awoke, Qin Wentian’s blood was still cold and his hair still stood to an end. Luckily, all of that was over.

AGM 472 – Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, wanting to dispel the memories of what happened in the nightmare completely. His eyes flashed with sharpness, and gleamed with a terrifying resolution.

After experiencing the baptism, the state of his heart was even firmer compared to before. Nobody could block his path.

Standing up, Qin Wentian felt his entire body grew cold. Droplets of perspiration doused his shirt, and as the light wind gusted past, the coldness seeped right into his body. However, his eyes were still staring determinedly ahead in the distance.

Right ahead in the distance,, there was an ancient emperor's tomb. Not only that, it radiated a resplendent light, giving off the feeling that this ancient tomb would never lose its luster.

His silhouette flickered, Qin Wentian walked to the edge of this dimension. He stared at the ancient tomb in front of him. In this dimension, there was only a single ancient tomb. The gravestone embedded before the entrance was shaped in the form of a human, it was evidently a statue of the peerless ancient emperor that was buried within.

“There are words inscribed?” Qin Wentian gaze at the statue only to see that right in front of the statue's chest, there was actually a monument with words engraved upon it.

“Xia Emperor's Tomb!”

Qin Wentian's heart violently clenched as he saw the words. The ancient emperor who was buried here, was none other than the Xia Emperor.

in Grand Xia, so many eras passed and numerous Emperors had appeared. Regardless of the Tyrant Emperor or the Blood Emperor, they could all be considered overlords of Grand Xia. However, the real title of Xia Emperor, belonged solely to one man.

The founder of Grand Xia, the Xia Emperor!

This was none other than his tomb.

In front of the statue, there was an extremely long golden pathway with a countless number of puppet-like statues standing there motionlessly, clad in armor and wielding heavy spears, standing on the left and right side of the path. Also, even though they seemed motionless, a heavy killing intent could be felt emanating forth from them.

What made Qin Wentian astonished was that at the origin of this golden pathway, a majestic golden altar could be seen. And right on top of it, some ancient-looking manuals could be seen.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, treading the air as he arrived at the origin of the ancient path. He retrieved one of the ancient manuals and sat on the ground, flipping it open. To his surprise, the ancient manual contained detailed information regarding the Dao of Divine Inscriptions.

The first ancient manual before the ancient tomb of the Xia Emperor was actually a manual on Divine Inscriptions. This ancient manual was somewhat similar to the Gold-Element Ascendant manual Qin Wentian had acquired before. However, there were many segments that were much more profound in comparison. Naturally, other than Divine Inscriptions, detailed information on things like the Dao of Formations and Dao of Puppets were included within as well.

Could it be that the founder of Grand Xia, the Xia Emperor, was also a Divine Inscriptionist Grandmaster?

Qin Wentian flipped through the pages until one page made him sit up straighter in shock. The name of the Formation was actually the Vermilion Bird Formation.

This page contained detailed content regarding the Vermilion Bird Formation. This formation was the exact same one which was guarding the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia, the place where he fought in the ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Vermilion Bird Formation.” Qin Wentian’s eyes glimmered with a sharp light. This was a peak-tier, fifth-ranked Grand Formation and was exceedingly enigmatic. Just from reading through it, Qin Wentian could tell how profound this was. Such a formation wasn’t something he could comprehend back then when he was inside the formation world.

However now, as he read through the information, his mouth

was wide open with amazement. With the aid of the explanation, Qin Wentian could pierce things together with his current comprehension in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions and understand some rough insights from it.

Strangely enough, the Vermilion Bird Formation back then didn't exhibit a power at the peak of the fifth-ranked. Seems like the passage of time have diluted some of its power, and the setup of the formation was so complex that the Divine Inscriptionists remaining in Grand Xia had no idea on how to repair it.

Qin Wentian placed the manual down and glanced towards the second manual. This ancient manual actually contained a set of cultivation art within. The Great Dream Immortal Art.

It was similar to the dream creation cultivation art which Qin Wentian had been practicing. The difference was that, the Great Dream Immortal Art was a cultivation art designed for the Heavenly Dipper Realm, he could also cultivate in his dreams, where by the absorption of astral energy would be increased as well.

The appearance of this Great Dream Immortal Art directly replaced the previous dream cast art he had been cultivating.

And as Qin Wentian flipped through the pages of the Great Dream Immortal Art manual, he was instantly drawn in, in a state of complete immersion, unable to extricate himself from it.

Before this, he had already experienced for himself how

terrifying this Great Dream Immortal Art was. Even though the Xia Emperor has already been dead for countless years, the dreamscape he created caused Qin Wentian to sink within a nightmare, almost unable to awaken from it.

What was even more fearsome was that the snowman as well as the Sword Forest, were all created by the Xia Emperor. However, the first two dimension was a true reality, hence the breakthrough he had as well as his comprehension of the Seven Annihilations Swordplay wasn't false. Whereas, the third dimension was a reality of his own making, trapping him within the nightmare from the demons in his heart.

The strength of that dream creation technique was so strong that people wouldn't be able to tell illusory from reality. Or in other words, that dreamscape was formed from a mixture of truth and lies, if one submerged within, the dream would turn into a reality.

Only after a long period of time passed did Qin Wentian finally retract his perception and placed the Great Dream Immortal Art manual back in its original location.

And other than the strength of the dreamscape it created, there was another benefit to this Great Dream Immortal Art. The cultivator would find it easier to create his own techniques within the dream, perfecting it in his dreamscape.

After all, the stronger a Stellar Martial Cultivator grows, the innate techniques they mastered would eventually integrate with the power of their Astral Nova or Celestial Constellations. If one uses a technique of his own creation, the power unleashed would

doubtlessly be many times higher as this was a technique that was tailored to their attributes and strength perfectly.

Qin Wentian then turned his attention to the ancient-looking scroll on the extreme right. This, was not a cultivation art nor an innate technique. Instead, it was actually a rolled up map.

A range of mountains was depicted on that map. The details were all incredibly vivid and lifelike, celestial qi drifted all about, permeating the atmosphere. And within the mist of celestial qi, there seemed to be a floating immortal palace over at a certain area. Above that immortal palace, the silhouette of a Vermilion Bird could be seen shimmering in and out of existence.

This map, actually was in fact a geographical location of where that immortal palace was.

“Could the reason why the totem beast of Grand Xia was a Vermilion Bird be because of this?”

Qin Wentian silently mused. If not, why would the Xia Emperor leave a map leading to the immortal palace behind?

Standing up, Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto that golden pathway. After which, he stepped forwards and the instant his feet landed, that incomparably heavy killing intent immediately surged forth, gushing over to him. Yet, as Qin Wentian continued forwards, stepping in seemingly random positions, the resplendent golden light of the ancient path, diminished.

In the centre of Qin Wentian's brows, his third eye appeared. He naturally had already perceived that this golden path was none other than a path created by Divine Inscriptions. Those who stepped on it without knowing everything, would definitely die without a doubt.

The reason for the Xia Emperor leaving behind an ancient manual of Divine Inscriptions was undoubtedly because he hoped that there would be the fated person who came here in the future, would be proficient in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, and used the concepts gained from the manual to cross the golden pathway.

To Qin Wentian, this wasn't a difficult task. With his perception, negating and breaking formations was something easier than inscribing them. As his steps landed, the Divine Inscriptions on the golden pathway shattered one after another.

Finally after he arrived at a certain point, the puppet-like statues on both sides began to move. An overwhelming pressure gushed forth from them, and an instant later, their silhouettes flickered, stabbing with their spears towards Qin Wentian at the speed of lightning.

“Stellar Transposition.”

Qin Wentian's feet glimmered with astral light as he dodged and reappeared at the side of one of the puppets. Slamming down with his palms, a formless energy instantly bypassed the defenses of the puppet and shattered the divine inscription engraved at its core.

Qin Wentian had long already figured out how to reverse and negate inscriptions. Currently, with his cultivation base at the Heavenly Dipper Realm, along with his level of comprehension in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, ordinary fourth-ranked puppets couldn't even pose a threat to him.

In the blink of an eye, the puppets were destroyed one after another. Qin Wentian continued on the golden pathway, arriving in front of the statue. If the Xia Emperor was still alive, even he would have been astonished at the speed which Qin Wentian reached the statue.

And right now, at such a close range, he could make out another line of words engraved upon the statue. "If one arrives here, one is eligible to acquire the key in my hands!"

Shifting his gaze, Qin Wentian stared at the palms of the statue. And indeed, an ancient-looking key could be seen over there. Qin Wentian stretched his hands out, retrieving the key and an instant later, a multi-colored beam of light flashed as space around him started to warp. He had arrived in another dimension.

Over here, a range of mountains could be seen below as celestial qi permeated the atmosphere. The silhouette of the Xia Emperor stood alone in the air while right behind him, was actually the immortal palace depicted in the map Qin Wentian saw earlier.

"If you are here, it could either mean that Grand Xia has already fallen; or you have monstrous talent, able to light up all eighty-one of the stone pillars; or maybe, both scenarios I outlined happened. Regardless you are a descendent of my Royal Xia Clan or not, I

hope that you would be able to protect Grand Xia.”

The Xia Emperor slowly spoke, Qin Wentian knew that this wasn't the real Xia Emperor, it was merely a strand of his will that brought him here.

“I, am the Xia Emperor. Ages ago, because of lucky chances and good fortune, I arrived at the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace and obtained the Great Dream Immortal Art as well as several other treasures. This stroke of good fortune allowed me to unite this region, and eventually, I found Grand Xia. However in the process, several of the treasures I acquired are all used up. The only thing left was the Great Dream Immortal Art which I always had on me. Even though the Great Dream Immortal Art is powerful, it couldn't be considered an extremely valuable treasure in perspective of the immortal palace. The key I left for you can be used to open the doors of the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace. This key, is also something that the hegemon of the other region, the Royal Sacred Sect of Grand Shang, yearned for even in their dreams.

“Because I once entered that, I knew that those who enter the immortal palace couldn't lack either combat prowess or a resolute heart. If not, they wouldn't be able to obtain anything. This was the reason why before you arrived at this point, you had to undergo the arduous trials. Only then would you be prepared, only then would you have the slightest bit of chance. Back then the treasures I acquired from the immortal palace was only a hair from nine oxen. There are too many grand formations within, every where is protected by scores of Divine Inscriptions. This was why I used the golden path as a test, as well as leaving behind the manual of Divine Inscriptions for you to comprehend. If your

comprehension isn't at a high enough level, you would never have been able to reach the end of the golden path, which means you would never be able to obtain the key to the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace. Because even if you have the key, you would still return empty handed if you ventured inside the immortal palace! In that case, you might as well just be happy with the Great Dream Immortal Art I bequeath."

As the Xia Emperor spoke to her, a smile lighted up his face, "However, I have to congratulate you on passing. Before I fall, I hope to leave behind my inheritance to descendants of my Grand Xia. I hope that you who arrived at this point, would be even more outstanding compared to me. Only then would my efforts not be wasted."

As the sound of his voice faded, the Xia Emperor started to fade away. However, the smile on his face could still be seen clearly.

"Karma between us starts and ends here. Inheritor, the image you seen is the last strand of my will. From this moment onwards, the Xia Emperor will no longer exist in this world!" After speaking, the silhouette of the Xia Emperor gradually vanished into thin air. The last strand of his will completely dissipated as he completely disappeared from this world.

AGM 473 – Departure

As the last strand of will dissipated, the surroundings near Qin Wentian returned to normal. He was standing on the golden pathway; before the statue of the Xia Emperor.

“Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace.” Qin Wentian glanced at the key in his hands, finally understanding why the totem beast of Grand Xia was a Vermilion Bird. So it was because back then, the Xia Emperor managed to enter the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace due to a stroke of good fortune and acquired many benefits. After which, he united the region and founded Grand Xia, building it up slowly until it could stand on equal grounds with the two other Grand Empires in this world.

Stepping backwards, Qin Wentian respectfully bowed a total of three times to the statue of the Xia Emperor. He then spoke in a low voice, “Junior is not a descendant of the Royal Xia Clan, but because of fate; or as you’ve put it, karma. I shall engrave senior’s kindness deep in my heart. After I reunite Grand Xia under a single banner, the name of Grand Xia shall never change. It will remain as such forevermore.”

After he spoke, Qin Wentian bowed once again. After which, he stowed the Vermilion Bird Immortal Palace key into his interspatial ring and returned to the location of the altar as he started to comprehend the manuals.

His talent in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions wasn’t bad, but because recently, he had concentrated more on his martial path, he had somewhat neglected that. Now, the other self of Qin Wentian,

Di Tian, was relentlessly pouring over the books, seeking to gain a higher level of comprehension so that he could have the ability to engrave a fifth-ranked Vermilion Bird Formation. Only then would the first step of returning Grand Xia to its former glory be complete. At the same time, the state of his heart had evolved as well, it was about time for him to rise his cultivation level.

In a forest far away outside the borders of the Spirit Continent, Qin Wentian's original form naturally already knew of what happened within the Royal Tomb. Excitement could be seen on his features as he discussed what he discovered with Qing'er.

Qing'er who was by his side gazed at him and when his speech came to an end, her melodious voice sounded out, "Okay...and?"

Qin Wentian didn't know whether should he laugh or cry, "Qing'er, help me inform your master. During this period of time, I'm preparing to consolidate the foundation of my original body and see if I can break through. After that, I shall make some arrangements before proceeding to depart Grand Xia.

"Okay.." Qing'er nodded her head lightly. After that, Qin Wentian entered into the depths of the bamboo forest before sitting down cross-legged. His original body shared an innate connection with Di Tian, since Di Tian's state of heart underwent an evolution, it was naturally the same for Qin Wentian. And if Di Tian could breakthrough, so could he. He only needed Yuan Meteor Stones.

Within the bamboo forest, it was quiet and tranquil. A light wind gusted about occasionally, this place was extremely peaceful.

In the blink of an eye, another two months of time passed. Today, in that quiet forest, resplendent astral light flashed as a surge of towering aura emanated forth, enveloping the entire bamboo forest.

Fairy Qingmei and the leader of the Mystic Moon Sect stood together. Both their eyes shifted in the direction in the depths of the bamboo forest as a strange glow flickered in their eyes. He broke through. In that case, Qin Wentian's current cultivation was at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. According to this terrifying speed, if things remained constant, Qin Wentian might very well have a chance to reach the seventh to ninth level of Heavenly Dipper before he was thirty.

Right now, Qin Wentian was merely twenty-five.

At this moment, Qin Wentian exited the bamboo forest. He had a smile on his face, and projected an extraordinary demeanour. However, the strange thing was that not one whit of his aura leaked out from him. It was as though he had already reached the state of returning to origin, and gave off a sense of mysteriousness.

If a casual on-looker were to randomly glance over, it was simply unbelievable that the young man standing right in front would actually be a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Not only that, he was even at the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

“Uncle Zong, Elder Bailu, Aunt Bing...all of you, can come over.” Qin Wentian stated. A few moments later, a group of figures all arrived. Their countenances were all painted with smiles. Zong Yi happily spoke, “Wentian, to think that it took you so quickly to break through to the third level of Heavenly Dipper. I think in not more than ten years. Even if you don’t transform into a primordial great roc, you would be able to stand at the pinnacle of Grand Xia.”

“Considering Wentian’s talent, that’s completely possible.” The leader of the Ice Spirit Sect, Bing Yuchan, nodded with a smile on her face.

Even the Punishment Old Man, Old Xing, also nodded his head heavily in agreement.

“All of you should’ve already know what I’m planning?” Qin Wentian shook his head and laughed.

“Wentian, are you really planning to depart Grand Xia?” The headmaster of the White Deer Institute asked.

“Yes, I feel that remaining in Grand Xia would do me no good. I want to go out and gain in more experiences, further tempering myself to get stronger even quicker. Di Tian is currently in close-door seclusion inside the ancient kingdom. When he steps out, he will aid me to control the situation. Also, with the help of Fairy Qingmei as well as the leader from the Mystic Moon Sect, I’m completely at ease.”

Qin Wentian stared at everyone as he added, “Now that the Azure

Faction has been completely restored, my position will be that of the sect master. If I'm away, Di Tian will take my place. Fairy Qingmei shall be the vice sect master. Old Xing (punishment old man) will be in charge of setting up the new Punishment Branch and has the approval to select suitable disciples from the various factions to join the Punishment Branch. All of you will be doyens, and have the authority to control each of your respective factions. The individual elder-level characters of the various factions shall remain unchanged, and I will need all of your help to select promising young talents to nurture, allowing them to cultivate the nine ultimate arts. Old Xing shall be in charge of the supervision and lastly, the cultivation resources of our Azure Emperor Palace shall be administered and allocated by my senior sister Luo Huan and my teacher Mustang. With such an arrangement, there should be no problems for our Azure Emperor Palace to run smoothly."

"However take note and inform all the disciples that they are not to divulge their identity when they are training outside. At the same time, keep the existences of the other Factions a secret to the other disciples. Only those present here today need to know this."

"Understood." Everyone nodded, with the respective heads still being in charge of their own faction, this would ensure that things run smoothly and minimise chaos. Each respective Faction shall be a branch under the Azure Emperor Palace but the respective faction's head shall run each Faction independently.

"Even when you are leaving, are you not going to spare this senior sis of yours?" Luo Huan rolled her eye at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian smiled, "Senior sis, you are talented and intelligent,

I can only be at ease if resources management is left to you to handle.”

“With the pitiful amount of cultivation resources you left behind, how can it be enough to sustain the various factions? Luckily we have access to Skythunder Country’s treasury.” Luo Huan grinned.

“I will have to depend on senior sis then. With our current power, wanting to seize the resources others would be a piece of cake. We will remain in the shadows to build up our strength. The moment when I returned, I shall give a surprise to Grand Xia.” Qin Wentian’s eyes gleamed with sharpness.

“Hmph, you this stinky brat is out there enjoying yourself while I, as your senior sis has to stay here and slave for you.” Luo Huan pouted, her words causing Qin Wentian to smile bitterly as he shook his head, “Senior sis, with my current strength, Grand Xia isn’t a place where I can control yet. Let alone the world out there is so vast, only through transcending dangers after dangers would I be able to get stronger and stronger. How would I dare to drag my lovely senior sister along to suffer with me? In the future when I return to Grand Xia stronger, I will naturally accompany senior sister to tour the vast world outside.

“Haha, enough. The two of you best stop ‘flirting’ out in the public. Luo Huan, Wentian is right. Considering his talent, Grand Xia is too small a place for him, it would only serve to restrict his future.” Mustang laughed, his words causing Luo Huan pout once more, “Teacher is always on the side of junior brother Qin.”

“When are you leaving?” Fairy Qingmei turned her gaze on Qin

Wentian.

“No day is as good as today, I shall leave now. If one day, Fan Le, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Bai Qing returns, tell them i’m off to Grand Shang Empire.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice, his words causing the expressions of the others present to falter. The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect then added, “Jun Yu has an extraordinary status there, why did you choose Grand Shang?”

“I’m heading for the region controlled by the Royal Sacred Sect, the area they control might be so vast that it stretches across Grand Shang. Jun Yu is just the disciple of an elder, how powerful can he be? Can he be so influential across the vast region that is Grand Shang?” Qin Wentian smiled as he shook his head. “In any case I will disguise myself. As long as I’m more cautious, nothing untowards would happen.”

“True.” The leader of the Mystic Moon Sect nodded. With the trump cards of Qin Wentian, it isn’t going to be so easy if someone wanted to make a move against him. The Great Solar Chen Clan had already fallen for a year, yet in Qin Wentian’s presence, the memory felt as though it just happened yesterday.

“Alright everyone, I will see you again in the future.” Qin Wentian’s eyes shone with a bright light. In the next instant, he soared up into the air, as the silhouette of a small snowy puppy could also be seen beside him.

Qing`er stepped out as well, appearing behind Qin Wentian. Evidently, she would be tagging along in this journey.

“Valuing the companionship of a beauty rather than friendship.” Luo Huan stomped her foot, but soon after, bursted out with peals of laughter.

“Everyone, I shall leave the Azure Emperor Palace in your hands.” Qin Wentian spoke, emanating a heroic air. After which, his silhouette flickered as he flew off in a certain direction.

The gazes of everyone turned to that figure clad in white, while sighing in their hearts. This young man was off to Grand Shang, they wonder what kind of storm would he create, over at the world outside Grand Xia.

“How powerful would he be when he returns to Grand Xia?” Zong Yi stared at that departing back as he sighed in his heart. After he pledged to follow Qin Wentian, the Azure Emperor Palace was restructured, followed by the Nine Mystical Palace being destroyed and the Great Solar Chen Clan annihilated. Qin Wentian was just like a demon, stirring up a terrifying tempest everywhere he went.

Zong Yi was filled with anticipation for the day where Qin Wentian returns. That day would come sooner or later, the demon sword embedded in the Pill Emperor Hall was still waiting for him to enact revenge with it. It was only that Zong Yi still didn't know that Qin Wentian had another true-self within the Royal Tomb of Grand Xia.

The Pill Emperor right now had already returned to their former

glory after this one year. With the coming of Jun Yu, the entire Pill Emperor became extremely strong, there was an endless number of talents willing to join them, all of them was inspired by the status Jun Yu has, and the in-flood of fresh members caused the Pill Emperor Hall to recover their vitality.

Today there were experts arriving at the Pill Emperor Hall. These people all had a cultivation base at the Celestial Phenomenon Realm and the actual purpose for them being here, shocked the entire Grand Xia.

They sent out a message, all outstanding young talents in Grand Xia could head to the Grand Shang Empire to temper themselves. If they have a Sacred Royal Medallion, they would be granted a special status and in the future, if their performance was noteworthy, Grand Shang would invest heavily in them to nurture them, and directly allow them to join the Royal Sacred Sect.

At the same time, the Grand Shang Empire would also allow some their talents to join the various transcendent powers. These selected powers would have strength greater compared to the ordinary transcendent powers of Grand Xia.

One could well imagine how great the commotion and impact this news caused. Numerous demon-level talents all headed straight for the Grand Shang Empire the moment this piece of news was circulated.

As for those in the seven grand clans who were bestowed a Royal Sacred Medallion, they were each preparing for their journey to Grand Shang as well.

Right now within the Hua Clan, several of their experts gathered. The gazes of the crowd stared at the three silhouettes in front of them, their hearts trembling while their eyes all shone with an intense glow. One of the three was none other than Hua Taixu, the most talented of all members in the younger generation of the Hua Clan. The expectations the Hua Clan had towards him, was higher in comparison to any others.

“Farewell, be cautious in all things when you are out adventuring in Grand Shang.” The clan lord of the Hua Clan faintly spoke. The three Hua Clan members nodded their head. Soon after, their silhouettes flickered as they vanished.

At this very moment, in the Shi Clan, in the Wang Clan, the same scenario occurred. Their demon-level geniuses were all setting off, flying towards Grand Shang!

Who among these demon-level talents would be able to create a tempest that stirs up Grand Shang?!

AGM 474 – Injustice

Currently in Grand Xia, the various transcendent powers had all sent their demon-level talents out to temper themselves in the Grand Shang Empire. Jun Yu, under the circumstances of being unable to find any traces of Qin Wentian and his companions, was filled with extreme unhappiness as he left Grand Xia.

For a moment, the Grand Xia Empire regained some semblance of peace. However, there were still chaotic currents flowing about in the dark—it was already destined that Grand Xia would never be able to return to its former state of calm. The various transcendent powers were all making their preparations for the impending storm. They knew that the previous tempest was just a prelude to an even more terrifying one. All they hoped for was to stand strong and not fall against the imminent disaster. Hence, the endless plundering of the weaker sects by the strong, as each power did all they could to strengthen themselves.

Grand Shang Empire had an even longer history compared to Grand Xia. There was once a time when many territories of Grand Xia were actually under the jurisdiction of Grand Shang. It was only after an unprecedented genius appeared, and thus founded the Grand Xia Empire, did the ownership of these territories then shift to Grand Xia. However, despite losing some of their territories, the entire region of Grand Shang Empire was still much more vast compared to Grand Xia.

And another striking difference in comparison to Grand Xia, was that other than having several terrifying powers comparable or even exceeding the transcendent powers in Grand Xia, they still had the Royal Shang Clan. The Royal Clan itself was the strongest

power in Grand Shang.

In the South Central Region of Grand Shang Empire, Luo City!

The white clouds covered the skies, the harsh sun rays were filtered out, causing the atmosphere to be extremely comfortable at that moment. Several cultivators were in the middle of the air, with some mounted upon demonic beasts, leisurely flying through the clouds.

Right now, underneath a segment of clouds, there was a young man and young woman who projected an elegant and sophisticated air. The young man was inordinately handsome, the gleam in his eyes as dazzling as light from the stars. Occasionally, he would unseal the gourd in his hands and take a drink or two, appearing extremely relaxed. As for that young woman, she was akin to a snow lotus atop an ice mountain, so beautiful that it caused people to be breathless. She radiated an air that felt ice-cold, creating a sense of distance, preventing others from approaching.

Below them, was a demonic beast mount. It flew through the skies, a pegasus with glorious white wings. A great roc would be too conspicuous, hence Qin Wentian made Little Rascal transform into a pegasus instead.

“Qing`er, a mouthful for you?” Qin Wentian turned his head and offered the wine gourd to Qing`er. However, Qing`er only stared at him in silence before looking aside, ignoring his words.

“Since the beautiful lady is unwilling to accompany me, I can only enjoy this wine alone.” Qin Wentian shook his head and smiled bitterly. On their way here, other than cultivation, he would occasionally chat with Qing`er. But other than extremely rare moments where Qing`er would actually reply, most of the time Qin Wentian was only talking to himself. Truly, the interactions between him and Qing`er would often cause him to feel awkward and helpless.

Wasn't this lass a little too cold? But then again, if she weren't this way, she would no longer be Qing`er.

“Yiyi yaya...” The voice of Little Rascal suddenly sounded out in his mind. Qin Wentian almost spat out his mouthful of wine in anger as he cursed in a low voice, “Didn't you just empty one of the wine gourds just a few minutes ago? You still want to drink?”

“Yiyi.” Little Rascal bobbed its head furiously, Qin Wentian could only smile resignedly as he lightly rapped Little Rascal on its head. “Okay, lift your head.”

Little Rascal obediently lifted its head and stared towards the skies, its movement extremely fluent. Qin Wentian poured some of the wine he had directly into its mouth as Little Rascal drank it all up and gave a contented whine, lowering its head while licking its lips in satisfaction. However, its flight trajectory now drifted unevenly from left to right.

“Damn, drunk again?!” Qin Wentian rolled his eyes and tapped Little Rascal heavily on its head. “You little drunkard, we have no sense of safety riding on you when you're drunk. Hmph, if even a

little puppy like you dares to drink, I wonder how that person would look like when she's drunk? Will she still be as cold as ever? Or would her cheeks flush red from the influence of alcohol?"

Qin Wentian turned and winked at Qing'er, only to hear her replying, "I won't drink that."

After speaking, her silhouette flickered as she vanished completely.

"Eh, doing the disappearing trick again? You are still the most obedient one," Qin Wentian murmured as he patted Little Rascal. Evidently, Qin Wentian had come across this situation plenty of times.

"Our stash is empty, time to buy some alcohol again."

A rumbling sound echoed, Little Rascal understood his words and directly descended from the air. Qin Wentian was totally speechless, it seemed that Little Rascal was even more of an alcoholic compared to him.

Little Rascal dived downwards at an incredible speed. Below them was an extraordinary sight—a villa built atop a mountain peak. The majestic buildings within the villa were all a sight to behold.

"Not here, not here. Fly back up." Qin Wentian lightly nudged Little Rascal. Obviously, this was the residence of a major power. If

Little Rascal wanted to drink, it could jolly well find an inn instead, right?

However, very soon, Qin Wentian's eyes widened. A silhouette flew up in the skies and directly faced off against him. It was none other than an old man. He had an ice-cold countenance and eyes that glimmered with sharpness.

Below him, another old man appeared. The old man on the ground had an extremely clean and tidy appearance, and exuded an aura at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper.

Beside him was a girl in the prime of her youth. She had a lithe and graceful figure, with a pure countenance that was able to move the hearts of others. She seemed to only be around twenty-two to twenty-three years of age and she had a cultivation base at the peak of Yuanfu.

Suddenly, several experts appeared surrounding the pair. Their countenances were all solemn as they stared up at Qin Wentian as one. It felt as though they were facing off against an enemy.

This atmosphere caused Qin Wentian to feel extremely depressed. He didn't seem to be a great villain in looks or character, but these people had only taken a moment to view him with enmity. Qin Wentian could only paste a helpless smile on his face. During his journey here, Qin Wentian would occasionally do some kind deeds, destroying the bullies and helping the weak, so he was absolutely sure that he hadn't offended anyone.

“See what trouble you have gotten us into,” Qin Wentian scolded Little Rascal in a low voice. The old man with a cultivation base at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper glared icily at him. “Song Jia has already returned to Luo City. Why must the Yin Clan be so overbearing? Are your masters really determined to snatch my granddaughter away from me?”

“Huh...?” Qin Wentian felt a little strange. He couldn’t help but have a bitter smile on his face. No wonder this old man was on his guard, it seemed that his clan had offended someone.

“Sir, you must be mistaken, I’m only passing by and wanted to ask if you have some wine to spare.” Qin Wentian shook his head, his words causing the expression of the old man from Song Clan to falter a little. The other members were also stunned by his words as well.

Three days ago, the young master of Yin Clan spread a message throughout Luo City saying that he would bring the Little Miss of the Song Clan away on this day. This was the reason why the Song Clan were on their guard and also the reason why there was nobody in the surrounding area. Evidently, everyone in Luo City knew of this matter and had no wish to get involved.

Hence when Qin Wentian stopped by, the Song Clan naturally assumed that he was somebody from the Yin Clan.

“May I inquire, are you from the Yin Clan?” the old man asked.

“Do I look like I’m from there?” Qin Wentian had a wry smile on

his face.

The old man started for a moment, then surveyed Qin Wentian in detail. The man before him looked extremely young, only about twenty-four or twenty-five. Although he couldn't tell his actual age, from the demeanor Qin Wentian projected, it was unlikely that he was beyond thirty. Such a young man who had such an extraordinary cultivation base couldn't possibly have been sent here as a lackey of the Yin Clan.

As the old man thought of this, he shook his head. It seemed that he had assumed wrongly due to a moment of nervousness. The old man clasped his hands, "Apparently, this has all been just a misunderstanding. This old me is named Song Qin, I am truly apologetic."

Although Qin Wentian was young, his aura was extraordinary. He was definitely someone with a powerful background.

"Since it's just a misunderstanding, there's no need for any apology." Qin Wentian waved his hands, he hadn't really minded it.

"Although my Song Clan isn't a large clan, we do have plenty of great wine. If you do not look down on us, you may enter the villa and take what you want. Sadly, my Song Clan still has some matters to settle today, so this old man has no way to accompany you personally. After you acquire the wine, please make a move out soon, in case of any unexpected incidents occurring." Song Qin waved to a servant standing behind him. "Bring little brother to the wine cellar."

“In that case, I, Qin, would truly have to thank you.” Qin Wentian clasped his hands in thanks. After which, he patted Little Rascal on its head, Little Rascal seemed to understand his meaning and immediately swooped downwards, following that servant into the villa.

“Old man, what happened here?” Qin Wentian followed behind the servant as he curiously inquired.

“Ai...” The old servant sighed. “Little Miss has always been kind and doesn’t easily form a grudge with others. However, when trouble is bent on coming, there’s no way to avoid it even if you want to. If we knew this would happen, the clan lord wouldn’t have sent the Little Miss out for cultivation. However, that would truly be a shame considering Little Miss’s talent.”

The old servant wasn’t willing to speak too much. He led Qin Wentian to a wine cellar situated in a courtyard deep in the villa. This place truly had many different types of wine, each of excellent quality.

“These are all from our villa’s finest harvests throughout the years. I don’t know when we’ll need it again. The Clan Lord has commanded that since little brother appears here today, it must be a form of fate. In that case, just take whatever you want to and after that, please leave this area immediately,” instructed the old servant before he turned and left, leaving Qin Wentian alone, giving him permission to take whatever he wanted.

“Seems like the Song Clan has really run into huge trouble.” Qin Wentian pondered as he stared at the departing back of the servant. It seemed like the servant was willing to shoulder what was coming together with the Song Clan. It was truly rare to find men of character like that.

With a wave of his hands, several of the wines stored here floated up and then was stuffed into Qin Wentian’s interspatial ring.

After that, Qin Wentian sent his perception outwards and an instant later, he could clearly ‘see’ everything in that area.

The Song Clan were still on their guard, and there was still a conspicuous lack of other cultivators in the surrounding area. Evidently, most people already knew what was going on—only Qin Wentian himself had wandered up idiotically to ask for wine.

After some time, a black-robed, middle-aged man whistled through the air. This middle-aged man radiated sharpness, and had an ancient sword strapped behind his back. His eyes were akin to sharp swords and the instant he appeared, a powerful sword-might bored downwards, enveloping everyone in the Song Clan. That sword intent, coupled with the powerful pressure, caused the countenance of those from the Song Clan to turn pale.

So this was the enemy they were waiting for, someone who was also at the peak of the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper. It was obvious that the Yin Clan knew the strength of the Song Clan extremely well. They’d directly sent out an expert with a cultivation base that was higher compared to the strongest in the Song Clan.

The eyes of the black-robed man landed on Song Jia as he icily stated, “Come with me.”

“Sir, my Song Clan is willing to pay out half of our wealth. Please inform your young master that we begged for his mercy. Please spare Song Jia.” Song Qin knew that it was hopeless to fight. The aura of the black-robed man was too terrifying. He would only be throwing the lives of his clan members away if he ordered them to resist.

“Bzzz!”

A massive killing intent gushed forth, pressing down on everyone. The black-colored sharp sword strapped behind the black-robed man’s back started vibrating. Although it hadn’t left its sheath, everyone could feel a storm of sword qi stirring in the air.

“Do you want to come here, or do you want me to personally bring you here?” the black-robed man coldly continued. Song Qin’s expression turned ashen. “Sir, if you continue to force us, our Song Clan can only choose to battle.”

“No...” Song Jia who was beside Song Qin, shook her head as she spoke, “Grandfather, it’s fine. Let me return with him.”

“Impossible.” Song Qin directly rejected.

“We can’t stop this.” Song Jia had a look of despair as she shook her head yet again. Even if the Song Clan fought to their deaths, it wouldn’t change anything.

“Grandfather, this granddaughter of yours is unfilial.” Song Jia trembled. She then flew up in the air and moved towards the black-robed man.

“Song Jia...” Song Qin, as well as Song Qin’s parents, all had ashen expressions on their faces. Their aura surged up, only to hear the black-robed man coldly snorting and unsheathing his sword, causing the storm of sword qi to gust even more intensely.

“I’ve already promise to leave with you,” Song Jia stated. Only then did the black-robed man stop his actions. He turned about and grabbed Song Jia as he departed the area.

Qin Wentian had seen the entire scene from the beginning to the end. In this cultivation-oriented world, the strong were everything. There were too many things of injustice. He had met several incidents on his journey to Grand Shang and would help if his capabilities permitted him to. However right now, the Yin Clan who was their enemy, seemed to have an extraordinary status. If he acted now, his actions might bring calamity down on the entire Song Clan instead.

“Sigh, such a troublesome matter. I guess I have to collect my payment in advance,” Qin Wentian muttered. He stared at the remaining wines stored in the wine cellar and collected them all with a flick of his sleeves.

After which, his silhouette flickered as he vanished completely from his original location!

AGM 475 – Scarlet Demon Halberd

After Song Jia departed, Song Qin and the rest continued standing there. Song Qin trembled in anger, his countenance flashed with sharpness as he barked out an order, “They have gone too far. Relay my command, commence the dissolution of Song Clan. Within one day, all of us will leave Luo City.”

The gaze of everyone stiffened, staring at Song Qin. Someone then called out, “Clan Lord..”

“I initially wanted to use the resources of our clan to exchange for a glimmer of hope, to get them to pardon Song Jia. Seems like that’s nothing but a fool’s dream. It’s better if we dissolve now. In the future, my actions won’t implicate the rest of our clan.” Song Qin’s gaze gleamed with a cold light, he had already made his decision.

Everyone sighed, in this dog-eat-dog world, the strong prevailed. They could only lament that their Song Clan was too weak.

The crowd dissipated, that old servant who brought Qin Wentian to the wine cellar earlier was also in a listless daze. He wanted to lend the aid of alcohol to dissipate his melancholy yet the instant he stepped into the wine cellar. He stood there unmoving, stunned. He was unable to believe his eyes.

The wine cellar had been cleaned out completely, not even the smallest flash of wine remained.

“That little brat went too far. This is obviously a daylight robbery, robbing us dry when we are facing external troubles.” The old servant silently cursed as he shook his head. Naturally, he didn’t know that at this moment, Qin Wentian was already trailing behind the middle-aged, black-robed man.

The black-robed man had already taken Song Jia out of Luo City. From observing his behaviour, Qin Wentian was content to follow behind them for now as the black-robed man didn’t seemed to be intending to do anything to Song Jia.

The black-robed man had a cultivation at the peak of the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper and he travelled by means of stepping on a flying sword. With his speed, he travelled over ten thousand miles in a single day. The poor Qin Wentian did so as well, following him secretly from a vast distance away.

And at this moment, an ancient sprawling city appeared in front of the black-robed man. This city projected an air of grandness, it was many times more prosperous compared to Luo City. In fact, the grandness of the city ahead exceeded even the main cities of the nine continents of Grand Xia.

The black-robed man continued on his way, however at this moment, a voice drifted over from afar. “What a beautiful woman.”

“Mhm?” The black-robed man frowned. He halted his steps and glance backwards, he could feel a surge of pressure emanating from behind him.

“Leave the beauty behind and scram.” A cold voice descended, the words it spoke causing the black-robed man to snort coldly. With a wave of his hands, a powerful sword intent gushed forth from him, wanting to lacerate the person behind him.

“RUMBLE!”

However, at this moment, his mind shuddered violently and his countenance paled as another even more powerful surge of sword intent directly penetrated his sea of consciousness.

This person must be a Sword Cultivator and it seemed that he was even stronger than him!

The black-robed man roared and prepared to pull out his sword but right at this moment, a figure clad in a long robe could be seen standing above him. The features of this figure were slightly blurry, no one could tell for sure what he looked like.

That figure in long robes stomped down in mid-air as an overwhelming pressure flooded the black-robed man’s mind. The black-robed man wanted to pull out his sword but he realised that his actions were no longer under his own control. Such a Mandate was simply too terrifying.

“Who are you?” The countenance of the black-robed man was incredibly unsightly as he asked.

“You are not qualified to learn my name. I will give you a choice, scram now or die.” The figure standing in the air coldly remarked. The black-robed figure clenched his fist, and responded with a swift action of flying away on his sword. The sword intent madly gushed forth from him, zooming towards the defenceless Song Jia.

“Impudent.” The figure in the air stomped down again. The black-robed figure groaned as the overwhelming pressure directly ravaged his body, causing him to cough out a mouthful of blood. At that instant, the sword intent that was gushing towards Song Jia had also dissipated. He didn’t dared to try anything else and rapidly sped away.

Song Jia inclined her head, staring at the figure in the air with something close to terror on her face.

This person was so powerful. With a single step, he forced the black-robed man to retreat, with the second step, he injured the black-robed man.

Such prowess surely belonged to those at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper or above. However right now, her heart was filled with even more worries. The tone of this figure earlier, truly sounded lascivious.

“Senior.” Song Jia’s voice quavered.

“Don’t worry, although you are a beauty, this lord has seen too many peerless beauties. I don’t really hold any interest towards you.” The figure in the air laughed before his silhouette whistled

through the air, departing the area. This scene caused Song Jia to heave a sigh of relief as she bowed in the direction where the figure had flew off. “Many thanks to senior.”

Watching as that silhouette completely vanished, Song Jia sighed. Hesitation was visible in her eyes before she finally shook her head and continued on towards that sprawling city ahead. She actually chose not to return?

Behind Song Jia, Qin Wentian felt extremely bewildered by Song Jia's choice. He was sitting on the pegasus which Little Rascal had transformed into as they trailed her from the back. Earlier, he had purposely waited for the opportune moment as he didn't want to implicate the Song Clan. His actions ensured that the black-robed man would definitely report back up saying that Song Jia was rescued by an expert, but who would have thought that Song Jia would actually choose not to return.

Opening the wine gourd, Qin Wentian took a draught, enjoying the taste before bitterly smiling and shaking his head. “Since I've taken the entire wine collection of your Song Clan, I suppose I'll have to help you till the end. I guess this act of being a flower protector* could also be considered a form of tempering.

Qin Wentian mumbled on as though trying to console himself and continued following Song Jia, stepping into that ancient city.

This city was named the Xuan King City, it was one of the seven Grand King Cities in the Grand Shang Empire.

Grand Shang was different from Grand Xia. The royal clan in Grand Shang has vast amounts of power and authority, only a select few supreme powers were outside their jurisdiction.

The Seven Grand King Cities were manned by troops from the Royal Clan, and were feudal fiefdoms that were lorded over by the lesser branches of the Royal Shang Clan. The purpose of the King Cities is to help the Grand Shang Empire control their vast territories. These main cities were the overlords of each of their areas and were exceedingly prosperous.

A single Grand King City could be divided into numerous small cities, and at the very centre of each king city, there would be a vast area where several mountain ranges and lakes existed. In the Grand Shang Empire, everyone would send the talents of the younger generation into a king city for cultivation since the centre of the king cities held many major powers.

Song Jia, was precisely a disciple of one of the major powers in Xuan King City. However, because she offended someone whose status far exceeded hers, her sect didn't want to protect her and she almost implicated her clan members. It could be said that she was currently in an extremely miserable state.

After entering the city, Song Jia first chose an inn to settle down. Qin Wentian followed her all the way and eventually chose a room right next to her.

The inn was very small, thus their rooms were all connected. Hence, it was easy to be disrupted in the middle of cultivation and naturally, for things like secret transactions and whatnot, it was

totally impossible to maintain privacy. Only, in such a huge city, the prices of staying at a good inn were completely outrageous. A huge number of Yuan Meteor Stones would be needed just to stay at a good inn for a single night. Hence, those who chose the smaller inns would usually have a weaker cultivation base. They didn't even have enough Yuan Meteor Stones for their own cultivation, how would they bear to splurge on things like staying in an expensive inn?

And although using one's perception to secretly spy on others was a great taboo in the perspective of cultivators, Qin Wentian had no choice. His perception was constantly locked onto Song Jia, monitoring each and every one of her actions.

The worry on Song Jia's face never faded. She stayed in her own room and faced the mirror, gazing at her reflection. She undid her hair bun, allowing her soft and silky hair to cascade down like a waterfall. After which, she removed her outer clothing and started grooming herself in front of the mirror. Yet, there were also traces of unshed tears in her eyes.

"There's a beautiful woman in the Song Clan named Song Jia. She condensed her first Astral Soul at the age of twelve and stepped into Yuanfu when she was eighteen. Grandfather, father, the hope you have in me gratifies my heart, yet I have let all of you down. In this cultivation world, the word 'conscience' is a foreign concept. To please the king, the Yin Clan didn't mind sacrificing a multitude of lives because they wanted to obtain the scarlet halberd. No one dared to say anything and the majority even wanted to offer their fellow sect members to the Yin Clan as sacrifices. I only spoke the truth, yet a calamity rained down upon me, not even a single person stood out to speak for me."

Song Jia murmured, as she spoke, the pain in her heart resurfaced as tears finally streamed down her face. Uncle Li, her protector, had already died in the process of ensuring that she got back to the Song Clan safely. Yet the Yin Clan had refused to spare her. They had even sent a message saying that they would send someone to get her in three days and if there were any resistance, they would simply wipe out the Song Clan. What could she do? She could only wait there to be captured obediently.

“Although there was an expert saving me, if I really returned, the Yin Clan would definitely exterminate my clan. Why does my entire clan need to die when I can just settle things with a single death?” Song Jia continued sobbing, she then lay down on the bed and stared blankly out of the window.

A girl in the prime of her youth shouldn't have to worry about stuff like death. However, Song Jia didn't have a choice.

After hearing Song Jia's heartfelt words, Qin Wentian also felt somewhat moved. In this cultivation-oriented world, there were simply too many people who didn't mind using underhanded and ruthless means for the sake of obtaining benefits. Qin Wentian had also encountered similar things before. However, his resolute heart already determined that as long as he lived in this world, he would protect the purity of his heart.

“Well at least, nothing should happen tonight.” Qin Wentian mused as he walked out of his room with Little Rascal who had returned to his original form.

As night descended, the Xuan King City seemed as lively as before. Lights lit up the entire city and very soon, Qin Wentian and Little Rascal entered a restaurant.

Gossips and news would usually be easier to acquire if one frequent inns and restaurants.

Sitting within, he soon took note of those who loved to gossip and trained his perception on them as he sat down in an inconspicuous corner of the restaurant. After some time, one of the gossipers left, Qin Wentian followed and upon passing a random alley, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he appeared in front of that gossip.

“What are you trying to do?” An aura at the peak of Yuanfu gushed out as that person noticed Qin Wentian blocking his way.

“Hmph.” Qin Wentian coldly snorted. A single snort was enough to cause the heart of that gossip to tremble. The coldness that radiated forth from the eyes of Qin Wentian made the gossip feel as though his soul froze. He knew that he had just met a terrifying character.

“Senior, what can I do for you?” The attitude adopted by the person immediately underwent a complete change.

“What is the scarlet halberd, and what has the Yin Clan done for the sake of obtaining the scarlet halberd?” Qin Wentian asked, his question causing the expression of the gossip to stiffen. Glancing left and right, and upon noting the coast is clear before he finally

replied, “Senior, the scarlet halberd refers to the scarlet demon halberd. It’s a divine weapon forged by a fifth-ranked Grandmaster named Chi Yezi. A member of the feudal clan in the Xuan King City broke through to the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper. He let out word that he would heavily reward someone who could create the most tyrannical halberd for him to use as a weapon.”

“After the young master of the Yin Clan learnt about this, he went to seek out Grandmaster Chi Yezi to forge a halberd. Chi Yezi had forged a number of halberds yet the young master wasn’t satisfied with their quality. Chi Yezi then replied, top quality divine weapons with an air of tyranny could only be forged at the moment during which one was obsessed to the point of madness, possessed by their heart’s demons due to one’s emotions. After the young master of the Yin Clan heard that, he grinned coldly and ordered the slaughter of Chi Yezi’s family, wanting to drive Grandmaster Chi into madness. After that, the young master of the Yin Clan continued threatening Grandmaster Chi and pressured him into forging more halberds. Unexpectedly, Grandmaster Chi agreed. Right after the new halberd was forged, Grandmaster Chi killed himself, using his life as a sacrifice to perfect the air of tyranny, imbuing his creation with it, causing the halberd to be known as the scarlet demon halberd. The Yin Clan couldn’t care less about his death. After they received news that the halberd had been perfected, they ordered their men to retrieve it, yet everyone who went, never returned. All of them died due to mysterious reasons. The young master of the Yin Clan naturally wouldn’t give up. He sealed the entire area where Chi Yezi used to reside and issued an order forbidding people from entering. After that, the Yin Clan forcibly recruited talented people, hoping that they would be able to retrieve the demon halberd.”

The volume of the gossip got lower and lower as he spoke, as

though he was afraid of being overheard. When he finished, an intense rage boiled in Qin Wentian's heart.

“This incident caused the Yin Clan to received heavy criticism. However, nobody dared to say this straight to their face. Because of their reputation, it wasn't suitable for the feudal royal clan to step in or for them to mobilise their Ascendants.” That person continued. Reputation? At the cost of countless lives? Qin Wentian's fury was palpable and could clearly be felt in the air. At the end, he asked for the location of Grandmaster Chi's residence and flew right towards the scarlet demon halberd.

A short time later, Qin Wentian came to the dead zone sealed by the Yin Clan. Under the cover of the night, the death qi in the area was extremely heavy. He stood atop a building as his perception stretched out. An instant later, underneath the silver moonlight, a dominating blood-colored halberd could be seen embedded in the ground some distance away from him. Terrible cries and roars of wrath could be heard emanating forth from the halberd, as though the soul of the deceased Chi Yezi was still filled with reluctance and was full of vengeance!

AGM 476 – Heavenly Mountain, Treasure Seizing Assembly

Qin Wentian's heart trembled involuntarily as he stared at the blood-colored demon halberd embedded in the earth. What an intense aura of vengeance.

After all, Chi Yezi was a fifth-ranked Grandmaster and had an esteemed status that was widely respected by others. Who would have imagined that the silk pants young master of the Yin Clan would be so despotic, forcing him to the brink of madness by slaughtering his clan members, and thereby indirectly causing him to commit suicide, using his life as a sacrifice to the halberd, causing the aura of vengeance exuding from it to tower up towards the heavens.

Even after his death, Grandmaster Ye obviously wanted to kill the young master of the Yin Clan. Hence, those who were sent to retrieve the halberd all died there. The young master only escaped due to having a powerful protective treasure. As a result, he sealed this area and sent batches of people for the retrieval mission. He wanted to observe the strange points of the halberd, thereby causing the death of several cultivators.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered. Under the cover of the bloodsoaked night, he moved in the direction of the halberd. The nearer he got, the stronger the feeling of something influencing his state of mind could be sensed. There was an unknown energy that caused him to feel panic and irritation.

Finally, Qin Wentian was only a few steps away from the

halberd. Abruptly, he felt a blood-colored glow enveloping him within, transporting him to a realm created by the halberd. In this space, withered skeletons could be seen everywhere. The sky and earth were dyed red by blood as terrifying demonic howls echoed out loud in the air, striking fear into the hearts of people.

Blood-colored rays of light shot into Qin Wentian's mind yet his eyes remained clear. He calmly stared at the deceased soul in the halberd as he spoke in a low voice, "Senior, my heart is resolute, the will of the Mandate of Dreams won't be able to affect me."

Right now, Qin Wentian already understood what the origin of this energy was.

Chi Yezi was also someone that was proficient in the Mandate of Dreams. He could enter others' sea of consciousness and cause them to be trapped within a dreamscape.

However, given the tempering experience Qin Wentian had when in the Royal Tomb, when he came face to face with the terrible nightmare borne of his own heart demons, Chi Yezi's dream will was nothing in comparison.

That deceased soul was still unwilling and shrieked in a mad manner as it lunged towards Qin Wentian in a frenzy.

Qin Wentian sighed as he shook his head, "Senior's veangance caused the death of so many, yet your enemy is still well and alive. Why must senior persist?"

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian continued stepping out, moving closer and closer to the scarlet demon halberd. He stretched his hand out and directly placed it on the halberd as he let out a roar, “Let me be the bearer of your vengeance.”

The instant he came into contact with the scarlet demon halberd, the towering aura of vengeance all transformed into light rays that shot into his mind. His sea of consciousness descended into chaos, this dream world was trying to peer into his memories. How could Qin Wentian fall for it? In the Royal Tomb, that experience that was like him entering samsara and living a whole new life. How terrifying and cruel was that? The state of his heart had long transcended what it used to be. The energy of a dream world left behind by a dead man was not strong enough to shake his resolve in the slightest.

“Junior doesn’t dare to guarantee, but if there’s a chance, I shall use this halberd which senior personally forged to slay your enemies, using their blood to cleanse your hatred.” Qin Wentian spoke as he sliced apart his finger, allowing a drop of blood to flow on the runic inscriptions carved on the halberd. At the same time, his intent bored into the halberd and erased the mark Chi Yezi had left behind.

After which, with a wave of his hands, he directly pulled out the halberd and stored it inside his interspatial ring.

“Let this place regain its peace.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. His silhouette flickered as he vanished into the darkness.

The next morning, the news of the halberd's disappearance soon spread around, causing people to feel extremely shocked by it.

It disappeared? Was the scarlet demon halberd taken away by someone?

Could the Yin Clan have finally thickened their face and sent out a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant to silently steal the halberd in the middle of the night? But of course, no one would dare to speak about this in public, they only speculated silently among themselves.

Yet, the truth was that a certain young master of the Yin Clan flew into a towering rage. He had exhausted all his efforts to obtain this tyrannical ancient halberd and even used all the means at his disposal to ensure that the creation was successful, ruining his reputation in the process. Such an ending angered him so much that he coughed out blood. His scarlet demon halberd was stolen by someone.

Not only that, he also received a piece of news yesterday that caused him to be terribly unhappy. The man he sent to capture Song Jia was actually injured by an expert during his return journey. Also, Song Jia was taken away. These two matters caused him to be extremely unhappy and dissatisfied.

As for Song Jia, she was currently in that small inn. And just when she went down for breakfast, her heart couldn't help but felt a wave of mournfulness upon hearing the news that the scarlet

demon halberd had gone missing. This must definitely have been done by those from the Yin Clan.

“Miss Song, what a coincidence.” Suddenly, a voice drifted over causing Song Jia’s expression to falter. She lifted her head and stared in the direction of the voice, feeling extremely astonished.

“Why are you here?” Song Jia stared at Qin Wentian who was carrying Little Rascal in his arms. This fellow seemed completely confident and at ease.

“Just wandering about, I didn’t think that I would meet Miss Song Jia here.” Qin Wentian smiled and sat in front of Song Jia. “Earlier Miss Song was pressured and forced by someone else, now that you have regained your freedom I assumed that you must have met miraculous encounters en route. Why are you not returning to Luo City?”

Song Jia’s countenance visibly dimmed as she heard his words. After which, she shook her head and replied, “I’m too used to the methods of the Yin Clan. They wouldn’t rest until they accomplish their objective. If I return, he would still send someone over to Luo City and harass my clan members. At that time....I don’t know what kind of methods he would employ, I don’t want to implicate my clan.”

“In that case, are you planning to voluntarily walk into the trap? Is this something your clan members are willing to see?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Today, the Xuan King City is organising a Treasure Seizing Assembly at the Heavenly Mountain and people of the major powers would all attend, including the young master of the Yin Clan, Yin Cheng. I will apologise to him in front of the public and beg for his forgiveness. Maybe, because of face, he might agree to release me. Although doing this is extremely pathetic, I don’t want to see my clan members sad because of my death. If all possible avenues are not exhausted, I truly don’t wish to become a skeleton when I’m still so young.”

Song Jia calmly added, “In life, there would be moments where one has to lower their heads. If I was more mature earlier, I wouldn’t have uttered words which should have been left unspoken, leading to this situation today.”

Qin Wentian stared at the calm-looking Song Jia as he sighed in his heart. Indeed, one’s experiences would cause one’s thinking to change. After experiencing this matter, Song Jia’s mindset was evidently changing gradually.

“It just so happens that I’m bored and the Treasure Seizing Assembly seems like something interesting, I’m willing go with you to take a look.” Qin Wentian laughed casually, yet he was silently sighing in his heart. Initially, he planned to silently rescue Song Jia and that would be the end of it. Who knew that this girl would choose to voluntarily walk into the trap. Qin Wentian couldn’t stand by idly while watching her delivering herself to death.

“Since I took their wine, I’ll just have to deal with whatever trouble that comes along I guess.” Qin Wentian murmured in his

heart.

Song Jia lifted her head to glance at Qin Wentian before nodding her head slightly, “That’s fine. But after we arrive at the Heavenly Mountain, you must not be seen walking together with me. My matters with the Yin Clan might implicate you if they see us walking together.”

Qin Wentian didn’t reply and shifted the topic away. After eating their breakfast, they set off towards the Heavenly Mountain.

As Song Jia saw Little Rascal transforming into a pegasus before her eyes, her eyes couldn’t help but to flash with a brilliant light.

“This is Little Rascal’s transformation ability. Come on up, we will still need you to lead the way.” Qin Wentian smiled. Song Jia hesitated for an instant before nodding her head and mounted Little Rascal.

The Heavenly Mountain was located in the western region of the Xuan King City. It was extremely vast, spanning across the entire western region and enveloped the borders of the city, even stretching out into the distance.

Although there were almost an endless number of experts in Xuan King City, the vastness of the mountain range was such that there would undoubtedly be secrets in this vast area that were impossible to probe. There were also a number of hidden cultivators choosing to cultivate in the mountain range around the Heavenly Mountain.

And because of how mysterious the Heaven Mountain was, there would occasionally be some unique treasures appearing here. And over time, every half a year, the Heavenly Mountain would organise a Treasure Seizing Assembly where an astronomical number of cultivators would come to participate.

Right now, the main peak of the Heavenly Mountains was bustling with activity, it was exceptionally lively. The people coming forth to trade their treasures were almost countless.

However, the Song Jia of this moment couldn't find it within herself to feel any enthusiasm. She walked on the mountain path and spoke to Qin Wentian, "Every time the Treasure Seizing Assembly is organised, it would be split into different segments. Those who are Yuanfu Cultivators would occupy the foot of the mountains, for those Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns below the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper, they would occupy the area around the mountain waist. If you want to buy or sell valuable treasures, you can only do so at the peak of the mountains."

"Yin Cheng has already stepped into the third level of Heavenly Dipper. In this Treasure Seizing Auction, he will definitely invite some of the disciples from the major powers in Xuan King City over with him to the waist of the mountain to participate in the treasure seizing." Song Jia spoke as she continued, "Let's separate here, I will head over to the mountain waist. Don't stick with me anymore."

"Mhm." Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly. Song Jia also didn't expect that Qin Wentian would agree to it so easily and

straightforwardly, she couldn't help but to feel a sense of disappointment in her heart. In times of despair, people would always wish to find something, a strand of hope to cling to. Although she wasn't willing to implicate Qin Wentian, she couldn't help but feel hurt when she noticed that Qin Wentian didn't even react protectively.

Turning, Song Jia had a look of distress on her face as she moved towards the mountain waist.

Little Rascal transformed back to its original form and was carried by Qin Wentian as they walked along the mountain paths. Qin Wentian's perception stretched out and soon after, he made his way towards a cultivator setting shop up in the area ahead.

"Boss, are these scrolls of divine inscriptions?" Qin Wentian stared at the old man manning the shop as he asked.

"Little brother's eyes are truly good. You should have some talent in the field of Divine Inscriptions. These scrolls I have for sale is able to create a shield of divine inscriptions that can withstand a single strike of a Celestial Phenomenon Ascendant. It's really not a bad item if you are looking for a life-saving treasure." The old man stroke his beard, laughing as he commented.

Qin Wentian lightly shook his head. These items didn't really have much use to him. If he truly met someone far above his level, the scrolls would be expended merely after a single strike. No matter what he still wouldn't be able to escape.

“Do you have any space transference inscription scrolls instead?” Qin Wentian inquired. Although he was able to inscribe divine inscriptions, he wasn’t proficient in the Mandate of Space. Back then in the Unmatched Realm, Qin Zheng was the only one that had comprehended it. It was also naturally because of his insights in Space that allowed him access to all thirty six mountains.

“No.” The old man shook his head, “The item you are looking for requires not only someone with a mastery in divine inscriptions, that Grandmaster also has to be someone that has gained insights into the Mandate of Space. Also, the price would differ depending on the distance transferred. The further it was, the more valuable the scroll would be. For items like these, you might want to try your luck at the mountain waist. However, even if there’s an item like that for sale, the members of the various powers would surely be fighting over it. You wouldn’t have a chance to acquire it nonetheless.”

“Thanks for the guidance.” Qin Wentian clasped his hands. With a smile on his face, he continued on the mountain path, walking towards the waist of the mountain.

He naturally understood how valuable the item he wanted to buy was. But now that he was out travelling in the vast world alone, it would naturally be better if he could purchase some life-saving treasures!

AGM 477 – Presenting Treasures

As for the Heavenly Mountain Treasure Seizing Assembly, there was naturally a reason why the words ‘Treasure Seizing’ were in it.

This assembly wasn’t just a place for people to meet to do simple transactions. There were two truly important places – one at the peak of the mountain where the top-tier experts gathered. There would be mutual trade occurring between experts and that place was cloaked in endless mysteries. Cultivators below the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper were barred from entering because the treasures that appeared there would definitely be exceedingly valuable to the point that even Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants might come out to vie for them.

The second important place was at the waist of the mountain. Just like what Song Jia had said to Qin Wentian, Yin Cheng would gather a group of his peers from the various major powers to participate in treasure seizing over there.

The Treasure Seizing Assembly basically constituted an extremely simple relationship. There would be someone presenting their treasures while the others would seize them.

Those that present treasures would call out their conditions for a transaction, allowing interested parties to accept. Of course, if there were more than one party interested in the presented items, the seizing of the treasures would then begin. The saying went that as long as the item you presented was valuable, you wouldn’t return disappointed. An example was that if there were two parties interested in an item, they would engage in combat, the winner

obtaining the right to purchase the item from the seller. This was what ‘treasure seizing’ meant.

And every time the Heavenly Mountain Treasure Seizing Assembly started, the area at the waist of the mountains would be the most lively. Because the requirements to enter the mountain peak was too strict, the majority of cultivators participating would all be at the waist of the mountains. It could be said that for every treasure seizing assembly, it wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that the area around the mountain waist would be flooded by people.

Qin Wentian followed the pathway and continued up. There were many transaction booths opened by vendors on the pathway, yet to Qin Wentian, these ordinary items naturally had no way to attract his interest. Over the years of being engulfed by storms of blood, he had accumulated plenty of wealth. If he could find treasures that were suited to him in this assembly, it meant that he wouldn’t have made a wasted trip.

The mountain waist was an extremely large piece of flat land. It was like a long corridor that pierced right into the centre of the Heavenly Mountain. This place was a boiling cauldron of voices, there were tens of thousands of cultivators gathered all around a pathway, solely for those treasure presenters to walk on.

That pathway led to an empty and spacious land. The treasure presenters would walk over there and present their treasures to see if any cultivators in this assembly was interested in their items.

Further up ahead would be the precipice of the mountain.

However, around there, there were numerous elegant-looking pavilions for the purpose of allowing people to chat and relax. Only extremely famous people or members of major powers in the Xuan King City would qualified to be there.

Those people were the main characters of the Treasure Seizing Assembly. In the previous assemblies, the majority of items presented were all bought by this group of people.

“Truly befitting the name of a Treasure Seizing Assembly, what a grand event.” Qin Wentian mixed himself in with the crowd as he mused in his heart. Those around him were all engaged in their own discussions, speculating who were those austere presences that had the qualifications to sit within the pavilions up ahead.

Qin Wentian’s gaze shifted over there. With just a single glance, he could tell that there were over ten camps. Majority of the cultivators there were Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns that were the cream of the crop from the major powers of Xuan King City. Evidently, most of them would be extremely young, below the age of fifty.

Qin Wentian’s eyes were currently onto the characters sitting down on the main seats in the two largest camps over there. The person on the left had a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper, and an extremely fair skin. He gave off a gloomy and sinister aura although he was quite good looking. Although his eyes were smiling, they would occasionally erupt forth with a sharpness that contained faint traces of coldness within. Just a single glance was sufficient to tell Qin Wentian that this person was an extremely ruthless character. He also exuded a kind of

innate arrogance that people born in high standing positions would have.

According to the discussions around him, that person was none other than the young master of the Yin Clan. Although this person committed many atrocities, he wasn't just a useless silk pants young master. Stepping into the third level of Heavenly Dipper at the age of twenty five, his talent in the Yin Clan could be considered extremely outstanding. And just from the story of him forcing a fifth-ranked Grandmaster to the point of exterminating his entire clan already indicated that this was a man who would spare no expenses, even using despicable and underhanded methods to achieve his aims.

Naturally, he dared to do these things because the authority his clan had given to him was extremely great. This was why he even dared to make a move against a fifth-ranked Grandmaster.

However, the most dazzling character in the Xuan King City wasn't him. But rather, it was the person currently standing beside him that effortlessly attracted the attention of the crowd.

This person was a woman whose beauty could be considered at the level of toppling cities with a single smile. Her skin was as fair as snow, and her features were flawless. What was even more outstanding was her aura, projecting a sense of coldness and nobility. Most in the crowd would only dared to fantasize about her deep in their hearts but every time the gaze of the woman swept by, they would lower their heads, not daring to match the gaze of that beautiful eyes.

This woman was an extremely famous beauty in the Xuan King City. If ranked according to beauty, she would absolutely be placed within the top three. But if one was talking about background, she was none other than the princess of the Xuan King's Manor.

Regardless when talking of her beauty or background, the vast majority of the crowd could only look down and be ashamed of their own inferiority.

Qin Wentian's attention was also slightly attracted by the beauty of the princess, hence he snuck a few glances at her. It was only natural for men to be attracted to women of beauty, although those with a resolute heart wouldn't allow their hearts to be wavered in the slightest while others couldn't resist and were drowning in her beauty.

Qin Wentian was looking at the princess, but given his current state of heart, he only found the princess to be extraordinary, but wasn't to the point of being submerged by her beauty. After all if one were to talk about beauties, there were truly few that could match Mo Qingcheng from Chu or the ice princess Qing'er.

Shang Yue's gaze swept about the crowd. Abruptly, her brows lightly creased as her eyes landed on a young man. This young man was clad in white and had an ancient sword strapped on his back. He appeared clean and simple, and had hints of an innate pride in his aura. He was the only one who made no attempts to hide his gaze while looking directly at her.

Shang Yue's gaze flashed with sharpness, Qin Wentian naturally sensed it. He casually laughed and shifted his eyes away, only then

did Shang Yue shift her attention away.

Qin Wentian then turned his gaze onto the other cultivators gathered around Shang Yue and Yin Cheng. Just from a single glance was sufficient to tell that these people all had an extraordinary background.

On the left of Yin Cheng, there were several young men and women sitting in the pavilions. Each of them radiated a formidable presence, and they were all actually at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper.

These people were none other than disciples from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect, the most powerful sect in the Xuan King City.

The disciples of the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect were naturally proficient in sword arts. They were especially famed for their powerful attacks, as for Yin Cheng himself, he was also cultivating in there. Not only him, Song Jia was also from the same sect but because of that one incident where she rebutted him in public, speaking about her feelings on the matter of the scarlet demon halberd, Yin Cheng decided not to spare her.

On the right of Yue Shang was a powerful aristocrat clan. The Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan was extremely famous in the Xuan King City as they were one of the three aristocrat clans residing within.

And further to the right of them were people from the Wind Roc

Aristocrat Clan.

The Yin Clan, Golden Fire Clan and Wind Roc Clan were the three grand aristocrat clans within the Xuan King City. Among them, the Yin Clan was the strongest with the Golden Fire and Wind Roc Clan lagging slightly behind. Despite so, they were both also extremely terrifying with Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants at their foundations. Their strength even exceeded the transcendent powers in Grand Xia.

Other than these, it was needless to say that all who sat in the pavilions were disciples or members of extraordinary powers in Xuan King City.

Before this, Qin Wentian had already understood the strength of Grand Shang. The Seven King Cities were supreme powers that even exceeds the transcendent powers of Grand Xia. The strongest King City even had Ascendants at the peak of Celestial Phenomenon, there was no need to doubt their level of strength. And as for the few strongest sects and clans, they even had the capability to resist Royal Authority should they joined their forces. From this, one could see how powerful they were as well.

Grand Shang was an entire tier higher compared to Grand Xia.

Right now, since he was adventuring alone in one of the King Cities of Grand Shang, it would naturally be better if he could obtain some life-saving treasures. As for Qing`er, she was many times stronger compared to him, he had no need to worry about her.

“Princess, I see that many others are already prepared to seize the treasures. How about we start the treasure presentation?” At this moment, Yin Cheng’s eyes gazed on Shang Yue who was standing next to him as he asked with a smile on his face.

“I’m here today as a participant. You can decide.” Yue Shang’s voice wasn’t loud, but it was extremely clear and caused people to feel extremely comfortable when listening to it.

“Right.” Yin Cheng nodded as he smiled. After which he turned his gaze onto the crowd and spoke, “For this Treasure Seizing Assembly, I believe that the treasure presenters won’t caused the rest of us to be disappointed. As long as your treasure is valuable enough, no matter what you want, just state your conditions confidently.”

The atmosphere in the air exploded with the words of Yin Cheng. These people around Yin Cheng all had an extraordinary background. If the treasures of the presenters weren’t powerful enough, they couldn’t even be bothered to glance at it. Hence, the majority of the treasures to appear in the Treasure Seizing Assembly would most definitely be unique and powerful treasures.

Right at this moment, a silhouette could be seen on that pathway. The eyes of the crowd all focused onto that silhouette only to discover that it was actually an extremely youthful female. Not only that, she didn’t wear a mask to obscure her features.

Yin Cheng frowned, as a sinister cold light gleamed in his eyes.

Song Jia still dared to appear in front of him?

Those from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect also had expressions of bewilderment as they stared at Song Jia.

Song Jia walked right to the centre, her eyes on Yin Cheng as she spoke, “Song Jia is here to apologise today for that incident where she ran her mouth off by uttering nonsense and offended senior Yin Cheng, and damaging his reputation. I hope senior would pardon Song Jia for her ignorance.”

Yin Cheng snorted coldly in his heart. Song Jia was truly intelligent, using such an occasion to apologise in front of the crowd. Him, as a member one of the grand aristocrat clans in Xuan King City, naturally would care about his prestige in public and wouldn’t be too harsh to her. She was truly quite smart to use this method to protect herself.

But sadly, wasn’t her way of thinking a little too naive?

Although Yin Cheng was thinking this way in his heart, he had a forgiving smile on his face.

“Song Jia, you blackened senior Yin Cheng’s reputation in public and even dared to appear in front of him begging for his forgiveness now?” At this moment, a young man from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect radiated coldness and stepped out. This person used to admire Song Jia and was interested to woo her. But now that she had offended Yin Cheng, he decided to change his stance.

Song Jia gritted her teeth as she looked at that person. That person was a senior named Yang Ting and had an extremely high talent. However, he was exceedingly lustful in nature and had harassed her many times.

“Song Jia, for your actions, I should demand an internal duel and slay you for your words. But seeing how we are from the same sect after all, I can spare your life if you agree to be my slave. For the Treasure Seizing Assembly today, I shall be the first presenter. The treasure I want to present shall be here, I’m willing to accept a lower-grade Yuan Meteor Stone in exchange. Song jia, are you willing?”

Song Jia paled, she bit hard on her lips. Indeed, Yin Cheng had no plans to spare her. He was trying to humiliate her, making her a slave and stating that her value was only worth a lower-grade Yuan Meteor Stone.

“I... I’m willing.” Song Jia’s voice was trembling. She had no more path left, either she dies here or she implicate her entire clan.

The crowd naturally knew who was she and couldn’t help lamenting in their hearts. However with the status of the Yin Clan in Xuan King City, who could do anything to him? The fact that he blatantly killed off an entire clan was known by everyone, yet no one dared to speak of it publicly. Song Jia had done did exactly that, how was it possible that she was not a target for his revenge?

“Since that’s the case, and seeing how we are both from the same

sect, I will take in Song Jia in case she lands in the hands of some evil people and is subjected to unspeakable deeds. I will take good care of you in the future.” Right at this moment, the lustful senior of Song Jia, Yang Ting’s eyes sparkled with an evil and excited gleam. He had long wanted Song Jia’s body, this was truly a perfect chance.

Those from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect naturally knew of Yang Ting’s intent. However, Yang Ting talent was high and had a cultivation at the third level of Heavenly Dipper in addition to the support of Yin Cheng. How could anyone stand forth to compete for Song Jia and risk offending Yin Cheng?

“This girl is mine.” Right at this moment, a voice drifted over from the crowd. The words spoken gave the crowd pause as their expressions stiffened. Turning their gaze over in the direction of the voice, everyone was trying to see who was the one that dared to compete with Yin Cheng!

AGM 478 – Spatial Brush

An instant later, the gazes of everyone landed on the speaker.

This man seemed extremely young, about twenty-four to twenty-five of age. He was clad in white, and had a clean and handsome look. His aura was retracted and he had in his hands a cute snowy puppy. The only thing that indicated he was a cultivator was the ancient sword strapped on his back.

Of course, this person was none other than Qin Wentian.

Yin Cheng stared at Qin Wentian as a cold light flickered in his eyes, as a threatening intent burst forth from him while Shang Yue who was beside him had a look on despise upon her face. No wonder this person was so audacious and dared to match gaze with her. So it turns out that he was nothing but a lecherous man, using lust to boost his courage. Right now he was actually despicable enough to want to use a low-grade Yuan Meteor Stone to bring Song Jia away.

However, with the rules of the Treasure Seizing Assembly, when would it even be Qin Wentian's turn even if he wanted to bring Song Jia away.

Song Jia was also extremely startled, she never thought that Qin Wentian would follow her all the way here. She couldn't help but to hint Qin Wentian with her eyes, wanting him to give up because she didn't want to implicate him.

Yet Qin Wentian acted like he didn't see anything. He hugged that snowy puppy and had a smile on his face, as though his actions earlier by was an extremely ordinary thing that was not worthy of notice.

As for Yang Ting, killing intent surged out of him. Qin Wentian was simply courting death.

“Do you know the rules of the Treasure Seizing Assembly?” Yin Cheng smiled as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“Naturally. The treasure presenter would state his conditions, and as long as one could match his price, the transaction is considered complete. If there's more than one who is interested in the merchandise, they would determine via combat strength to see who have the right to 'seize' the treasure.” Qin Wentian nonchalantly replied. This was why treasure seizing was in the name of the assembly! Every time there was this event, only disciples of major powers would dare to 'seize' treasures from their counterparts. Most of the time, ordinary people dared not compete for them at all.

Using combat strength to determine the buying rights. The victor shall be the owner of the item. However, when it comes to a fight, injuries and even death are but of course, extremely commonplace.

“Since you know of it. Are you sure you want to make a bid?” Yin Cheng asked again.

“For the sake of that little beauty there, there is no need to

attempt to dissuade me. How wonderful would it be if I could see her daily.” Qin Wentian laughed, seemingly unaware of the fact that he had already offended Yin Cheng. A moment later, Yin Cheng glanced at Yang Ting, as a smile of cruel amusement flashed by his eyes. Yang Ting then stepped out and cast a glance at Song Jia, “Junior sister please be at ease, I shall do my best to protect you and won’t let you fall in the hands of others.”

Song Jia’s countenance stiffened, her expression was incredibly unsightly as she turned to glance at Qin Wentian. Yang Ting was a ruthless man, yet his cultivation base was powerful. How could Qin Wentian resist against someone at the third level of Heavenly Dipper? Considering Qin Wentian’s age, him being able to step into Heavenly Dipper so young was already a great feat, but to defeat Yang Ting? That was almost impossible, she knew that Yang Ting would definitely not show mercy.

“Are you ready?” Yang Ting walked to the front of Qin Wentian as he faintly asked, “If I am to make a move, I’m afraid you wouldn’t even have the chance to retaliate.”

As the sound of his voice faded, a powerful sword qi burst out of Yang Ting. His sword flew out of its shield as an intense sword might radiated out from him. He moved step by step towards Qin Wentian as his sword hovered above his head. Occasionally, his sword would also flashed with the fearsome purplish light of lightning.

“Not too bad.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded upon sensing his opponent’s sword might. The ancient sword strapped on his back started vibrating as the sounds of a sword keen rang out

unceasingly.

“I only need a single slash to deal with you.” As Yang Ting spoke, a thunderous rumbling sound echoed out. His sword struck down with the explosive force of a thunderbolt, slashing across space, boring right down onto Qin Wentian.

Upon seeing the grandeur and beauty of such a shocking swordplay, everyone instantly felt pity for Qin Wentian. Those from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect were all known for their powerful sword techniques. Regardless of their Astral Souls' attributes or whatever their will of Mandates, they could all infuse them together into their swordplay. Yang Ting's sword was like a bolt of thunder striking right down with enough force to split the oceans apart. Even if Qin Wentian had the same level of cultivation as him, just this single strike was sufficient to heavily injure him.

Yet, Qin Wentian remained unmoving. That thunderbolt-like sword instantly arrived before him. If this sword strike landed, death was a certainty.

Song Jia paled as she averted her gaze, she wasn't willing to see Qin Wentian being slain just like this.

“Rumble...” The sound of a thunderbolt echoed out, a shockwave and a burst of light flooded the area. The gazes of the crowd widened as they stared intently at the figures in combat only to see the thunderbolt-sword being forcibly halted right before it landed on Qin Wentian.

There seemed to be a mysterious energy around Qin Wentian. Although it didn't feel very strong, it gave people the feeling that he could just stand there unmoving and Yang Ting wouldn't be able to hurt him.

Yang Ting's countenance instantly turned ashen. He stared at Qin Wentian in disbelief, he could feel that his sword was hindered by a terrifying interference.

"DIE!" Yang Ting stabbed forth with a finger as he howled, wanting to penetrate through Qin Wentian's head.

Yet only to see the white-robed young man stepping out with utter nonchalance.

Right at this moment, the vibrating sword behind Qin Wentian finally moved. As a sharp and clear sound rang out, the ancient sword was propelled out of the sheath by half as a fearsome sword keen enveloped Yang Ting. Yang Ting could feel an intense sense of danger, he immediately retreated with explosive speed. However, even with the speed of his reactions, he already felt fresh blood spurting out from his throat. Halting his retreat, his body trembled. He could feel a sense of coldness on the area around his throat.

Stretching out his hands and placing it around his throat, Yang Ting paled. His heart pounded at an increasing rate, as he felt the deepness of the laceration. Just half an inch deeper he would have lost his life.

The thunderbolt sword lost its luster and fell to the ground. With a flick of his hands, a low-grade Yuan Meteor Stone flew out and landed in front of Yin Cheng as Qin Wentian smiled, “That settles it, this girl is mine.”

Yin Cheng still hadn’t recovered from his shock. If he was the one facing Qin Wentian instead, what would happened?”

An attack of sound waves, shadowless and formless. This kind of second level insights could kill people in an instant.

Upon seeing the Yuan Meteor Stone flying over, Yin Cheng’s hands snaked out and accepted it. He turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian and asked, “Might I inquire your identity?”

“Just a nameless someone that’s not worthy of mention.” Qin Wentian faintly replied, “Since today is the Treasure Seizing Assembly, how can there be no one seizing the first treasure offered?”

After speaking he moved to an empty pavilion and sat down. Shifting his gaze onto Song Jia, he spoke, “Why are you not coming over to serve me yet?”

Song Jia started, she glanced at Qin wentian before running to his side. Looking at the this white-robed figure, she involuntarily drew in a deep breath. So it turns out that this man who came to her clan seeking wine was actually such a powerful expert. At the very least, he should be at the third level of Heavenly Dipper and had terrifying combat strength. Yang Ting’s sword couldn’t even

face up to the sword intent of him.

“Massage my back.” Qin Wentian spoke. Song Jia started once more. Qin Wentian turned back and cast a fierce gaze at her, implying her to go along with it.

“Okay.” Song Jia nodded her head and started her massage. Her heart was filled with puzzlement, she had no idea what Qin Wentian’s plans were. Was he really going to use her as a servant?

If Qin Wentian knew of Song Jia’s thoughts, he would definitely cough out blood from anger. Song Jia didn’t want to implicate her clan. That was why despite him saving her once from the black-robe man, she still chose to come here to look for Yin Cheng. And now, he showed his face openly to save her once again, asking her to temporarily put up an act before he would let her go later. Only in this way would Yin Cheng not bother her again.

Upon seeing Qin Wentian commanding Song Jia, Yin Cheng laughed silently in his heart. Seems like even if Song Jia belonged to him, she wouldn’t have it easy either. With such a beauty in his control, how could Qin Wentian resist his urges?

Shang Yue originally thought that Qin Wentian was someone extraordinary upon seeing him fight. Yet she never imagined that Qin Wentian would be so vulgar, this discovery caused her to be somewhat disappointed.

Yang Ting retreated with embarrassment. Yin Cheng glanced at Qin Wentian again, giving him silent consent to sit in the pavilion.

After which, he called out towards the crowd, “Let the Assembly continue, is there anyone who still wishes to present their treasures?”

As the sound of his voice faded, another person walked out from the crowd. This person was clad in black and had a mask obscuring his face. Naturally, no one felt weird by his appearance, in this Treasure Seizing Assembly, having a covered-up appearance was an extremely ordinary thing.

“What is the treasure you wished to present?” Somebody in the crowd called out.

That person flicked his hands and a moment later, a fire cauldron appeared in the middle of the air. An incomparable heat was circulating around the fire cauldron, as though there were powerful flames that couldn’t wait to burst out from it.

“I want a thousand pieces of fourth-layer Yuan Meteor Stones.” That masked man stated his conditions. After a short period of time, an old man stood out, “I’ll take it.”

Yet in the direction where the members of the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan was at, sharpness glimmered in the eyes of a young man as he stared at the fire cauldron. “This item is mine.”

The old man’s gaze stiffened slightly as he saw somebody from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan contesting against him. His expression faltered as he waved his hands in defeat, “Forget it, I don’t want the fire cauldron anymore.”

“Go bring it over for me.” The young man from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan commanded one of his servants.

The experts from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan excelled in fire-attributed arts. They had the ability to devour unusual flames to nourish their blood, allowing their Golden Fire Bloodline to grow even stronger. This was an innate ability unique to them. Hence, this fire cauldron was well suited to him.

After the transaction, the black-robed treasure presented immediately mingled among the crowd as he rushed away at great speed.

After which, there were treasure presenters coming out one after another to sell their items. Some were seized forcefully by those sitting in the pavilions while others were obtained by members of the crowd. There were even the occasional dispute which was settled by the individual's combat strength.

Qin Wentian silently watched on as Song Jia continued massaging his back. Qin Wentian had a satisfied smile, yet he didn't know Song Jia was gritting her teeth, and silently cursing him in her heart.

“This Treasure Seizing Assembly is truly extraordinary, with many unique treasures appearing here.” Qin Wentian mused. After ‘seizing’ Song Jia, he had not made a move but chose to observe silently instead. He hadn't met another item that was capable of moving his heart.

At this moment, yet another figure clad in black walked out. However, his features was shown to all, and he looked to be immensely old. Just a single glance sufficed to tell Qin Wentian that this old man's cultivation base was unfathomable.

This black-robed old man didn't waste words, he immediately took out the treasure he wanted to present.

The item he took out was a golden brush about three foot in length. The instant it appeared, spatial energy waves could be felt emanating forth from it, causing gleams of sharpness to appeared in the eyes of several people.

"This spatial brush is something I've obtained under a stroke of good fortune. I need a cultivation art in exchange for this, a peak-tier, Ascendent-level cultivation art." The old man stated his conditions, causing a chill in the hearts of several. Not many would be able to match his conditions.

Yet Qin Wentian's eyes glimmered with a bright light as he heard that.

This item was something he must obtain at all cost.

"I'm interested." A person from a major power stated.

"I, Yin, also wants this item." Yin Cheng's lips curled into a cold smile. This brush was definitely something extremely rare. Even

though an Ascendant-level cultivation art was extremely valuable, it was worth the price to exchange for it.

The expressions of the crowd turned heavy, nobody expected that this spatial brush would cause such a commotion.

“This brush belongs to me.”

A cold sounding voice echoed out, causing the gaze of the crowd to stiffen as they landed on the female silhouette standing beside Yin Cheng.

Shang Yue’s eyes were fixated on the spatial brush as a bright glimmer could be seen within them. This item must definitely belong to her!

AGM 479 – Beneath Me To Bully You

“So many people wants this? But since princess Shang Yue has spoken, there should be no more contest.”

After Shang Yue’s voice faded, silence descended on the entire Assembly as the gazes of the crowd focused on the spatial brush in the old man’s hand.

Spatial energy has always been considered an extremely rare ability and was exceedingly powerful when used for attack or defense. And if one’s comprehension in the Mandate of Space reaches a certain level of insight, they could even achieve spatial transference, otherwise known as teleportation.

Judging from the spatial energy fluctuations emitted from the spatial brush, those who were skilled in the Mandate of Space would definitely be able to augment their attack power if they have this.

In addition, there was still a special usage for the spatial brush. If there was a divine inscriptionist that was ranked high enough, they could use this to inscribe spatial divine inscriptions onto scrolls, creating spatial transference scrolls which could be used to save one life when one was in danger. The life-saving treasure Qin Zheng used to send the whole lot of them out of the Vermilion Bird Formation World back then was precisely a spatial transference scroll.

Hence, there would naturally be many experts who wished to

contest for this treasure.

Yin Cheng as well as the princess all came from major powers. It was obvious that they would be able to find powerful Divine Inscriptions Grandmasters to create spatial transference scrolls for them. In fact, they could even sell the scrolls for a tidy sum of profit which would boost their resources by hefty amounts.

“To many, this spatial brush is merely an accessory. But to those who had the connections necessary to seek out Divine Inscriptions Grandmasters, this was an almost priceless treasure.” Many speculated in their hearts. But of course, if a high-ranked Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster obtained this spatial brush, the value to them was on another level totally.

And Qin Wentian, was precisely a high-ranked Grandmaster.

Closing his eyes, Qin Wentian immersed himself in searching through his memories. An instant later, he found what he wanted. The ancient scroll of divine inscriptions he obtained from the Xia Emperor had the necessary information to create a spatial transference scroll. However, the degree of difficulty was insanely high and requires the inscriptionist himself to have insights in the Mandate of Space. Of course, if he could obtain this spatial brush, everything would be much easier for him.

After thinking of this, his eyes snapped open as a glimmer of sharpness flickered within.

“Song Jia, help me to buy these items.” Qin Wentian transmitted

a voice message to Song Jia as he toss an interspatial ring to her.

Song Jia's eyes widened as she silently cursed this fellow in her heart for treating her like a true slave, ordering her to do this and that. But still, she still nodded her head, acceding to Qin Wentian's request.

There were shops set up by cultivators everywhere on the ancient path up the Heavenly Mountain, hence, many common materials could be found there.

At this moment, Yin Cheng laughed, diffusing the tension. "Since princess needs this item, I will of course not compete against the princess. I will withdraw my request."

After Yin Cheng made his stance clear, that young man from the major power also nodded in agreement. "I too, will withdraw my request. Since princess wants this, it shall naturally belongs to her."

Shang Yue was the princess from a branch of the royal clan that was sent to manage the Xuan King City. In addition to her background, she had a cultivation base at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper. Naturally, the members of the various major powers would not compete against her. Although this treasure was extraordinary, there was no doubt that they would offend the princess if they were so blind as to compete against her. Not only that, even if they wanted to seize the treasure, they have no absolute odds of success of being able to best her in combat as well.

“Since this brush is already fated to belong to the princess, you can just hand it over now. The princess will bestow upon you an Ascendant-level cultivation art.” Yin Cheng gazed at that black-robed old man as he spoke.

“I have to ask the princess, what cultivation art are you planning to use for an exchange?” The black-robed old man bowed slightly as he turned his gaze onto Shang Yue.

Yue Shang stared at him, her lips mumbled as she directly sent a voice transmission over. The black-robed man’s expression remained unchanged, and after a moment, he continued, “This cultivation art can satisfied my conditions indeed.”

“In that case, let’s proceed.” Shang Yi commented lightly.

“Hold on.” At this moment, yet another voice drifted out from the crowd. To everyone’s surprise, the speaker this time around was none other than another old man.

“This old man here is also interested in this spatial brush.”

The speaker was clad in a green-colored long robe and appeared extremely casual. Yet, he projected a sense of superiority.

“Grandmaster Qiu.” Shang Yue turned her eyes on this green-robed old man as an expression of surprise flashed past her face. This old man was a peak-tier fourth-ranked Divine Inscription Grandmaster and had a formidable cultivation base at the fifth-

level of Heavenly Dipper. If he were to compete against Shang Yue and seize the treasure, Shang Yue might not be able to win him in combat.”

“Princess, this old man truly needs this treasure.” Grandmaster Qiu looked at Shang Yue as he commented in an indifferent tone.

“Naturally, I know that Grandmaster Qiu’s attainment in the Dao of Divine Inscriptions is extremely high. How about this, if I obtain the spatial brush, I will personally invite Grandmaster Qiu to visit my manor.” Shang Yue spoke, her intent was clear. Grandmaster Qiu would be able to use the spatial brush to gain insights while she would buy over his spatial inscriptions. The words of Shang Yue caused Grandmaster Qiu’s eyes to brighten. Soon after, he clasped his hands and smiled, “Since princess is so understanding, I shall also withdraw my request.”

“Many thanks to Grandmaster.” Shang Yue smiled, yet there was no fluctuations to her expressions.

Qin Wentian’s gaze was fixed onto Shang Yue. Upon noting the calmness in her eyes, he knew that Shang Yue had never once treated Grandmaster Qiu as a true opponent.

“Hehe, congratulations to princess for obtaining the spatial brush.” Yin Cheng laughed. By his words, it seemed that the treasure already belonged to Shang Yue.

Shang Yue’s countenance was as serene as ever as she gazed straight ahead. It was rare that a treasure would move her. And

now that she came across such a treasure, people naturally wouldn't compete against her.

“I, Qin, wants this treasure as well.”

Right at this moment, an unwelcome voice echoed out, breaking the silence. The eyes of the crowd stiffened as they gazed in the direction of the voice. Once again, their gazes landed on the young man clad in white.

Yet that young man clad in white that was surnamed Qin was completely unperturbed. He stared at the black-robed old man and he was serious in wanting to compete for the spatial brush against princess Shang Yue.

Shang Yue frowned, her beautiful eyes flashing with unhappiness as she swept her gaze over to Qin Wentian. She then asked, “What cultivation art do you intend to use for trade?”

The black-robed old man similarly turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian. If Qin Wentian wanted his treasure, the cultivation art he takes out in exchange must first, moved the heart of the old man, before he would have the qualifications to compete against Shang Yue.

“Grand Xia, the neighbour of Grand Shang Empire, has a total of nine ultimate arts. This cultivation art I'm exchanging for the spatial brush with, is known as the Great Solar Universe Art. Those who cultivates it would birthed a new set of Great Solar meridians and after mastering it, they would exude a blazing aura

that could incinerate things that got too near to them. I wonder if this cultivation art is sufficient to meet your qualifications?” Qin Wentian stared at the old man as he transmitted his voice over. A few moments later, the eyes of the old man flickered with interest.

He naturally knew of Grand Xia. The cultivation art this young man wanted to use in trade was actually one of Grand Xia’s nine ultimate art. The value of the Great Solar Universe Art in comparison to the cultivation art which Shang Yue wanted to transact with, was on a different level entirely and far exceeds the value of the spatial brush.

However when it comes to trading, the value of things depended on one’s need. Qin Wentian had no need of the Great Solar Universe Art, but have great need for the spatial brush. Hence, he was willing to make the exchange.

Yet, the black-robed old man didn’t dare to directly refuse Shang Yue and agree to Qin Wentian. After all, he had already stated openly that Shang Yue’s cultivation art was qualified to meet his conditions.

The eyes of the black-robed man gleamed, he then spoke, “This cultivation art meets my conditions as well.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the expressions of the crowd faltered slightly. In that case, doesn’t that means that there would be a show to watch? Would the treasure end up being seized by the young man in white?

“Sir, how about giving me some face?” At this moment, Yin Cheng turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian as faint traces of coldness could be felt radiating from him.

It wasn't easy for a treasure that would move Shang Yue's heart to appear. Even he himself has given up yet this young man actually dares to compete against the princess?

“What has the Treasure Seizing Assembly got to do with giving face?” Qin Wentian's eyes bore into Yin Cheng as he shrugged indifferently. Instantly, a sinister light flashed past Yin Cheng's eyes, as unmasked killing intent could be seen within.

“This treasure isn't something you can acquire.” Yet another person spoke. This person was evidently from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect, and he was seating right next to Yang Ting, whom Qin Wentian defeated earlier.

“Do you know that not everyone can sit within these pavilions? The rest of us gave you face and didn't bothered you about it. You better have a sense of propriety and know when to retreat.” Another person from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan directly threatened.

“I'm here in accordance to the rules, and is ready to seize the treasure if need be. Yet you guys want to threaten me and force me to withdraw my claim?” Qin Wentian coldly snorted as he continued. “If you guys want use force to fix who the treasures would belonged to, why is there still a need to invite the treasure presenters up here? Or are you stupid enough not to understand what the words ‘Treasure Seizing’ means?”

Nobody anticipated that Qin Wentian would be so blind and not know when to retreat. The eyes of those members were from the major powers of Xuan King City all flickered with cold laughter and hints of pity as they stared at Qin Wentian.

A newborn calf truly doesn't fear the tiger, yet even they wouldn't be so stupid. The Treasure Seizing Assembly of course allows for people to seize treasures. Yet they still have to be intelligent enough to see who they were competing against.

Since the royal princess of Xuan King City herself personally stated that she wanted the treasure, who was he to compete against her?

“Indeed, everyone has the right to seize for treasures in the Treasure Seizing Assembly.” Shang Yue's countenance was a little unsightly when she heard Qin Wentian's words. Her eyes flashed with sharpness as she gazed at Qin Wentian, while a pressure radiated forth from her, so overwhelming that none dared to match her gaze directly.

“Your highness, every part of your body is too valuable to risk being injured in a common battle. Might I request to fight in your stead? If he's defeated by me, he naturally wouldn't have any qualifications to fight against princess.” A person from a major power stated, wanting to represent Shang Yue in the upcoming fight.

“Hmm I'm stronger than him. How about I being the one

representing princess in the battle?” Another person from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan also remarked.

“You guys hurry up and decide who would be fighting the battle. I will only fight a single round.” Qin Wentian suddenly interjected, his words causing expressions of interest to appear on the faces of the crowd.

This person had extraordinary strength and could effortlessly defeat Yang Ting. Yet among those from the major powers, Yang Ting’s strength was among the lowest. Did he think he had the qualifications to be so proud after defeating Yang Ting?

Shang Yue wasn’t somebody who was only a beautiful face. Regardless of her talent or strength, they don’t lose out in the slightest when compared to her beauty.

And in addition to that, the cultivators around her are all members from the major powers in Xuan King City.

What was Qin Wentian?

“What is level is your cultivation base at?” Shang Yue turned her gaze onto Qin Wentian as she questioned.

“Third level of Heavenly Dipper.” Qin Wentian replied.

“You are beneath me, I have no interest to bully you.” Shang Yue calmly commented with confidence upon hearing his words. It

wasn't because she looked down on Qin Wentian's strength, but instead, she was extremely clear regarding her level of strength.

She was a princess from the Royal Clan and had a bloodline limit. The cultivation arts she cultivates in are naturally those whose quality ranked right at the top. Her comprehension abilities as well as her Mandates are similarly as powerful, and it was scarce for her to find an equal opponent even when speaking of people who had the same level of cultivation base as her. In fact, she could even defeat ordinary fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Qin Wentian's cultivation base was only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. She knew without a doubt that if she fought, she could effortlessly dominate him.

"You better withdraw your claim on this treasure." Shang Yue pointed her finger right at the spatial brush held in the old man's hand. She disdained to act against Qin Wentian, it was too disgraceful to bully someone who had no background and with a lower cultivation base. Hence, once again, she chose to persuade Qin Wentian to give up.

AGM 480 – One Step, One Annihilation

The eyes of the crowd sparkled with interest. Who exactly was this young man clad in white?

The first time he appears, was to seize Song Jia, causing Yin Cheng great unhappiness.

But since Song Jia was already humiliated by him to the extent of willing to become his slave and as an object for trading, although Yin Cheng might be unhappy about Qin Wentian's actions, he wouldn't do anything to deal with him.

But this time was different. This spatial brush was a treasure which Song Jia clearly indicated her interest in. Yet, Qin Wentian still blindly dared to compete for it.

Could it be that Qin Wentian had no idea that with the appearance of princess Shang Yue here, even the members of the various major powers wouldn't stand a chance. Let alone a mere him.

Qin Wentian's thinking naturally wasn't something they could understand. When one was out in the vast world adventuring alone, how could they completely avoid offending others? Qin Wentian had long made his preparations and had no worries about stepping on the toes of these silk pants young masters. What he needed was to have more hidden cards up his sleeves, enabling him to have a higher probability of survival.

The spatial brush in front of him was completely what he needed. How could he give it up?

“This brush, is mine for sure.”

After Shang Yue’s voice faded away, Qin Wentian spoke with a voice that could sever iron. Momentarily, the entire space in this area seemed to freeze as several people even stood up.

The mountain wind started billowing, gusting onto people’s body, fluttering the long robes of the various geniuses from the major powers in the pavilions. Their gaze were all focused on Qin Wentian, as their combined pressure gushed out towards him.

This brush was his for sure?

Such an arrogant tone. Shang Yue already stated that she didn’t wished to bully him. From their perspective, it was only proper and to be expected as a matter of course, yet Qin Wentian, what made him have the qualifications to utter such words?

“Princess, allow me to acquire the brush for you.”

Beside Shang Yue, a middle-aged man stepped out and bowed.

Since this event was seizing treasures, and as a subordinate of Shang Yue, there was no difference if he competed on her behalf. During such occasion, he would naturally willing to step out and represent the princess.

“What’s the difference between myself competing if you do so for me? Others would say that our manor knows only how to bully the weak.” Shang Yue icily stated. Evidently, Qin Wentian’s arrogance caused her to feel deep satisfaction. However, the cultivation of the middle-aged subordinate was at the peak of the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, if she sent him, she might as well compete for the spatial brush herself.

How many snide remarks would people make and how damaging would it be to the royal clan’s reputation? Shang Yue who wanted a treasure ordered a fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign to fight against a young man at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. Wasn’t this a joke?

“My cultivation base is at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, right now in this area, regardless of how many fourth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were there, none of them would be able to defeat me.” Shang Yue stared at Qin Wentian as she continued, “I said before that I’m unwilling to bully you. Who knows that you are so obstinate and don’t know what’s good for you? In that case, is there anyone who is willing to represent this princess for a battle?”

After Shang Yue spoke, a number of silhouettes abruptly flickered as they appeared right in the middle of the central area for the treasure presenters.

These people were all extremely talented fourth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from the aristocrat clans. All of them smiled at Shang Yue and unhesitatingly said that they would be willing to

represent her for this battle.

Regarding Qin Wentian, they couldn't be bothered at all. If they were the ones who fought Yang Ting earlier, they could similarly suppress him effortlessly with no suspense. If not, they wouldn't dare to stand out at this moment.

Shang Yue's beautiful eyes stared at the group of those who stepped out. Ultimately, her eyes landed on a young man clad in a luxurious robe with imprints of golden flame on it. This was none other than a genius character from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan and was famed for his overwhelming and savage attacks. Ordinary fourth-level Sovereigns wouldn't be his opponents at all, let alone a third-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Once his golden flames inflict burns on his opponents, only death awaits.

"Jin Zhan, represent me." Shang Yue stared at that figure as she softly commented.

Jin Zhan's mouth curled up into a confident smile, as though he was already victorious.

The others all retreated, since the princess has already chosen, they were helpless to change her decision. They could only allow Jin Zhan to gain favor with her.

Jin Zhan's eyes slowly shifted onto Qin Wentian. The smile on his face contained a heavy hint of mockery as well as a heavy sense of contempt.

This man was truly courting death.

Since this was the case, he would grant him his wish then.

“Didn’t you want to seize the treasure? Why don’t you scram the fuck out.” Jin Zhan spat out. Qin Wentian casually cast a glance over, “Just a moment please.”

“Mhm? Jin Zhan furrowed his brows as a sardonic light flashed in his eyes. “You don’t dare to fight?”

“Just a moment please.” Qin Wentian repeated, his words causing the crowd to stir. Would this be true? The white-robed young man didn’t dared to fight against Jin Zhan?

“I don’t have the time to waste here with you.” As the sound of Jin Zhan’s voice faded, the bloodline in his body surged as a terrible current of heat circulated within his body. In his hands, a lump of golden flames appeared in his hands and a moment later, the space itself was contorted under that terrible heat, twisting and convulsing.

Jin Zhan stepped forwards, moving towards the pavilion Qin Wentian was in, the mocking smile was still clearly etched on his face.

Several people had expressions of pity on their faces as they watched the scene played out. For this battle, in order to please princess Shang Yue, Jin Zhan would definitely not show any

mercy.

However right at this moment, Song Jia breezed past the crowd and came to the pavilion Qin Wentian was in. As she noticed Jin Zhan's approach, her whole body involuntarily went stiff.

"Have you settle the things I asked you to?" Qin Wentian was as though he didn't noticed the approaching Jin Zhan, as he turned his gaze onto Song Jia and asked. Earlier, he asked Jin Zhan to wait a moment was precisely because his perception already told him that Song Jia was already returning.

"Yes, I managed to obtained several." Song Jia passed the interspatial ring back to Qin Wentian, her words causing Qin Wentian to smile as he nodded his head, keeping the interspatial ring. At the same time, he placed Little Rascal in the care of Song Jia, "Bring this little fellow with you as you walk around to enjoy the scenery."

At the same time, Qin Wentian transmitted a message to Song Jia. "From today onwards, Yin Cheng would surely gradually forget about you. Just return to your clan, if Yin Cheng tries to seek revenge, get your entire clan to silently migrate to some other places. My companion, Little Rascal, shall protect you while you exit this place."

Song Jia was dumbfounded, her beautiful eyes stared blankly at Qin Wentian.

"Don't worry, with this little fellow's speed, even if its someone

at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper, they might not even be able to catch up to it.” Qin Wentian reassured her. Song Jia bit her lips, knowing that Qin Wentian purposely offended Yin Cheng was all for the sake of her.

“Why are you doing this?” Song Jia asked in a low voice.

“Leave quickly.” Qin Wentian waved his hands. A moment later, Song Jia only felt a surge of powerful force pushing her away. That snowy puppy jumped onto her shoulders and at the same time, she saw Qin Wentian took out a wine gourd and ruthlessly gulped down a mouthful of wine in response to her question. There was no other reason, he accepted something from her clan, he did what he could to repay the debt. For the sake of wonderful wine.

Up until the point where Song Jia reunites with her father and mentioned this incident, did the old servant of the Song Clan knew that, that white-robed young man who stole away their entire collection of wine back then was no petty thief. He ensured the safety of his clan’s young missus.

Returning back to the present, as Jin Zhan neared, the golden flames crackled ominously, seemingly capable of burning through everything. Qin Wentian imbibe another mouthful of wine and spat out at the golden flames, causing a tower of fire to shoot up the heavens.

The crowd only saw a smile on the white-robed young man’s face. With the wine gourd still in his hands, he stepped towards Jin Zhan.

With that single step, both Heavens and Earth seemed to bend under a pressure. An overwhelming wave of killing intent gushed forth, even the spectators could clearly feel the fearsomeness of that intent when they were so far away.

However, the one who bore the brunt of that was Jin Zhan. The pressure of that step Qin Wentian took felt as though it was capable of annihilating him. It was as if a beam of sword intent penetrated through him, and blasted onto his Astral Novas.

“BOOM!” The energy of the Golden Fire bloodline completely exploded forth. Jin Zhan’s entire body was covered in flames, akin to a war divinity of fire as his Astral Novas rumbled the void, appearing above his head. A golden fire lotus revolved in the air, and with a wave of his hands, the golden fire petals danced in the air, firing towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian took another step forward. As the second step landed, Jin Zhan issued a groan of misery. He could feel the sword intent intensified in might and pierced right into his Astral Nova, penetrating it completely, leaving his Astral Nova covered in cracks.

Jin Zhan’s countenance turned pale, the confident smile of mockery had vanished completely. In fact, his current expression was a mask of panic.

He, Jin Zhan, was after all a famous person in Xuan King City, a talented member of the younger generation in the Golden Fire

Aristocrat Clan. If he failed here while representing the princess, although she might not say anything, she would definitely bore ill-feeling towards him in her heart.

Just two steps by Qin Wentian was sufficient to utterly crush Jin Zhan's confidence into nothing. Right now, Jin Zhan didn't even believe that he could still win.

His entire Astral Novas exploded into being, Jin Zhan performed incantation gestures with both his hands and abruptly blasted them forwards. Instantly, a powerful will of Mandate was unleashed as the entire space started burning. The petals from the Golden Fire Lotus was even sharper compared to blades, and was spiralling with great speed towards Qin Wentian. Right now, that scorching temperature was already about to combust and burn Qin Wentian.

Yet Qin Wentian's countenance didn't change the slightest. He stepped forth with his third step.

The Seven Annihilations Swordplay, killing with a single step, killing with a single thought.

As the third step landed, the flame petals all exploded underneath the pressure. The will from the Mandate of Swords erupted forth from Qin Wentian, lending the aid of this Kingly Sword Astral Nova, slamming into Jin Zhan's already damaged Golden Fire lotus, causing even more fissures to formed on it.

Jin Zhan paled, he howled in bloodcurdling agony as blood

splayed unceasingly out from the corner of his lips.

This scene playing out caused the eyes of countless in the crowd to stiffened as their countenance was suffused with terror when they stared at the young man in white.

Jin Zhan has been injured?

But the young man didn't even attacked him? He only took three steps forward.

One step, one annihilation. The might of each successive step, was stronger than the previous one.

Far away from here, in the middle of the air, Song Jia turned her gaze downwards as she felt that powerful sword intent from the Heavenly Mountains. Upon seeing Jin Zhan coughing out blood, her heart violently pounded as extreme shock suffused her features.

“So, it was him!”

Only now did Song Jia knew that the unknown senior who saved her from the black-robed middle-aged man back then was none other than Qin Wentian. Because he had concealed his features, she had always thought that one who saved her was an expert from the senior generation. But it turns out that he has always been protecting her by her side.

The wind gusted by, fluttering Song Jia's long hair. She took once last glance at that white-robed youth before turning away. There was a smile in her eyes, yet that smile was mixed with tears of self-reproach. How could she still blame him, why didn't she realised who he was earlier!

AGM 481 – Deceitful Method

Song Jia left with tears glimmering in her eyes. There was too much injustice in this world. Yet, kind souls still existed out there.

Nobody noticed Song Jia's departure. At this moment, everyone's focus was fully concentrated on Qin Wentian and Jin Zhan.

The third step of the white-robed young man landed, the pressure that he exuded forth was so overwhelming that everyone in the crowd was stifled. However, this wasn't sufficient to make them feel shock. What was truly shocking was that as the third step landed, Jin Zhan actually spat out blood.

The Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan was one of the three great aristocrat clans in Xuan King City. And although Jin Zhan wasn't the strongest genius in the younger generation in their clan, he could still be considered an extraordinary character. Outstanding talent with a powerful combat prowess, he could effortlessly defeat ordinary fourth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns let alone a third-level one.

However, when facing him, Qin Wentian didn't even make a move against him? Not only that, the aura emanating forth from Qin Wentian was truly at the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

Total suppression. the combat prowess of the two were on entirely different levels.

Jin Zhan turned pale, at this moment he felt as though the gazes of the entire world were being fully focused onto him, watching on as he was humiliated.

Spitting out another mouthful of blood, Jin Zhan howled in anger as though he was extremely dissatisfied in his heart. He had to continue on with this battle.

However just as the qi he was gathering about to explode forth in an all-out attack, Qin Wentian's fourth step landed. The next instant, Jin Zhan only felt an endless amount of sword intent cascading down from above onto his body. That formless sword intent formed a real sword of annihilation that drove right through him, cleanly penetrating him.

"Pu..." The qi which Jin Zhan had gathered, totally collapsed again. The impact flung him backwards, causing him to cough out even more blood as he landed onto the ground, shaking uncontrollably.

"His attacks are laced with the will of his Mandates. How overbearing." Jin Zhan was seized by terror in his heart. His breathing was irregular and his aura fluctuated rapidly. Qin Wentian stood a short distance away from him, calmly and silently regarding him. This made him feel an even more intense sense of humiliation.

However, right now, as the wind drifted past, Jin Zhan only saw Qin Wentian completely ignoring him as his silhouette flashed past him.

Qin Wentian directly appeared in front of the black-robed old man. After which, Qin Wentian glanced at Shang Yue as he stated, “This treasure belongs to me now.”

Qin Wentian won the treasure seizing battle. In that case, the spatial brush naturally belonged to him.

The black-robed old man nodded his head. He silently heaved a sigh of relief at the result, the cultivation art Qin Wentian was offering in exchange evidently moved his heart more. It was only because he didn’t want to offend princess Shang Yue too directly that he didn’t immediately say yes to Qin Wentian’s offer.

“Wait.”

As the sound of Qin Wentian’s voice faded, Yin Cheng directly spoke. He was staring right at Qin Wentian, his eyes glimmering with a cruel light. “This man is extremely crafty, is he really at the third level? He definitely must be using trickery and deceit to conceal his true cultivation base for the sake of seizing the treasure. That earlier battle can’t be counted.”

The eyes of the others from the major powers all gleamed with a bright light. Yin Cheng himself was an extremely crafty individual. Right now, his words were undoubtedly telling the others to go along with him.

“That’s right, how can this guy’s cultivation base only be at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. Who would have thought that we

would all be tricked by him.

“This man is too scheming, let’s kill him.”

The other talented geniuses from the major powers all started to join in as they cursed at Qin Wentian.

From their words, Qin Wentian sounded like the most evil villain to ever have existed in this world. Only his death would be able to leave them satisfied.

Even upon seeing this, Qin Wentian didn’t react. He still seemed as calm as ever.

In the Heavenly Mountain Treasure Seizing Assembly, the rules were as such. If there were two or more parties wanting the treasure presented, they would settle it via direct combat. Naturally, the treasure would go to the victor.

And now, even after he defeated Jin Zhan, they felt that he had only defeated Jin Zhan. All of these people still felt that they would easily be able to press him to death. Hence, how could they allow the princess to feel disappointment? How could they allow Qin Wentian to obtain the spatial brush so easily?

“That’s right. Look at how powerful your Mandate of Swords is. You are definitely masking your true cultivation.” Yin Cheng found a strand of life-saving grass and immediately launched himself at it. His eyes gleamed with sharpness, staring at Qin

Wentian.

“I conceal my cultivation? So what if it’s true, so what if it’s not? Who was the one who won in the end?” Qin Wentian didn’t answer nor deny the claim. He swept his gaze over as he calmly replied.

“Hehe, your refusal to deny means that I’m right.” Yin Cheng’s lips curled into a cold smile, “Since this is the case, this meant that you tricked the princess. Your lower cultivation base was the only reason why the princess sent out Jin Zhan to represent her. If not, how could you win if she fought personally?”

“Oh, is that so?” Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto Shang Yue as he spoke, “I, Qin have already made it clear that I will only be fighting one match. I’ve done what I said.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian’s eyes erupted forth with a terrifying light, sweeping through everything before landing right on Yin Cheng.

Yin Cheng still had that cold smile on his face. Momentarily, he clapped his hands as a number of silhouettes flickered beside him, all of them directly lunging towards Qin Wentian.

“Seems like you totally disregarded my words.” Qin Wentian icily stated. As he spoke, a resplendent golden light shot out of the centre of his brow. Yin Cheng who was still smiling, abruptly felt a churning energy rampaging in his mind, as though someone took a sledgehammer and smashed into it, heavily jolting it. The instant

his eyes locked gazes with Qin Wentian, he felt as though he was sinking into endless darkness. There seemed to be a countless number of evil demons intent on ravaging his mind.

“Do you want to die?” A voice coldly rang out in Yin Cheng’s mind. Yin Cheng miserably howled with madness, as though he was being tortured in an abyss of excruciating pain. When Qin Wentian lowered the intensity of his will, Yin Cheng’s veins were bulging out from the attack as his hands were balled into fist. In extreme pain, he roared, “ALL OF YOU, RETURN.”

The experts under him exchanged gazes with each other before coming to a halt. However, among them, there was one peak fourth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who ignored the order and continued advancing towards Qin Wentian. He stepped out with overwhelming force, causing the earth to tremble from the power of his step.

“Bzzz!”

A flood of astral light inundated the area as Stellar Transposition was executed. In the eyes of the crowd, they only saw crimson glow flashing past.

Qin Wentian vanished and reappeared at his original location in a split-second, as though he had never moved from there at all. The throat of that peak fourth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign glistened with blood. His eyes widened in horror at the prospect of death as both his hands were clutched around his throat. Was he going to die just like this?

As a soft sound echoed out, his body slumped lifelessly to the ground. Even in death, his eyes were still filled with a strong sense of shock and reluctance as they stared in the direction of the young man clad in white.

The white-robed young man actually dared to kill people here?

Not only that, his strength was simply too terrifying. Even someone at the fourth-level of Heavenly Dipper wasn't a match for him.

In fact, even if Shang Yue herself stepped forth, she might not have absolute odds of success if she faced off against this young man.

“Revealing killing intent? Perhaps you think I, Qin, am someone easy to bully?” Qin Wentian coldly snorted. Instantly, another fearsome surge of sword intent penetrated right into Yin Cheng's mind, causing him to shriek in agony once more as he clutched his head with both his hands, revealing expression of intense, excruciating pain. The sight of him in this manner caused many in the crowd to gape in shock.

What kind of innate technique was this? Was this a pscheforce attack?

Yin Cheng's experts retreated back to his side, yet their eyes were still flickering with fear as they stared at Qin Wentian.

“Hmph.”

Qin Wentian coldly snorted once more as he released Yin Cheng. Only now did Yin Cheng return to his senses. His sinister countenance was totally warped. His expression spoke of volumes of hatred as he gritted his teeth and glared with murder in his eyes at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Shang Yue, “What now? Can you not afford to lose?”

Shang Yue stared at the white-robed young man in front of her. She knew that she had made a mistake in her judgement, if the truth was that this young man didn’t conceal his cultivation base, it must mean that he was a demon-level talent that even exceeded those Heaven’s Chosens from the various major powers in Xuan King City.

Although Yin Cheng’s cultivation base wasn’t high – only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper, it was widely acknowledged that his talent for cultivation was extremely high. After all, Yin Cheng was still extremely young. But despite this, when facing against the young man in white, why did it feel like it was even possible for the white-robed young man to insta-kill Yin Cheng?

“Since I’ve lost, this treasure naturally belongs to you.” Yue Shang emotionlessly stated, her words causing others in the crowd to draw in a breath of cold air.

Her, the princess Shang Yue, had actually lost to him in the Treasure Seizing Assembly.

Regardless how it was carried out, the final victory belonged to the white-robed young man who had never been seen in Xuan King City before. Not only that, he appeared as though he was only about twenty-five years of age.

Qin Wentian did not waste anymore time, he immediately retrieved an ancient scroll and passed it over to the black-robed old man. “The information you want is inside this. Please take a look.”

The hands of the old man trembled as he accepted the scroll. Swiftly after, he sunk his perception within and an instant later, his eyes gleamed with sharpness. After that, he passed the spatial brush in his hands over to Qin Wentian and immediately turned and departed the area.

In the Treasure Seizing Assembly, the vast majority of the treasure presenters would choose to conceal their features and leave directly after they obtained what they wanted. It was better to be safe than sorry, there had been cases of treasure presenters being killed and looted before.

Qin Wentian immediately stowed the spatial brush away after he received it. Shang Yue’s eyes bored into him, flickering with a strong unwillingness. She couldn’t help but to add, “Since you have already acquired this spatial brush, I wonder if you would be willing to sell it to me? No matter what price you want, I will definitely match it.”

The crowd was thunderstruck by Shang Yue's comments, they didn't expect that Shang Yue would be so dead-set on acquiring that brush.

Even if Qin Wentian was willing to transact, he would definitely demand an exorbitant price to gain more benefits. At the very least, he would demand a price that far exceeds the value of the cultivation art he used to trade.

"Not interested." Qin Wentian directly forestalled her, his words causing the expressions on Shang Yue's face to stiffen. Unwilling to give up, she continued, "How about carefully thinking over it?"

"I, Qin am not interested to waste my breath on this topic." Qin Wentian coldly spoke. The spatial brush was extremely important to him. How could it be possible for him to sell it to Shang Yue.

Shang Yue, as a princess of Xuan King City, was a woman of extreme beauty in addition to being highly talented. Who wouldn't give face to her? Nobody had ever rejected her before, and let alone doing so in such an arrogant manner.

Lightly biting her lips, Shang Yue's heart bloomed with a hint of hatred as she stared at Qin Wentian. This young man didn't know what was good for him.

After acquiring the spatial brush, Qin Wentian didn't leave immediately. Under the heavy gazes of the crowd, he returned to the pavilion and casually sat there, appearing as though nothing

out of the ordinary happened.

Or maybe, he had never placed the things that happened earlier in his heart.

Yin Cheng's eyes were filled with icy coldness, and in the depths of his eyes, traces of unmasked killing intent could be seen.

“Let's continue.” Yin Cheng called out. He was soon able to muster his emotions, the Treasure Seizing Assembly had yet to end yet.

Qin Wentian didn't depart yet because he wanted to see if there were still any suitable treasures for him. After all, earlier, he had never expected that he would be able to obtain the spatial brush.

Grand Shang's resources were too abundant, an entire level higher compared to Grand Xia. The Heavenly Mountain Treasure Seizing Assembly was a transaction bazaar of the largest scale in one of the Seven King Cities, Xuan King City. Who knew if another treasure that could pique his interest would appear here?!

AGM 482 – Spied Upon

After which, there were several other treasures that appeared in the assembly, yet not one of them was capable of stirring Qin Wentian's interest. Hence, he didn't bother to go compete for them.

When he seizes treasures, naturally it wouldn't be because allowing his emotions to cloud his judgement. He would only do so for treasures which he really needed.

“The Heavenly Mountain Treasure Seizing Assembly is held every half a year and lasts for seven days each time. Well, I'm in no rush, I will just stay and look around here for now.” Qin Wentian murmured to himself. After which, he stood up, and stepped into the crowd. The crowd immediately opened up a path for him, none of them wanted to entangle with a man like Qin Wentian.

Yin Cheng's eyes flickered with a cold light as he stared at Qin Wentian's departing back. Signalling with his fingers, two experts at the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper immediately trailed after Qin Wentian.

Not only that, Qin Wentian could sense that there were others monitoring his movements as well. It must be because of that spatial brush which he acquired, making him into the focal target of many.

Following the mountain pathway leading towards this place, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered and directly flew into the

mountains. A moment later, some others also soared up into the skies and follow closely after him.

However, Qin Wentian couldn't be bothered. After awhile, he found a slightly more comfortable mountain cavern and entered it, planning to use it for cultivation. This particular cavern must be opened up by Stellar Martial Cultivators who were here in the past. Upon entering, Qin Wentian wasn't in a hurry to begin his cultivation. Instead, he was inscribing some things on the ground.

As a period of time passed, he inclined his head and stared outside, as a glint of cold light flickered within his eyes.

How strong Qin Wentian's perception was? He naturally already sensed that other than the two guards of Yin Cheng, there were still a group of people monitoring his movements. Among them, the most powerful one was none other than Grandmaster Qiu. Earlier, Grandmaster Qiu had initially also wanted the spatial brush. But because of princess Shang Yue's words, he eventually chose to give up yet he would never have expected that the spatial brush would land in the hands of someone else. Hence, the seeds of wanting to snatch it away bloomed in his mind.

Other than this, the skies have gradually darkened. And a vast majority of Stellar Martial Cultivators already entered the mountain range, hoping to find a cave to rest. Apparently, they had the same idea as Qin Wentian.

During the seven days, there would be many setting up their own stores around the area to do transaction. Many cultivators hoped to find the items they needed here, hence they wouldn't leave so

early. Every day of these seven days would be extremely lively, if one misses a transaction event of this scale, they would have to wait another half a year more for the next one.

And right now, on a mountain peak near the cavern Qin Wentian was residing in, the silhouette of Yin Cheng appeared there. Not only that, several of his guards could be seen standing around him.

“Is he still in the cavern?” Yin Cheng coldly asked.

“Yes sir, after stepping in, he had yet to make an appearance outside. Not only us, Grandmaster Qiu is also currently monitoring him. It should be because of that spatial brush.” One of the guards reported.

“I don’t wish to bother my clan with such a minor matter. However, this person has an unknown background. Don’t be hasty, we will let Grandmaster Qiu do the probing for us.” Yin Cheng’s eyes were stone cold, staring in the distance yet the anger he was feeling was palpable in the air. No matter who he was, that white-robed man had humiliated him in public. In that case, he have to die.

Since Qin Wentian decided to remain here, he naturally understood the killing intent of people like Yin Cheng hiding in the shadows. Right now in his cavern, he used astral energy to light up the place as well as creating an astral screen, barricading his cavern entrance, sealing off other people’s perception from entering. Unless of course, that person was strong or skillful enough and was able to break his inscriptions.

Under the astral light, Qin Wentian retrieved several empty ancient scrolls used for the purpose of inscribing inscriptions. These were none other than the items Qin Wentian asked Song Jia to purchase for him.

With an intention of will, the spatial brush appeared in his hands. As he opened up an ancient scroll, he infused astral energy into the brush as he started inscribing inscriptions on that scroll.

However, after several moments, he still failed despite many attempts. As a failed product, Qin Wentian had no use for it, he directly flung the scroll to the side.

How could spatial transference scrolls be so easy to create? Even though he had a deep level of comprehension in Divine Inscriptions, he still failed and failed again after many attempts.

Luckily Song Jia followed his orders to the letter and had purchased an extremely large amount of ancient scrolls for his usage. This was the only reason why he could continued to attempt creation after each failure.

Finally, after tens of failure, a scroll emanated a powerful fluctuations of spatial energy waves. Qin Wentian stood up, clutching the spatial transference scroll in his hands, as an exhausted smile painted his face.

“Although the Great Solar Universe Art is extremely valuable, using it to trade doesn’t cause any loss to me. While this spatial

brush could enable me to create these precious scrolls that could save my life. In fact, I might even be able to take some of these spatial transference scrolls to transact other valuable life-saving treasures to support my cultivation.” Qin Wentian mused.

“However right now, the spatial transference scrolls I create would only be able to teleport someone a short distance away. If one was fighting against an overwhelmingly strong enemy, these scrolls are still useless.” Qin Wentian murmured, he didn’t dare to let success cloud his head. After storing the successful scroll, Qin Wentian continued to practice.

Time flowed by and as dawn arrives, several silhouettes appeared in the mountain range. Many of these people were here to shop, as well as to see if there’s any opportunity to seize some valuable treasures. And right now, the cavern where Qin Wentian was in, it was still under surveillance by others..

However at this moment, a light sound akin to something being shattered, resounded out.

Within the cavern, Qin Wentian sat there crossed-legged in his cultivation. His eyes abruptly snapped open, gazing out in a certain direction as a glint of cold light flashed.

From a cavern near Qin Wentian, a figure flew out and stood in the skies. This person was an old man, his gaze shifted towards the cavern Qin Wentian was in as he commented with a light smile on his face, “Little friend, how about coming out to meet?”

“Could it be that you don’t know basic manners? Don’t you know that it’s extremely rude to break apart someone’s protective screen when he is in the midst of cultivation?” Within the cavern, a voice drifted out. The footsteps of the surround people all paused, as expressions of interest appeared on their faces. They could sense that there would soon be a show to watch.

That old man hovering in the skies was someone exceptionally famous in the Xuan King City. He was someone at the peak of fourth-ranked, a Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster, and was widely respected by many.

But right now, what was he doing here?

But naturally, there were those who knew that Grandmaster Qiu had already reached the limits of his patience. He definitely had to acquire the spatial brush. Back then he gave up because of princess Shang Yue, but now that the brush was in Qin Wentian’s hands, he, as a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, as well as someone with at the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper, how could he not have thoughts of seizing it back?

“Hehe, I apologise for my actions. However, I truly do have something extremely important to discuss with little friend.” Grandmaster Qiu laughed.

The voice from within the cavern stayed silent for a moment. Abruptly, a single word punctuated the silence. “Scram.”

Grandmaster Qiu’s countenance faltered. Not only him, those

around him who heard what the person in the cavern said, all froze because of shock. Who exactly was the cultivator in there? He actually dare to tell Grandmaster Qiu to scram?

“Heh heh heh.” Only to see Grandmaster Qiu’s eyes flickered with a glacial light. He was after all someone extremely famous. Yet now, someone of the junior generation dared tell him to scram?

Stepping forwards, Grandmaster Qiu directly made for the cavern Qin Wentian was residing in. Initially he wanted to exchange the spatial brush with a treasure of his own, yet who would expect Qin Wentian to be this rude? In that case, there was no need to waste any more time.

Instantly, Grandmaster Qiu was already at the entrance of the cavern. His perception swept inside, intently surveying the interior of the cavern. When he ‘saw’ the inscriptions carved on the floor of the cavern, his lips couldn’t help but to curl up into a cold and unpleasant smile.

Inscribing inscriptions in front of him? Was this young man wrong in the head?

With no traces of hesitation, Grandmaster Qiu directly stepped into the cave. Upon entering, he blasted his palms in a certain direction and instantly, a bright glow flashed as the inscriptions at that area was destroyed. Grandmaster Qiu walked closer and closer, destroying various divine inscriptions with every step. His eyes flickered with amusement as he regarded Qin Wentian who was just ahead, “Junior, you are too delusional. You wish to hold

this old man back with your pathetic skills in divine inscriptions?”

Qin Wentian stared at Grandmaster Qiu, his lips curled up in a devilish-like smile that was way colder than ice. The sight of this caused Grandmaster Qiu to frown, Qin Wentian stomped on the ground and instantly, a resplendent light flooded the area. The divine inscriptions which Grandmaster Qiu destroyed all vanished completely. And the next instant, the true divine inscriptions he had prepared before all erupted forth, overflowing the area.

Grandmaster Qiu's eyes turned into saucers as his eyes flashed with incredulous disbelief. He stared intently at the divine inscriptions around him, “These are multistacking divine inscriptions?”

“You...” Grandmaster Qiu stared at Qin Wentian. However, even before he complete his sentence, he directly stomped on the ground and flew off in the direction of the cavern's exit.

“You think you can run from me?” Qin Wentian laughed coldly. With a single step, boundless amount of sword might congealed and completely sealed off the exit. Qin Wentian naturally knew that Grandmaster Qiu was proficient in Divine Inscriptions. And knowing that if he chose to use divine inscriptions, Grandmaster Qiu would underestimate him for sure, Qin Wentian set up a trap.

With Qin Wentian's current attainment in Divine Inscriptions, it wasn't a problem for him to kill a fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign in a battlefield he prepared beforehand. But even disregarding this fact, when it came to pure combat, Qin Wentian was also unafraid to face Grandmaster Qiu in a head-on fight.

In just an instant, Grandmaster Qiu vanished forever.

Those outside couldn't see anything. They only felt a towering, torrential sword might bursting forth, before their perceptions were all sealed. There were no further commotions after that, Grandmaster Qiu didn't come out as well.

In that case, did Grandmaster Qiu died?

The guards of Yin Cheng responsible for monitoring Qin Wentian exchanged glances with each other, with trepidation clear in their eyes. No wonder this white-robed young man wasn't afraid to offend princess Shang Yue. He was also actually proficient in divine inscriptions. Not only that, his comprehension wasn't anyway weaker compared to Grandmaster Qiu. If not, how could Grandmaster Qiu failed to return?

“Go and report this.” One of the guards spoke. The next instant, the other guard nodded as he immediately flew off to report to Yin Cheng.

In the Treasure Seizing Assembly at the waist of the mountains, in the pavilion area where the members of the various major powers gathered at, Yin Cheng's countenance immediately became incredibly unsightly when he heard the news. That young man in white was actually also a Divine Inscriptions Grandmaster?

Not only Yin Cheng, Shang Yue also heard the information when the guard reported. No wonder that white-robed young man was

so keen on that spatial brush as well.

“Continue monitoring him, don’t let him leave the mountains.” Shang Yue and Yin Cheng relayed the same command to their subordinates. A moment later, several silhouettes flickered as they departed from here, and flew towards the cavern where Qin Wentian was residing in.

Qin Wentian hadn’t departed, he continued staying in his cavern to cultivate. However at this moment, a frown creased his face. His perception sensed that there were several people that suddenly appeared on the mountains near him, staring right in his direction.

“How impudent.” Qin Wentian cursed in a low voice. Being spied upon and having one’s movements constantly monitored by others was naturally something uncomfortable.

AGM 483 – Hidden Realm

Qin Wentian stepped out of his cavern and spoke in a booming voice, “I, Qin, am right here. For those of you who wish to seize the treasure, just come at me.”

His thunderous voice resounded throughout the mountain range. Those people spying on him naturally heard his words as well, yet they dared not make a move. Their masters only instructed them to monitor Qin Wentian, nothing else. Unless Qin Wentian tried to leave the area, they wouldn’t do anything to him.

However, it seemed that Qin Wentian had no intentions of leaving at all. From afar, a snowy puppy could be seen flying over in a swaggering manner. It dashed right into the arms of Qin Wentian, and naturally, this little snowy puppy was none other than Little Rascal, now returning after safely sending Song Jia away.

Qin Wentian hugged the puppy, rubbing its head. After which, Qin Wentian began to make his way towards the mountain path, to the area where some cultivators had set up their stores.

This time, he didn’t head for the area where people would present their treasures, but rather, he mingled in with the crowd, hoping to find items that he wanted.

Those spying on him naturally took note of his movements, seeing Qin Wentian mingling with the crowd, they all monitored him closely, as though they were afraid that he would take the

chance of giving them the slip.

Little Rascal leapt out of Qin Wentian's embrace and scampered ahead of him. Soon after, Little Rascal arrived in front of a trading store set up by a cultivator, then turned to face Qin Wentian, as a series of yiyiyaya sounds echoed out.

Qin Wentian came over and stared at the blood-colored fruits on top of the counter, before turning to Little Rascal as he asked, "You wish to eat this?"

"Woof." Little Rascal bobbed its head enthusiastically. Qin Wentian smiled and turned to the boss, "How much for these fruits?"

"Ah brother, you have excellent judgement, these are all Demonic Spiritual Fruits, able to allow a demonic beast to mature faster. If you want to take them all, I'll give you a good bargain and charge you only a hundred pieces of fourth-layered Yuan Meteor Stones." The boss of the store grinned happily as he glanced at both Qin Wentian and Little Rascal, while silently speculating in his heart Little Rascal's worth to Qin Wentian.

"Thirty," Qin Wentian replied in an indifferent tone.

"Little brother, these Demonic Spiritual Fruits are all exceptionally valuable, especially to those who have demonic beasts as their pets." The boss of the store spoke in a serious tone, yet Qin Wentian merely turned and walked away, without sparing him another glance.

“Little brother, how about this, just eighty pieces of Yuan Meteor Stones will do.”

Qin Wentian ignored him and continued walking away with Little Rascal following behind him. Right now, Little Rascal was wagging its tail with a sad expression on its face. However, Qin Wentian acted as though he couldn't be bothered about it.

“Fine fine, I will bear the losses and sell it to little brother for just fifty pieces.” The boss gritted his teeth and hardened his heart, willing to cut his profit margin by a substantial amount, yet Qin Wentian still wouldn't turn back.

“Little friend, please come back, you've won!” Seeing Qin Wentian already at the edge of his vision, the store owner shouted loudly, pleading in despondent tones.

Only then did Qin Wentian turn around. However, Little Rascal was even faster—the instant Qin Wentian turned, Little Rascal was already right in front of the store, pouncing on the fruits, directly stuffing them into its mouth.

Upon seeing this scene, both Qin Wentian and the store owner were stunned. Only after some time did they recover, and Qin Wentian retrieved the Yuan Meteor Stones to pay the boss, before hugging Little Rascal and leaving. When he saw the closeness of their interactions, the store owner couldn't help but curse silently in his heart. He was certain that if he'd insisted on eighty pieces, Qin Wentian would have definitely turned back. What a good

actor.

However right now, Qin Wentian felt slightly depressed. On the mountain pathway, Little Rascal showed no restraint as he roamed all about, indicating with his excited barks of the many, many things it wanted to eat. Qin Wentian could only speechlessly follow it from behind and pay up obediently. Not even two hours had passed, yet Little Rascal had already made him spend over four hundred pieces of Yuan Meteor Stones.

Even those spying on Qin Wentian's movements couldn't help but click their tongues. To think that Qin Wentian would be so rich, willing to spend such vast sums of money on such a common pet. The appetite of that ordinary demonic beast for consumable treasures was truly outrageous. Yet Qin Wentian paid up without making a single sound in protest—wasn't that behavior a little too luxurious?

Qin Wentian was in fact sighing in his heart. Little Rascal had such a small body frame, but its appetite was actually so terrifying. Right now, Little Rascal started barking in excitement as it scampered ahead once more, causing Qin Wentian to roll his eyes as he followed along.

Little Rascal brought Qin Wentian to a store that sold precious herbs. Its attention was on a few white-stemmed herbs that emitted a unique fragrance—breathing in whiffs of it caused people to feel a smoother circulation of their blood.

“You want these?” Qin Wentian asked Little Rascal.

“Yiyi!” Little Rascal shook its head, causing Qin Wentian’s expression to falter slightly. He then asked, “You mean these are for me?”

“Yiya.” Little Rascal nodded. Qin Wentian smiled, “At least you still have me in your heart.”

“Friend, for your puppy to actually know of the Blood Shadow Herb, it truly is mysterious. I suppose you have a bloodline limit that allows you to call upon the power of your blood?” The owner of the store smiled at Qin Wentian as he continued, “You can take a closer look.”

Qin Wentian shifted his stare over, studying the whitish stalks. He could see faint traces of blood sparkling from within, and even felt his blood stirring.

“Friend, if you over-exhaust the power of your bloodline in combat, these herbs are able to replenish your blood energy at a remarkable rate. Also, herbs like these are incredibly hard to find, I only managed to obtain three stalks through a stroke of good fortune,” the store owner clarified. Qin Wentian glanced at Little Rascal, marveling silently in his heart. This puppy was a wonder indeed, it actually had the ability to sniff out treasure.

Qin Wentian didn’t know that the real reason he’d been able to smoothly form a friendship with Mo Qingcheng, was actually because she was extremely interested in Little Rascal.

“What do you want in exchange for these?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Friend, do you have any divine weapons?” The eyes of the store owner gleamed as he inquired.

“Yes.” Qin Wentian nodded his head, he had plenty of divine weapons in his interspatial ring. Many of them were acquired from the experts he slain, and most were of a high quality.

“I’ll need a high-grade, fourth-ranked divine weapon,” the store owner replied. The three Blood Shadow Herbs were exceedingly valuable, it was even rarer compared to high-grade, fourth-ranked divine weapons.

“I don’t have any. However, I do have a middle-grade, fourth-ranked divine weapon.” Qin Wentian shook his head. Even if he did own a high-grade weapon, he wouldn’t openly admit it.

The store owner stared at Qin Wentian as he contemplated his offer. “In that case, I would need three middle-grade, fourth-ranked divine weapons. One divine weapon in exchange for one Blood Shadow Herb.”

“My apologies, I only have two. Don’t waste my time if you want to trade.” With a flick of his sleeves, a long spear and a protective arm-guard appeared. “These two divine weapons make up a set, so they can fully complement each other.”

The store owner’s eyes gleamed with sharpness as he regarded

Qin Wentian intently. What fearsome judgement, this young man actually knew he was in need of a long spear?

“Fine.” Evidently, the store owner’s heart was moved—he agreed to the trade. Qin Wentian handed the set of divine weapons over, while storing the Blood Shadow Herbs into his interspatial ring.

“Sir.” At that moment, a voice drifted over. Qin Wentian shifted his gaze in its direction, only to see a young man and young woman walking over. The gaze of the young man flickered with urgency, while it was obvious from the woman’s aura that she was somewhat weak.

“The Blood Shadow Herbs you’ve just purchased, would it be possible to sell them to me instead? I’m willing to use the same price you paid to buy it from you,” said the young man. Qin Wentian glanced at the young woman beside him, he could tell that the blood vitality of this lady was extremely weak and the Blood Shadow Herb could allow her to recover. However, the herbs were extremely important to him as well—after expending the power of his bloodline, he would also need the herb to recover his blood vitality.

“Sorry, I have need of this herb as well,” Qin Wentian replied as he turned and departed. The countenance of the young man froze. “Sir, I’m willing to pay you an even higher price. Please help...”

“No, thank you,” Qin Wentian unconcernedly replied.

“You...” The young man trembled as he stared at Qin Wentian’s

departing back. The girl beside him lightly tugged his sleeves, “Senior Brother, forget it... I can recover even without the herb, although it will take me longer.”

Qin Wentian’s steps slowed, he turned back and flicked out an item. It flew towards the young man and young woman; it was none other than a stalk of the Blood Shadow Herb. Qin Wentian then stated, “One mid-grade, fourth-ranked divine weapon.”

“Right.” The young man recovered from his daze and flicked his sleeves. An instant later, a divine weapon flew towards Qin Wentian. He then nodded thankfully. “Brother, many thanks.”

“An equivalent exchange, there’s no need to thank me.” Qin Wentian stowed away the divine weapon and continued on his way. That young woman gazed at him as she called out, “Sir, what is your name?”

“We’ve only met by chance, there’s no need for so many questions.” Qin Wentian’s silhouette vanished. The young woman stared in the direction Qin Wentian flew off to. “That man is truly strange, I don’t believe he agreed to our exchange because of the divine weapon.”

The young man shook his head. “Junior Sister you are too kind. Quickly consume this Blood Shadow Herb and then let’s take a rest.”

“Okay.” The young woman nodded her head. After she swallowed the herb, the blood in her body surged abruptly, as the

effects of the Blood Shadow Herb circulated around her arterial channels, restoring her blood energy. Gradually, her pale countenance regained a healthy shade of pink—the Blood Shadow Herb truly was an effective medicine for blood recovery.

“That demonic beast of his was really awesome.” After the aura of the young woman stabilized, her eyes shone with a bright light and her countenance glowed with radiance. The weak-looking young woman from earlier was nowhere to be seen. She turned her gaze onto the young man as she asked, “Senior, would the others have already discovered the place?”

“It’s only a matter of time. We should start searching too,” the young man replied. However right now, the eyes of the young woman were staring in a certain direction. As she saw a number of experts flying over, the expression on her face became apprehensive.

Qin Wentian didn’t lack for divine weapons—the reason as to why he was willing to trade was very simple. He could sense that the young woman was extremely kind in nature, hence he’d done what he did.

With a single glance, Qin Wentian could tell the cultivation bases of others, as long as they were in the same realm as him. The young man and woman appeared ordinary, yet their strength was exceedingly high. They were both at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper and were definitely not some random commoners. Also, he could sense that there was a formidable power within the body of the young woman. The vast majority of cultivators, when faced

with a situation of meeting someone weaker than them with a treasure they wanted, would normally just seize it away, but the young man proposed a trade instead.

Hence, it was why Qin Wentian eventually traded one of the Blood Shadow Herbs away. This was his character: he did as his heart desired, acting according to his likes and dislikes, not restricted by the senseless rules of society.

“Little Rascal, your hunger should be satiated by now, right?” Qin Wentian gently pinched the snowy puppy in his arms. The damnable little furball merely let out a few satisfied barks before rolling over and showing its tummy, appearing extremely blissful.

“....” Qin Wentian was completely at a loss for words after seeing Little Rascal’s behavior. His silhouette flickered as he made his way towards the mountain waist where the assembly would gather. However, even before arriving, he already noticed that there were several in the crowd glancing skywards, watching as a huge number of experts flew through the air and landed in the mountain range of the assembly area.

There were even some calls of exultation.

“That’s Jin Yan, one of the most talented geniuses of the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan. He’s a chosen of his clan and has a cultivation base at the fifth level of Heavenly Dipper—he’s extremely powerful. But, what is he doing here?” Somebody mused.

“Heaven Shocking Sword Sect’s [Jian Jingtian](#) is here as well.”

The gazes of the crowd shifted to a young man with a sword strapped on his back.

Jian Jingtian 剑惊天: literally means Sword Shocking the Heavens

The sounds of the people discussing excitedly broke out everywhere, and the news soon circulated throughout the whole mountain.

As it turned out, the actual reason was due to someone discovering the entrance to a hidden realm within the depths of the mountain. Hence, the person wanted to trade this secret away in the Treasure Seizing Assembly, citing an astronomical amount of Yuan Meteor Stones for this information. And for those who also wanted him to lead the way, they had to meet the price he stated. This piece of news instantly caused a great deal of commotion, causing the chosen from the various aristocrat clans and major powers to rush here.

There were just too many secrets in the Heavenly Mountains. Too many to be fully uncovered. There were many hidden pocket dimensions within that might lead people to a hidden realm.

A great deal of commotion would be caused every time a hidden realm was discovered. This was because, most of the time, even though there was a risk of great danger, there would also definitely be priceless treasures inside the hidden realm waiting for lucky cultivators to acquire!

AGM 484 – Might Of The Seven

Annihilations Swordplay

This time, it was one of the cultivators residing in the mountain range that discovered the entrance by chance. And because his cultivation base was too low, he had no confidence he could enter it. Instead, he would rather choose to trade this secret away for a sum of wealth and hence, the chosen from the various major powers all descended upon the area.

Right now at the mountain range, several dazzling characters showed up one after another. All of them were geniuses of their respective sects or clans, and were the blazing suns of their generation.

From the Yin Clan, even Yin Cheng's elder brother, [Yin Ting](#), had arrived. Yin Ting and Yin Cheng were both demon-level geniuses, and were considered as extraordinary characters within the Yin Clan.

Yin Ting 殷霆 – Yin is a Surname, Ting stands for a clap of thunder

[Jin Yan](#) from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan was the elder cousin of Jin Zhan. His combat strength was extremely terrifying and an entire level above Jin Zhan.

Jin Yan 金琰 – Golden Flames

[Feng Yunhe](#) from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan had fame equal to Jin Yan.

Feng Yunhe 风云鹤 – literally translates into Wind Cloud Crane

Jian Jingtian's sword arts were unfathomable, and he possessed the glorious title of the number one swordsman of the younger generation in the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect.

Besides them, those that came from other major powers were also extremely famous characters. They didn't attend the Treasure Seizing Assembly, but when news of the hidden realm reached them, there was no way they would miss this chance.

There were too many secrets hidden in the Heavenly Mountains. A hidden realm represented a huge stroke of fortune, and to many demon-level geniuses, it was not something they wanted to miss out on.

Jin Yan landed on the ground, his eyes staring at Jin Zhan's injuries. "I heard that you were injured by someone, who was it?"

Jin Zhan lowered his head in shame when he heard this. He then replied in a low voice, "I don't know his name, but it was a young man clad in white."

"What was his cultivation base?" Jin Yan asked, staring straight at Jin Zhan. He had heard that the person was only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper, but he wanted to hear it personally from Jin Zhan's mouth.

"I think, third level of Heavenly Dipper." Jin Zhan's expression

looked extremely unsightly as he forced the words out. A third level Heavenly Dipper hadn't even attacked him, he merely took a few steps forwards to crush him. That battle was like a dark stain that would never be wiped away.

“Tell me if he appears again,” Jin Yan emotionlessly spoke, feeling somewhat disappointed in Jin Zhan. After all, Jin Zhan was a talent nurtured by their clan, yet as someone at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, he was completely crushed by someone with a weaker cultivation base. After this matter, Jin Zhan dared not relay such feedback to the clan. Evidently, he was too ashamed to do so.

At the same time, Yin Ting appeared beside Yin Cheng. He stared at him and asked, “He used the will of his Mandate and defeated you as well?”

“Yes, that Mandate felt extremely strange—it was able to attack my mind directly.” Yin Cheng was also embarrassed. Qin Wentian's attacks were too unusual, it could disregard anything and attack his sea of consciousness directly.

“You must have sent people to monitor his movements?” Naturally, Yin Ting was clear on what sort of person Yin Cheng was.

“Mhm.” Yin Cheng nodded.

“Are you not confident?” Yin Ting asked again.

“That man is proficient in Divine Inscriptions. Earlier, Grandmaster Qiu ventured into the cavern where that person was staying in and never ventured out again. Now, my men are just monitoring his movements, and they don’t dare to make any reckless moves,” Yin Cheng replied.

“Both of you work together to capture him. After that, meet up with me.” Yin Ting turned his gaze onto the two other cultivators behind him. Yin Cheng waved his hands as one of his spies instantly led the two men under Yin Ting over to Qin Wentian’s location.

After some time, the gazes of everyone fell onto a hawk-eyed, middle-aged man—the one who wished to sell the information.

“Since everyone has arrived, let’s move out,” Shang Yue stated, while the others nodded in agreement. Earlier, they’d been forced to wait there because all of them wanted the seller to lead the way. No one was allowed to make the first move, hence they had to wait until all the buyers were gathered.

In addition, they all came to an agreement. They would inform their respective sects and clans of this matter, allowing more members of the various powers to gather. This way, the degree of danger faced would be reduced. Also, according to the agreement, only those at the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper could participate. No one was to renege on this condition.

The reason for this was because it was well understood that in the face of priceless treasures, there was always the risk of an open war among the various geniuses of the major powers. Hence, it was

only fair to limit the cultivation bases of those participating at the fifth-level—it wouldn't do if a particular power were to send experts at a higher level, thereby effortlessly suppressing the members of the other powers.

Furthermore, they naturally understood that in the case of an uncontrollable situation occurring in the hidden realm, or even the appearance of a heaven-defying treasure, they could then send men to report this matter and await further reinforcements inside the hidden realm.

This was the rule that had been jointly set by the major powers of Xuan King City.

As for the other smaller powers, they didn't even have the qualifications to participate.

‘Everyone, please.’ The hawk-eyed man led the way, moving ahead into the depths of the Heavenly Mountain. The spectators watched from afar, and not one of them dared to follow. They could only curse silently in their hearts at the tyranny of those from the major powers. Every time a hidden realm appeared, ordinary cultivators with no backing had no chance to participate.

Qin Wentian's gaze swept over everything—in that moment he could feel a sense of pressure locking down on him. There were a total of six auras at the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper currently moving towards him. Such a strong formation just to deal with him? They truly thought highly of him.

“Since a hidden realm has appeared, how can I not join in on the fun?” Qin Wentian laughed. And with blinding speed, he turned and dashed off in a certain direction.

The silently approaching experts naturally sensed Qin Wentian’s movements. They further increased their speed and shot towards his direction, intending to surround him before he gave them the slip.

Qin Wentian’s speed only accelerated. After he flew past a mountain peak, he descended down into a misty valley.

“Hmph.” The six experts all had cold smiles on their faces as they mirrored Qin Wentian’s movements. Right now, they no longer bothered to conceal their intentions. Their auras exploded forth as they dashed after him at a frantic pace.

A few moments later, Qin Wentian stood upon a huge rock at the bottom of the valley. Beside him were the sheer cliffs and stone walls of the mountain. The six pursuers all zoomed towards him, trapping him inside a circle as each of their astral novas exploded into being.

Qin Wentian suddenly felt his body sinking deeper into the ground, feeling a great sense of discomfort from the overwhelming pressure.

“BOOM!” One of the six stepped out towards Qin Wentian, his aura causing the blood in Qin Wentian’s body to surge, as though about to burst out of his body.

“KILL!” An ominous-looking sword appeared above the head of another. The sword nova emitted a blinding light, so dazzling that the people couldn’t even keep their eyes open.

The people attacked at the same time, and instantly unleashed their respective wills of Mandates towards him, causing Qin Wentian to silently lament at the fearsomeness of Stellar Martial Cultivators. He could feel how terrifying a threat they posed.

If it were a one-on-one battle, he could still fight evenly, or even possess an advantage against his opponent. But when the multiple streams of wills of Mandates gushed out together, their fused power could instantly crush any opponent, especially considering that his cultivation base was lower compared to theirs.

Soaring in the air, a demonic scaled armor began to envelop Qin Wentian as the demon blood within him started to seeth and surge. He took on an appearance similar to the overlord of demons, that handsome-looking young man in white instantly demonified, invoking a primal fear in those who saw it.

The Demon Sovereign Astral Soul appeared and instantly formed an innate connection with the Demon Sovereign Constellation up in the Heavenly Layers. Starlight cascaded downwards as several demonic beasts manifested around Qin Wentian. These were all demonic beasts at the fourth-level of Heavenly Dipper, each exuding a terrifyingly baleful aura. As one, they formed a protective wall around Qin Wentian, who stood right in the middle, blocking the pervasive wills of Mandates from the six experts.

“A summon-type Astral Soul.” The eyes of the six gleamed with sharpness as they studied Qin Wentian. After which, one among them hollered, “DO IT!”

As the voice faded, the six experts directly unleashed their most powerful techniques towards Qin Wentian, who was currently being protected by the demonic beasts. Each of their ultimate attacks were fused with the wills of their Mandate and could effortlessly slay cultivators at the fourth-level of Heavenly Dipper.

“All of you can just stay here forever.”

Qin Wentian stared at the six experts rushing over as his eyes erupted with a beam of cold light. His King Sword Astral Nova appeared. Wielding it in his grasp, he impaled its blade right into the huge rock he was standing at. A moment later, the rock crumbled to dust as hymns of sword melody surrounded the entire space. The eyes of the six experts all widened with shock, and they hurriedly unleashed various innate techniques in an attempt to block the sword melody’s attack.

However, considering how fast their speed was, as soon as they dashed towards Qin Wentian, they were already within Qin Wentian’s attack range. Instantly, the summoned beasts directly pounced at them while Qin Wentian repeatedly slammed his palms in the air, causing the sounds of ancient bells to echo out and mingle together with the sword melody.

The sword melody’s laceration effects were powered by the

pulverizing force of the Heartbreak Echo. The experts felt their hearts reacting uncontrollably, pounding with increasing intensity.

“BOOOM!”

However, in that same instant, Qin Wentian took a step forward and unleashed the Seven Annihilations Swordplay. One step, one annihilation.

The six experts were already clashing with the summoned beasts. Despite their power, the beasts couldn't stand up to the might of the experts, and weren't able to block their way entirely.

“Die.” Qin Wentian's palms continued to blast out, executing the Heartbreaking Echo. He then took another step forward as an even more fearsome killing intent swept over everything in the vicinity. By now, the hearts of the six experts were pounding at such speed and were almost at risk of leaping out of their chests.

Qin Wentian grabbed the hilt of his King Sword and took a third step forward as countless beams of light inundated the area.

“AROOO!” One of the summoned beasts was slaughtered by an expert. That person emanated a fearsome killing intent as he stared at Qin Wentian. Given this person's talent, he would definitely be a threat to their sects if he was allowed to grow. They must slay him now.

But just then, Qin Wentian had already completed his fourth step. Endless amounts of sword intent ravaged the area. It felt as though Qin Wentian was in command of the entirety of sword qi present in this world. The sword qi coagulated into a gigantic sword that flew towards the expert.

A gigantic axe appeared in the hands of that expert. With a violent shout, the axe cleaved downwards, colliding with the gigantic sword flying his way. The impact of their collision forced him backwards as the qi and blood within his body roiled in total chaos. He then howled with anger, “We must not let this person survive any longer! KILL HIM!”

“Pu, pu...” The astral warbeasts died, one after another. Qin Wentian’s aura continued to climb as he took the fifth step. The instant his foot landed, the entire space seemed to transform into a sword forest that trapped the six powerful experts within. Their expressions were incomparably ugly—this sword technique was too unfathomable and was packed with overwhelming power.

They hesitated no more and tried to break out, slaughtered their way towards Qin Wentian. Yet they could sense an incomparable terrifying sword energy blocking their path. The King Sword Astral Nova that Qin Wentian wielded in his hands gleamed with a cold light. He imperiously peered downwards at them as he took his sixth step forwards.

The sword forest was bombarded by the piercing winds and hails of rain. Under the endless sword intent, their bodies were lacerated as blood flowed unceasingly. Their faces were all masks of despair.

“NOOOO...” Unwilling roars echoed out, one after the other. Qin Wentian’s countenance was ice-cold as he cleaved downwards with his King Sword. The next instant, the six experts were completely pulverized into nothingness.

His King Sword Astral Nova was retracted back into his Yuanfu and with a wave of his arms, the interspatial rings of the experts flew towards him. In the next instant, Little Rascal transformed into its enlarged form as he mounted it.

With a foreboding light in his eyes, Qin Wentian shot straight in the direction where the various chosen were gathering!

AGM 485 – Mountain Within A Mountain

There were just too many mysteries in the Mountain Range of the Heavenly Mountain. Dangers abounded in this area; there were several misty areas, or pockets of miasma, or even extremely powerful demonic beasts cultivating in the depths of the mountains. Only one path remained for those that stepped into their territory—death.

And so nobody dared to claim that they were completely familiar with every inch of this mountain. Even Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants found it impossible to pry out all the hidden secrets of the mountain range.

On the contrary, it was the risk takers and adventurers who would occasionally uncover its secrets.

Presently, the hawk-eyed man led the geniuses of the various major powers into the depths of the mountains. There, the air was thin and the atmosphere foggy. The fog within this region had a stickiness to it that caused cultivators to feel extreme discomfort, especially when a gust of cold mountain wind blew past.

“We are already in the depths of the mountains. How much longer before we arrive?” questioned one of the cultivators, staring at the hawk-eyed man.

“If it was an original landmark, then of course we would have already arrived by now. The entrance to this hidden realm is extremely well hidden, and I wouldn’t have found it save for a

stroke of luck,” the hawk-eyed man replied; he wasn’t worried that these people would renege on their promises and kill him. The reason for this was very simple—if they killed him, then if other adventurers were to discover the entrances to a hidden realms, they would think twice before trading the news away, for fear of being killed after they outlived their usefulness. Hence, nobody would do something as stupid as that.

In the Treasure Seizing Assembly, those who wanted to seize the treasures might end up in a deathmatch or even incur the wrath of other onlookers. A good example was Qin Wentian. Yet, nobody would dare to target the treasure presenter. If things like this happened, the reputation of the Treasure Seizing Assembly would be totally dragged down the mud.

The others all nodded their heads in agreement upon hearing the words of the hawk-eyed man, and they continued to follow him. This group of geniuses numbered in the hundreds, with a total of eight major powers participating and each power having sent over thirty people. In addition, they were all experts at the third level of Heavenly Dipper or higher, forming an impressive and powerful group.

There were no signs of anyone else following them. Ordinary cultivators were fearful of offending the major powers, and they were also afraid that they would meet with danger beyond their capabilities in the hidden realm. Naturally, they dared not follow secretly from behind.

However, there was one silhouette that silently trailed behind this group of experts from faraway using the power of his

perception. Nobody had discovered him.

After some time had passed, the group of experts arrived at a certain location. Here, the mountain mist was thick and heavy, and there were a total of eight symmetrical mountains; four on each side, and a humongous mountain right in the center. The ninth grand mountain in the center radiated a simple and unsophisticated aura of nature as though this place had been through the precipitation of countless years.

“We’ve arrived,” the hawk-eyed man spoke. Expressions of bewilderment could be seen on the faces of the crowd. After which, the hawk-eyed man pointed to a certain location and stated, “Look at that place, the huge rock akin to a great door at the waist of that mountain. That is the entrance. Just push right through it, you will find yourself inside the hidden realm.”

“Mhm?” The eyes of the crowd flickered with sharpness.

“Go and test it out,” Yin Cheng commanded one of his subordinates. After which, his subordinate dashed towards the huge rock and violently slammed into it with great force. Instantly, his silhouette disappeared from the crowd’s vision.

“It’s true...” It really was the entrance to the hidden realm. This location was even more unique compared to where past hidden realms had been discovered. Perhaps the treasures within would be even more valuable.

“You’ve entered this hidden realm before?” Yin Cheng stared at

the hawk-eyed man as he asked.

“Yes, I found it by chance after being slammed into it while I was fighting against a demonic beast. The space inside the hidden realm is extremely vast. A word of warning though, there are powerful monsters inside and I was forced to retreat after I encountered a demonic beast at the fourth-level of Heavenly Dipper.”

“Right.” Yin Cheng nodded. After which, he waved his hands as a huge number of Yuan Meteor Stones flew towards the hawk-eyed man.

The elites from the other major powers all paid up as well. The eyes of the guide shone with a radiant smile—with this amount of Meteor Stones, he would be able to support his cultivation for a long time.

“I’ll take my leave first.” After stowing away his payment, the hawk-eyed man took his leave. The others exchanged glances before their gazes shifted towards those from the Xuan King Manor, who stood in the center. Beside Shang Yue, there was another imposing character. This young man was exceedingly famous in Xuan King City, otherwise known as Shang Qi, or just Prince Qi.

Previously, Yin Cheng had wanted to curry favor with him, which resulted in the death of the fifth-ranked Grandmaster, Chi Yezi, as well as the slaughter of his entire clan, besmirching the reputation of the Yin Clan.

“Prince Qi, as well as the members of the King Manor, please.” Someone gestured in invitation. Shang Qi nodded his head and waved his hands, signaling his approval.

After some time, the majority of the experts all entered within. Each power left behind two members to guard the entrance and the area regained its quiet tranquility once more.

After a period of time, the sound of gusting wind could be heard.

“Who?” the guards coldly shouted, however they saw only a beam of intense light shooting over in response.

“Bzzzz!”

The keening of a sword reverberated around them, forcing the guards to retreat and left to watch helplessly as an unknown silhouette flew into the entrance.

“This...” The guards outside exchanged glances as one of them spoke, “Should we go in to catch him?”

“It’s fine. It’d be useless even if we did enter. Although that person’s speed was fast, I could sense that his aura wasn’t that powerful. Considering that the others who entered earlier were all geniuses and talents from the eight major powers, there’s no need for us to worry,” another person replied as the others nodded in agreement.

Qin Wentian was immediately dumbfounded the moment he entered the hidden realm.

He was in a place where he could see the blue skies and white clouds. In front of him were mountains, rivers and ancient-looking trees. It was as though he had arrived in another world.

“There’s actually another dimension within this mountain. What kind of place is this mountain exactly?” Qin Wentian stepped out as he murmured to himself.

If humans were to never travel, they would never know how vast this world really was. Qin Wentian had only stepped into Grand Shang for a short period of time and already so many unusual things had appeared. Right now, this hidden realm he was in had totally toppled the logic of what he knew.

“What could be inside the depths of this ancient mountain, I wonder?” Qin Wentian mused, and increased his speed, dashing forwards. Within his embrace, Little Rascal’s eyes were exceptionally bright as it surveyed the surroundings. It was evident that its interest and excitement were piqued.

Although Little Rascal couldn’t speak human speech, its intelligence was comparable to a human. An extremely resplendent light shone in its eyes, and a moment later, Little Rascal leapt out of Qin Wentian’s embrace and started scampering in a certain direction. It transformed into a blurred white shadow, moving so fast that even Qin Wentian at top speed had trouble

catching up with it.

Little Rascal led Qin Wentian as they advanced across this vast region. If this area was as large as that outside the mountains, they would have traversed ten times the distance already. It was obvious that the vastness of the space within the mountain was relative—it was measured on a totally different scale.

And it was at this moment that Little Rascal brought Qin Wentian to a mountain range that looked completely similar to the Heavenly Mountain Range outside the hidden realm, albeit a smaller version.

“There’s someone ahead.” Qin Wentian’s perception could clearly sense the aura of a fight breaking out. Him and Little Rascal swiftly advanced forwards and crossed several mountains before human silhouettes appeared in the field of his vision.

“It’s them.” Qin Wentian’s eyes narrowed slightly as he continued rushing ahead. Among those fighting, two of them were none other than the pair he had encountered after his trade of the Blood Shadow Herbs. When the young woman asked for his name, he replied that since it was just a chance meeting, there was no need to ask so many questions. Who would have thought that he would encounter them so quickly, and in this strange location?

“It seems like they already knew of this place before this. Not only that, the injuries to the young woman might have been caused by something that came from this place.” Qin Wentian speculated. Currently, they were fighting against an immensely ferocious demonic beast.

This demonic beast was a five-meter tall green ox. It had an immense stature, and thunderous rumbles echoed out from its mouth with every breath. All four of its hooves were firmly on the ground and exuded a huge sense of pressure. This demonic ox was a demonic beast at the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper and was incredibly fearsome to fight against.

The combat strength of demonic beasts were, by nature, many times stronger compared to humans at the same level. Not only that, their vitality also far exceeded that of humanity and hence, had a higher recovery and level of endurance.

Although wounds could be seen on the body of this ox demon, its aura was still as stable as before. In fact, it was the pair of humans whose auras were fluctuating wildly.

“Yiyaya!” Little Rascal barked. The adorable sound seemed to tell Qin Wentian to look behind the ox demon.

Qin Wentian turned his attention over to the thing behind the ox demon. It was actually an ancient tree whose height towered up towards the heavens. Twisted roots and intertwined joints dug deep into the earth. At the very least, it was more than hundreds of meters tall and occupied an extremely vast space.

And there were a few enormous fruits that appeared completely different compared to the others. These fruits were yellowish-brown in color and exuded a sense of palpable heaviness, as though it had been created after absorbing the spiritual qi of mountains

inside this strange hidden realm.

“What tree is this?” Qin Wentian had a complete lack of knowledge when it came to medicinal herbs and ancient trees. If Mo Qingcheng were here, she would definitely be able to identify it, but it was a different story for him.

However, seeing that this ancient tree was being guarded by the ox demon, which was now in a battle with two cultivators at the fifth-level of Heavenly Dipper, it was obvious that it was something extraordinary.

The young man and woman had finally noticed Qin Wentian’s presence. The young man frowned slightly while a look of joy flashed on the face of the young woman. She excitedly called out, “It’s you! How about joining forces with us to deal with his ox demon? It’s consumed a Great Terra Fruit, which just gave it an insane boost to its attack and defence, even to the point of evolving its will of Mandate.”

“Great Terra Fruit?” After hearing that, Qin Wentian’s eyes sparkled with a bright light!

AGM 486 – Joining Forces

Qin Wentian intently studied the fruits hanging on top of the tree. Yellowish-brown in color, while exuding a sense of heaviness, they had been borne after this tree had absorbed the essence of the great earth. These were truly the Great Terra Fruits.

In that case, this towering ancient tree was undoubtedly the Great Terra Tree.

The Great Terra Tree had taken a hundred years to grow, two hundred years to mature and another three hundred years to bear the Great Terra Fruits. No wonder the area around it had become a land of desolation, the essence of the Great Earth was constantly being absorbed by this gigantic tree.

And the demonic beast protecting the Great Terra Tree was undoubtedly the Great Earth Ox King.

“Human, scram.” This Earth Ox scrutinized Qin Wentian with its gaze, as a sense of heaviness beyond comparison bore down onto him. In that instant, Qin Wentian was assailed by an illusion, and he felt that even lifting his feet would be difficult. The overwhelming gravity from the Mandate of Great Earth caused his body to feel as though he weighed more than a few thousand jin heavier.

The Ox King had guarded this place for hundreds of years. Now that the Great Terra Tree had borne fruit, naturally it wouldn’t allow humans to steal them away. It had already consumed a few

of the Terra Fruits and for the remainder, it would wait until its increase in strength stabilized before consuming them. How could it allow others to take the fruits away?

“These fruits are borne from the essence of the Great Earth. Ox King, you’ve already eaten some and gained immense benefits. Isn’t it a little too greedy wanting to possess all of them?” that young woman spoke. The Ox King’s response was to stomp on the ground with its hooves, and instantly the earth surrounding them began to tremble as a terrifying rhythmic pressure pressed down on them. Qin Wentian could feel his inner organs shuddering from the impact.

Qin Wentian’s countenance grew heavy—he dared not underestimate this opponent in the slightest., he didn’t dare to underestimate this opponent in the slightest.

Demonic beasts possessed a powerful vitality, with robust physiques. The vitality of demonic beasts were powerful, and their physiques robust. In terms of their strength and defensive attributes, they were innately more perfect compared to humans.

“My name is Ji Xue, this is my senior brother, Xu Feng. Can we know your name now?” The young woman stared at Qin Wentian, as she asked with a laugh.

“Qin Wentian,” he Qin Wentian replied.

“Brother Qin, this Ox demon has the ability to create an earthen prison, its insight into the Mandate of Great Earth has already

reached an unfathomable level. However, with the three of us joining forces, there shouldn't be any problem dealing with it. Let me take charge of controlling its movements, while you break its defenses, and my senior brother, since he has the strongest attack powers among us, will handle our offensive. be responsible for the attacking." Ji Xue smiled.

"Sure." Qin Wentian nodded.

"Alright then, let's act." Ji Xue released her Astral Nova, which was in the form of an immortal chain. Instantly the chain swept out, the Ox King had clearly seen through the power of this chain. It roared in anger, and the earth shook, while incomparably sharp blades made from the earth's essence shot out from the ground to penetrate all three of them.

Qin Wentian and Xu Feng soared up into the skies but with a wrathful roar, the Ox King manifested a formidable prison made from the essence of the Great Earth, entrapping them completely.

"Break!" Both Qin Wentian and Xu Feng held long spears in their hands. Their attacks penetrated the void and pierced the earthen prison. Several deadly-looking swords appeared around Ji Xue, who directed/maneuvered them to impale certain spots of the earthen prison. A moment later, the defense of the earthen prison couldn't stand up to the flurry of attacks, and ended up shattering with a thunderous boom. Her immortal chain shot directly towards the Ox King, tightly binding its form. It had no way to escape.

The immortal binding chains were like a formless net. It had no

attack strength and functioned as a purely supportive tool. No attacks could sever it.

“BANG!” The Ox King soared up into the skies and Ji Xue was helplessly dragged along with it—her strength could hardly compare to that of the Ox King’s.

“Brother Qin!” Ji Xue screamed. By then, Qin Wentian had already broken through the earthen prison. His body whistled through the air as terrifying amounts of demonic qi exuded from him, wielding a huge, black-colored sword in his hands.

The Ox King’s defenses were too terrifying—the laceration effects of his Sword Melody wouldn’t be enough to defeat it.

The principle behind his Sword Melody was that its attacks were fast yet light. It focused on sharpness and speed, at the cost of/rather than the damage meted out from each attack. It could easily deal with humans, but had a weaker effect against demonic beasts who excelled in defense, just like the demonic Ox King towering before them.

Of course, if one was discussing pure attack power, then Qin Wentian’s strength could be further augmented by his Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons. If he struck out using the second level insights he comprehended in the Mandate of Force, Void Vibration, his attack could ignore his opponent’s defenses and forcefully jolt their inner organs until their death. He could even throw long-range attacks, sending out vibrational shockwaves to kill.

Although the Ox King's defense was insanely high, its weakness lay in its speed. This weakness was highlighted further now that it was unable to move freely because of the immortal binding chains.

Upon seeing Qin Wentian lunging over, the Ox King glared at him before howling in rage. Within moments, Qin Wentian felt a terrifying force pressing down on him, as if wanting to bury him right where he stood. His strength had no way to erupt forth.

“Truly powerful indeed.” Qin Wentian stared at the Ox King as the demonic qi from his body towered to the heavens. The power of his bloodline thrummed as he executed Stellar Transposition, instantly appearing before the Ox King right before he smashed down his gigantic sword.

The Ox King roared in madness as a screen of light enveloped it, earthen and yellowed in color. This was its strongest defensive technique—ordinary fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns wouldn't be able to smash through it.

“BREAK!” Qin Wentian coldly snorted, slamming the incredibly heavy black sword directly onto that screen of light. His attack was further coated with the will of his Mandate of Swords, layering it with a terrifying sharpness. In the next instant, powerful vibrational shockwaves shot out, each wave filled with sharpness as they cracked apart the screen of light, causing it to collapse completely.

Even with Qin Wentian's strength, he could only breach its

defenses. The leftover power from his strike carried forward and slammed into the Ox King, but was unable to inflict significant injuries.

But, Xu Feng, who from the beginning had been waiting in the shadows for an opportunity, acted instantly. He was like a bolt of lightning shooting down from the skies. A new screen of light manifested, but even before it could completely envelop the Ox King, Xu Feng's long spear had already penetrated it through its eyes, stabbing into its brain. The Ox King howled in despair and started thrashing about in excruciating agony, causing the surrounding earth to tremble violently alongside its death throes.

Xu Feng pulled out his spear, and Qin Wentian retreated together with him. The aura of the maddened Ox King grew increasingly weaker. Its ice-cold eyes flashed with resignation, before gradually falling to the ground, dead.

“Whew, it’s finally over.” Ji Xue heaved a sigh of relief. This demonic Ox King had been truly tough to deal with. Earlier, despite the overwhelming strength of her senior, they’d had no chance to kill the Ox King. She hadn’t expected Qin Wentian to be so powerful, being able to destroy the demonic ox’s defenses with a single attack, thereby creating an opportunity for them to gain victory.

“Awesome.” Ji Xue turned and praised Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian didn’t reply. After which, Ji Xue and her senior brother turned their gazes on the tree as their expressions abruptly froze. That snowy puppy was lying on the ground—it had already plucked two Great Terra Fruits and was currently chomping on

one of them.

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes, while he was risking his life in battle earlier, this Little Rascal had already started to sneakily eat the fruits.

Xu Feng's silhouette flickered, he landed on the tree and started to pluck the Great Terra Fruits.

Ji Xue mirrored his actions. After which, she turned and spoke to Qin Wentian. "There are a total of seven fruits. Is it okay if we divide it this way? Three fruits for you and your puppy, while my senior and I will take two fruits each."

Xu Feng frowned slightly when he heard this. However, when he thought of the incident with the Blood Shadow Herb, he refrained from rejecting his junior sister's suggestion. Although, they had already obtained the Great Terra Fruits, the fruits weren't personally beneficial for them. What they truly wanted was to use the fruits for trading.

However right at this moment, a raging wind gusted by as about seven to eight silhouette appeared in the area. The eyes of the leader of the newcomers flashed with a strange glow when he noticed Xu Feng and Ji Xue.

"Brother Xu Feng and Lady Ji Xue, who would have thought that you would be in this hidden realm as well." That person clasped his hands, appearing extremely polite.

Those behind him stared at Qin Wentian as expressions of recognition flashed on some of their faces. After a series of voice transmission, the leader turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian as his eyes flickered with a sinister light. So it was this young man who offended Shang Yue in the Treasure Seizing Assembly and even ‘abuse’ Jin Zhan and Yin Cheng. To think that he somehow sneaked past the guards and entered the hidden realm as well.

“Xie Yu from the Ecliptic Sect.” Xu Feng glanced at that young man in the lead. These people were from the Ecliptic Sect, which was a major power in the Xuan King City. Xie Yu was one of the demon-level genius characters of his generation. Seems like the major powers in Xuan King City are all participating in this hidden realm.

“Brother Xu Feng, we discovered an extremely valuable treasure inside the hidden realm that costs the lives of over ten of my brothers. Now that I’ve met you two, how about joining forces?” Xie Yu inquired. Qin Wentian and the other two noticed that the auras of these people were fluctuating and unstable, as though they had just been through a great battle.

Xu Feng and Ji Xue locked gazes for a moment as though they were in silent communication. Xu Feng then asked, “What is that item?”

“I can’t be sure yet, but the location of this treasure is within a meteor stone mine. Not only that, we discovered that the astral energy from the Yuan Meteor Stones in the mine were all absorbed completely. Because of some unknown reason, the mine became a stone mountain with a naturally formed cavern. Within the

cavern, there were several extremely fearsome demonic beasts guarding something. My men were all killed by the beasts.”

Xie Yu spoke, his words causing Xu Feng and Ji Xue’s heart to turn heavy. Indeed as they expected, the meteor stone mine was discovered by others. Back then when Ji Xue was injured, was precisely because the two of them attempted to barge into the place Xie Yu was talking about. After her injuries recovered, the two of them entered the hidden realm again but this time around, they did so cautiously instead of rushing in head on like a fool.

“If the demonic beasts were so powerful, it would even be useless if our parties join forces.” Xu Feng asked in a probing manner.

“That place isn’t too hard to find. Other than me discovering it, I believed the other powers would soon discover that as well. And by that time because of the pressure, the major powers would suggest an alliance, but if a priceless treasure truly appears and in-fighting occurs, joining forces with the two of you now could be said to be my insurance plan.” Xie Yu slowly explained. These people were all intelligent men, it was naturally easier to speak honestly and seek mutual benefits.

“Fine.” Xu Feng nodded in agreement. He also wanted to know what treasure was hidden inside.

“Brother Qin, how about joining us as well?” Ji Xue looked to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian contemplated for a moment before nodding in

agreement. If Xie Yu and his men had no way to acquire the treasure, it would be foolhardy to assume that he could be successful alone. Ji Xue had a kind temperament, there was no need to worry if he was working together with her. Not only that, he had the spatial brush in his hands, that was his greatest insurance. Even if they truly met with danger, Qin Wentian had nothing to fear!

AGM 487 – Qinghua Mountain Sect

Xie Yu was a chosen from the Ecliptic Sect, naturally he was strong and arrogant. However that doesn't meant that he's stupid. Now that Ji Xue invited Qin Wentian to join them, it was evident Qin Wentian's strength wasn't weak. In addition to the rumors he heard, he wouldn't be so silly to turn down someone with such a high combat prowess.

As for Qin Wentian's and Princess Shang Yu's grudge, that can wait until after this matter comes to an end. In this world there were no eternal enemies nor eternal allies.

"Since we've all agreed, let's move out." Xie Yu spoke as he turned and led the way. The speed of this group was extremely fast, Ji Xue flew at the side of Qin Wentian, as she made some small talk. "Brother Qin, which sect or clan are you from, why haven't I heard of your name before?"

"Someone out adventuring outside, I just arrived at the Xuan King City not long ago." Qin Wentian replied.

"Ah I see." Ji Xue nodded as she smiled, "Senior and me are both external disciples of the Qinghua Mountain Sect. Regretfully, we have been trying and failing to become true disciples. Brother Qin's talent is extraordinary, maybe if you went for the test, you might be selected and become a true disciple of the Qinghua Mountain."

"Qinghua Mountain." Qin Wentian was somewhat surprised. Xie

Yu was able to enter the hidden realm because he was a chosen from one of the major powers in Xuan King City. Yet, even someone like him was so respectful to Ji Xue and Xu Feng, treating them as his equals.

Yet from Ji Xue's words, it appeared that they were only external disciples of the Qinghua Mountain. In that case, what tier of power does the Qinghua Mountain classify as?"

"How's Qinghua Mountains Sect's strength in comparison in the Xuan King City?" Qin Wentian casually asked, he didn't think too much about it.

However his words caused Ji Xue to be stunned. Even Xie Yu swept a puzzled glance at him. This person hadn't even heard of the Qinghua Mountain before?

Ji Xue gave a quick laugh as she explained, "the Qinghua Mountain Sect isn't a major power of the Xuan King City. It's a power that exist beyond the Seven King Cities. External disciples of it can be found anywhere in Grand Shang. As for the true disciples, they can be found within the Royal Capital of Grand Shang."

"The true Qinghua Mountain is located in the Royal Sacred Region, and is one of the nine sects under the Sacred Royal Sect. They can recommend people into the Sacred Royal Sect and those people who went in because of their recommendation, would usually have a higher status compared to others."

Ji Xue patiently replied, her words causing a look of surprise to

flash past Qin Wentian's face. He then asked again, "In that case, what is Qinghua Mountain's status in the entire Grand Shang?"

When he was in Grand Xia, he recalled hearing about Jun Yu's status. Jun Yu was the personal disciple of an elder in the Sacred Royal Sect. Also, this elder's true identity was one of the Kings in Grand Shang. Qin Wentian naturally understood what this means. The Royal Sacred Sect was like an ultimate transcendent power where the various demon-level geniuses of Grand Shang all wished to join.

This Qinghua Mountain was also similar to the Grand Shang Empire.

"That's right, the Qinghua Mountain is a supreme power in the Grand Shang. The major powers in the Seven King Cities naturally couldn't be compared to it." Ji Xue laughed.

Qin Wentian nodded his head lightly as his heart pounded when he considered what he heard.

The Royal Sacred Sect's criteria of recruiting geniuses is simply too terrifying. In this vast world, the three royal empires, there would surely be powers of similar scales compared to the Qinghua Mountain. And years over years, these supreme powers has been bringing in fresh blood, nurturing them well before selecting their top disciples with care through strict selection processes, filtering the very best and recommending them into the Royal Sacred Sect. The Royal Sacred Sect became the places where the most outstanding demon-level geniuses eventually gathered.

One can very well imagine how powerful it was. This is a true transcendent power. How could those so-called transcendent powers of Grand Xia even be comparable to it?

Also these supreme powers that recommend people into the Sacred Royal Sect were all also extremely competitive. They would all do their best to nurture their top disciples hoping that one day, they would be able to become an important disciple of the Sacred Royal Sect.

Developing in this way through generations after generations. Qin Wentian dared not even imagine how powerful the Sacred Royal Sect now was. The competition within the sect itself must also have reached an insane level. After all majority of the disciples within there belonged to different factions.

“Brother Qin, I’m also not someone from any major powers. But upon becoming an external disciple of the Qinghua Mountain, my status naturally became extraordinary. If you could pass the test to become a true disciple of the Qinghua Mountain, you can do whatever you want in the Xuan King City and no one would dare to retaliate against you in the slightest.” Ji Xue laughed. Qin Wentian could sense the truth of her words. Even with her status as an external disciple, she already commanded so much respect from the various chosen ones from the major powers in Xuan King City.

“Thanks for the guidance.” Qin Wentian took note of her words but he wasn’t in anything hurry to join any power. He had a Sacred Royal Medallion in his medallion, it wasn’t difficult for him if he

wished to join any sect. Hence, he had to consider his choice carefully.

“Mhm.” Ji Xue casually laughed as she continued chatting. After some time, they arrived at a flat piece of land. The cold wind that blew on their bodies felt like the edges of blades. Qin Wentian stared ahead only to see a mine of gigantic proportions in front of him. But like what Xie Yu told them, this meteor stones mine no longer radiated any astral energy. They were all already absorbed by something. Layers of dust had already solidified into stone, petrified the entire mine turning it into a stone mountain.

Their group advanced slowly forwards. Xu Feng took out his spear, and as his silhouette flickered, he shot forth like a bolt lightning and slammed his spear onto the stone, causing waves of destruction to rock the area.

Xu Feng retracted his spear as he stood up. His gaze was extremely calm, despite the power of his attacks, he had only shattered a small portion of the outermost Layer of the stone mountain.

“Indeed it’s still as tough as ever.” Xu Feng silently mused. He returned to his original position and turned his gaze onto the cavern of the stone mountain. Inside, a unique energy fluctuation could be sensed, as well as an intense feeling of danger.

Before this, Ji Xue was injured because the two of them were under the attacks of powerful demonic beasts when they entered the cavern. He truly wanted to know what kind of treasure was inside.

Xie Yu took a few step forwards, his body suddenly burst forth with astral light as an astral bow appeared in his hands. He abruptly fired a shot into the entrance of the cavern. The fired arrow whistled through the air, emitting the sound of wind and thunder, extremely ear-piercing.

“Everyone be on your guard.” Xie Yu reminded. For a moment, nothing happened. But the next instant, everyone felt that the earth suddenly shook with a violent tremble as their hearts involuntarily lurched.

“BOOM!” The intensity of the quakes increased. Xie Yu and the others all had a heavy expression on their countenance. And at this moment, the sound of many silhouettes rushing through the air could be heard as yet another group of people were madly rushing here. Upon seeing Xie Yu and the rest, their eyes glimmered with a bright light.

“Does brother Xie wishes to enter this place?” The person in the lead exuded an evil air, giving of a sinister aura.

“Does the members of the Blood Cloud Sect wish to go along with us to probe the interior?” Xie Yu asked as he stared at the members of Blood Cloud. The man in the lead replied, “Since brother Xie has already asked, we will choose to accept.”

“Let’s go.” Xie Yu ignored the tremors and moved in the direction of the cavern. All of the rest all followed behind as they stretched their perceptions out.

“Boom!” The tremors intensified even more. Even Qin Wentian could feel his heart pounding and his blood surging. Little Rascal was burrowing its head into its chest, as though it could sense that the aura of this place was far from ordinary.

“I sense no demonic presence?” Xu Feng had a look of bewilderment on his face. Right now they were already in the depths of the cavern. The interior of the cave was in pitch darkness, and there were many tunnels within, resembling a maze.

“Brother Xie, what place is this?” Someone from the Blood Cloud Sect asked.

“I’m not sure.” Xie Yu replied, causing the leader of the group from Blood Cloud Sect to slightly stiffened as he silently cursed himself for being too careless, entering this place without knowing anything.

Time in the cavern seemed to flow slower compared to usual. An hour has passed yet because of the strangeness of this place, many felt that they have been in here for ages. They had met nothing yet, but their hearts were still pounding unceasingly.

“Something’s wrong.” Qin Wentian halted his steps. There was a frown on his face, he could faintly sense an intense danger in the air.

His perception had always been sharp but even he couldn’t pinpoint where exactly was the source of danger.

“BOOM!” Yet another heavy tremor shook the area, causing Qin Wentian’s frown to be even deeper.

“Yiyiyaya!” Little Rascal abruptly began barking furiously. Its body suddenly enlarged in size and became a golden colored demon king. A terrifying aura exuded from it as it’s eyes flashed with the baleful aura of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

“RAWRRR!”

Little Rascal lunged out, towards the person right next to Xie Yu.

That person abruptly turned and faced the attack. A snarl of unimaginably fury resounded in the air as a dark crimson light flashed in the eyes of him. It was as though that person had completely lost his sanity and became a true beast.

Not only him, the two others next to him had dark crimson glows in their eyes as well as they exuded the aura of wild beasts.

That person lifted his fists and slammed it towards Little Rascal. Instantly, the entire skies were covered with fist shadows. Little Rascal gave a sharp bark as it opened its mouth wide and swallowed, devouring the might of the entire attack.

At the same time, Qin Wentian turned. A terrifying figure appeared in this area. This figure was totally blood red in color, the crimson light in its eyes matching the eyes of the cultivators who

were possessed. When it stepped out, the blood and heartbeat of others surged and pounded in a frenzy. Even for Qin Wentian, his demonic aura spiralled out of control as the power of his bloodline was forcefully being stirred up by that unknown figure.

“What demonic beast is this? It can even activate the demon qi in my bloodline. Somehow it felt that it was trying to forcibly demonise my blood. Could those from the Ecliptic Sect be unknowingly controlled because of that?” Qin Wentian mused. What exactly was this fearsome demonic beast?

At the two exits by the side, another two demonic beasts appeared. Upon a closer look, it was revealed that these demonic beasts actually had the appearances of humans.

“It’s them.” Ji Xue’s countenance was incredibly ugly when she noticed them. Her injuries was caused by none other than these type of demonic beasts.

“Demonising bloodlines, causing humans to undergo demon transformation? This thing isn’t a demonic beast. Instead, it’s a demonic spirit born after countless years from absorbing the pure will of the Mandate of Demons.

In this ancient mountain, the Great Terra Fruit Tree was birthed because it absorbed the boundless essence of the great earth and now, there’s even this kind of existence. What sort of place is this exactly?!

AGM 488 – Madness

Qin Wentian's countenance turned heavy. Around him, numerous demonified monsters appeared, their eyes flashing with a dark crimson light. The blood in their bodies was being forcibly demonised, exuding a baleful aura.

Qin Wentian's Fiend Transformation Art involuntarily erupted forth as his will from the Mandate of Demons was released. A terrifying wave of demonic qi gushed forth from him.

Those from the Blood Cloud Sect and Ecliptic Sect all retreated, staying far away from him. Xu Feng pulled Ji Xue as they stepped back a few paces, Ji Xue gazed at Qin Wentian as she asked in concern, "Brother Qin?"

"I'm fine. Just that one of my Mandates is the Mandate of Demons." Qin Wentian heavily spoke as he continued, "We have to leave this place."

The others all nodded in agreement, at this moment they already knew that they walked into an ambush. This demonic spirit had already gained intelligence, it was extremely cunning.

"GO!" Qin Wentian hollered. At this same instant, those monsters all lunged towards the cultivators. Because this place was extremely narrow, it was tough for the cultivators to evade their attacks.

The astral nova of Xie Yu from the Ecliptic Sect erupted forth as a

total of nine arms appeared on his body. At the same time, he fired an extremely powerful arrow, completely destroying his companion who was in the midst of a demonic transformation. After that, he whistled through the air moving towards the exit. Each of his nine arms punched out a multitude of fist lights, shaking the heavens with their might.

Ji Xue also moved, her immortal binding chains shot out in all eight directions, locking up the monsters. Xu Feng was beside her and slaughtered a pathway out towards another exit. His long spear was like flowing light, nothing could block his way. Those monsters howled and wanted to evade his spear but Xu Feng merely waved his palms as the long spear broke into a three section spear and locked the target down before impaling it, knocking it away. However, the monster wasn't dead yet. It climbed up once more and moved to block Xu Feng.

“These monsters are unkillable and to top it off, they don't even fear pain.” Leng Tu from the Blood Cloud Sect trembled. That crimson colored demonic spirit was the king of these beasts. It began to move, and with every step, the hearts of the cultivators pounded with greater force as the baleful aura of demonic beasts began gushing out of them, out of their control.

“We are finished.” The cultivators all had looks of despair on their faces. The demonised humans were unkillable and that demonic spirit made them all feel helpless.

The crimson eyes swept over everyone, whoever its eyes landed upon felt as though they were in a state of madness. Green veins bulged out as their blood boiled, an aura of death enveloped this

entire space.

“Xie Yu and Leng Tu, the two of you help to stall these monsters while we will deal with the demonic spirit. If not, all of us will die here.” Xu Feng spoke.

The two of them nodded after surveying the situation. At this point, this was the only solution.

Combat erupted, Qin Wentian and the others moved towards that powerful demonic spirit.

Beside Qin Wentian, Little Rascal exuded an aura similar to kings. It glanced at the demonic spirit before glancing at Qin Wentian. The light from the Purgatory Vermilion Bird shone in its eyes as it let out a few low-sounding barks.

“Purgatory needs this demonic spiritual body?” Qin Wentian transmitted his voice to Little Rascal.

Little Rascal nodded, the baleful light in its eyes grew more intense as the spirit of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird shone in its eyes while a faint manifestation of it shimmered in and out of existence appeared above Little Rascal.

Qin Wentian stretched out his hands and stared at the faint image of Purgatory with tenderness in its eyes. “Since you need it, I’ll definitely obtain it for you. This is my promise.”

After transmitting his voice, he turned to face the crimson-eyed demonic spirit as a fearsome battle intent erupted forth from him.

His party advanced towards the demonic spirit with extreme caution. By now, Xie Yu and Leng Tu were done after crippling the various monsters. Ji Xue's bloodline exploded forth with power, her long hair fluttered in the wind as her eyes shone with the flow of starlight. The immortal binding chains transformed into a billion strands of thread and instantly flew towards the demonic spirit. Although the demonic spirit let out a rumbling roar causing the entire cavern to shake, it was still trapped by Ji Xue's astral nova.

"Bzzz!" Xu Feng released his astral nova. His body shot forwards like a bolt of lightning as he brandished a long spear in his hands. A silvery glow filled the skies as the spear transformed, lengthening by three times as an astral black hole manifested at its tip, aiming for the eyes of the demonic spirit.

The demonic spirit shifted its head away, its skin hardened as it used its face to deflect the attack. Struggling violently, the immortal binding chains seemed like they were about to be broken apart. The black hole at the tip of the long spear madly spiralled into the flesh of the demonic spirit yet no blood could be seen.

Xie Yu's nine hands were each holding a bow and firing a steady stream of resplendent golden arrows. In the next instant, his silhouette vanished and reappeared in front of the demonic spirit before slamming down with nine different palm imprints. The thunderous impact was as though the sky and earth were being torn apart as the nine palm imprints slammed into the head of the

demonic spirit.

Leng Tu from the Blood Cloud Sect equipped a blood-colored glove filled with thorns. He slammed a fist towards the forehead of the demonic beast as his will of the Mandate of Blood frenziedly gushed into the demonic spirit's body.

“HOWL!” The demonic spirit lifted its head and roared in fury. A strange red glow radiated out from it, drilling into each of the attackers. This demonic spirit had no attack power. It wanted to transform all these cultivators into demons.

Qin Wentian advanced step by step. With each step, a terrifying aura that belonged to the overlord of demons gushed forth from him. The demon blood in him seemed to be awakening because of the red light from the demonic spirit.

Little Rascal was in a similar state to Qin Wentian, the demonic blood in it was also awakening.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered and instantly closed the distance between them. His killing intent towered up towards the heavens as the huge black sword in his hands instantly slammed into the head of the demonic spirit. A terrifying force was explosively channelled within it, yet the eyes of the demonic spirit glowed with the same red light as its countenance remained ice cold as though all their attacks were ineffective against it.

Little Rascal lunged towards it while baring its fangs, clamping its mouth onto the neck of the demonic spirit as it began

devouring the energy in the spirit's body.

“AO...” The demonic spirit was absolutely furious. The immortal binding chains could no longer withstand the intensity of its struggles and abruptly retracted. If Ji Xue continued holding on, her astral nova would have been shattered.

“BOOM!” The demonic spirit stomped its foot as a baleful demonic qi swept over everything. The eyes of Leng Tu and the others began shining with demonic light as the blood in their bodies was controlled by the demonic spirit. With a loud snarl, all of them were ruthlessly flung through the air.

As Qin Wentian came face to face with the demonic spirit, he sensed a torrential demonic qi invading his body, wanting to control him; but right at this moment, Qin Wentian's own demonic bloodline started to surge frenziedly, forming a manifestation of a gigantic peerless ancient primordial demon looking down on this invading demonic qi.

“BANG!”

As the terrifying third eye swept over it, that demonic spirit felt its entire body trembling as though it was about to collapse.

“Pu...” Yet, Qin Wentian was the first to crumble under the impact generated due to the collision of energies. He spat out a mouthful of blood as he was flung backwards from the impact, his entire body convulsing.

The eyes of the demonic spirit gleamed as it sensed an opportunity. It leapt up in the air, only to slam heavily on the ground again. Little Rascal, who was on the demon's back still had the throat of the demonic spirit held within its mouth.

“Roar, roar, ROARRR!” It continuously bellowed three times in rage before it retreated with explosive speed. The demonised humans started to converge in that area, slaughtering their way over.

Looks of despair could be seen on the faces of Xu Feng, Xie Yu and the rest. When faced with this kind of power, their strength counted for nothing. They couldn't even withstand a single strike.

Feeling that overwhelming pressure bearing down on them, Ji Xue turned pale white. “Are we really going to die here? Even if I die, I mustn't become a monster like that.”

“I'M UNWILLING.” Leng Tu coldly spat. He felt a strong sense of reluctance. How could someone like him die here?

The countenances of Xu Feng and Xie Yu were incredibly ugly to behold. They basically couldn't resist at all.

Yet Qin Wentian sensed that right now, this demonic spirit only had him alone as its target. This demonic spiritual body had gained intelligence yet it still possessed the characteristic of a normal demonic beasts. Sensing the power of the demon blood in Qin Wentian's body, it wanted to absorb him.

Qin Wentian glanced at Xu Feng and the rest as he spoke, “Since we are allies, I’ll draw this demonic spirit away. There are two escape routes in the cavern, I’ll take one while you guys take the other. Hopefully we will be able to discover what treasure this thing is protecting. If you all acquire the treasure, I want a portion of it. How about it?”

The expressions on the faces of Xie Yu and the others faltered, staring at Qin Wentian. This man was truly bold. Even at this moment he was still thinking about the treasure.

“Fine. If you can lure the demonic beast away, we will definitely give you a portion if we manage to acquire the treasure.” Xie Yu expressed his agreement.

“No problem.” Xue Feng and Leng Tu both nodded. Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto the demonic spirit before executing Stellar Transposition and rushing away towards the direction of one of the exits.

And indeed, the crimson-eyed demonic spirit immediately turned, ignoring everything in the vicinity as it chased after Qin Wentian. Xie Yu and the others heaved a sigh of relief, their eyes finally began to glimmer with the hope of survival.

“This fellow...” Ji Xue stared at the departing back of Qin Wentian as she continued, “Let’s finish off these demonic monsters before we send somebody to inform the experts of our sect regarding this matter.”

Leng Tu nodded in agreement. With the demonic spirit drawn away, these strange monsters weren't unkillable any longer.

Qin Wentian dashed forth at breakneck speeds, yet the speed of the demonic spirit was even faster. Luckily, he was skilled in Stellar Transposition and was able to maintain a certain distance between them. Little Rascal still had its jaws clamped on the throat of its body, devouring its flesh and blood. Little Rascal's beast nature seemed to be totally unleashed.

Finally, Qin Wentian arrived at the end of this space. Over here there was actually a cave with a pool of blood within. The blood in the pool was seething, exuding such staggering amounts of fearsome demonic qi that even Qin Wentian was shuddering slightly from terror.

"Could this place be where the demonic spirit was born?" Qin Wentian turned only to see the crimson-eyed demonic spirit howling in madness. Bone spikes protruded out of its back, wanting to impale Little Rascal. Little Rascal let out a welp as it disengaged, rushing towards Qin Wentian.

The crimson-eyed demonic spirit was completely and utterly incensed. Wings grew out of its body as incomparably sharp fangs were bared. A dark crimson light flashed in the eyes of the spirit as it stared hatefully at Qin Wentian. As it stepped forwards, Qin Wentian felt as though there was an irresistible energy acting on him, causing to feel as though his blood wanted to leap out of his body.

"Bzzz!" The demonic spirit lunged over. This time, killing intent

radiated out of it as its sharp claws lacerated everything. The scarlet demonic halberd appeared in Qin Wentian's hands, stabbing out with indomitable force. Instantly, a dreamscape appeared, yet there seemed to be no effect on the demonic spirit. Since it was a spirit body, how could it have heart demons? It was impervious to attacks of this type.

“BOOM!” The impact of the collision pushed Qin Wentian into the pool of blood. At the same time, the claws of the demonic spirit slammed the body of Little Rascal onto the ground, locking in there as its eyes glimmered with killing intent.

Too powerful, so powerful to the extent that they couldn't resist it.

The demonic bloodline in Qin Wentian's body started howling with something akin to hunger. It was actually frenziedly devouring the demonic energy in that pool of blood. The demon energy was incomparably pure and gushed out in torrential waves, flooding into Qin Wentian.

“RELEASE IT.” Qin Wentian hollered. He waded through the pool of blood as demonic light radiated from him. It seems that if he really wanted to subdue this demonic spirit, the only methods remaining to him were either the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation or the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay.

If he used the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation, he would eventually have to use the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay to negate it. If not, he would have to wander the world as a demon, this wasn't something he wanted.

But if he were to directly use the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay, there wasn't sufficient energy in his body for him to burn. It would result in his death.

“This pool of blood.” At this moment, Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with a terrifying light as he realised how much energy the blood pool contain. Abruptly, a fearsome light burst forth from him as white flames started to ignite around him. The demonic bloodline in him was still frenziedly continuing to devour the energy of that pool.

Back then, he borrowed the energy from burning of the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation as well as the power of his bloodline and even his vitality to unleash the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. However now, it seemed that the incomparably pure torrential demonic energy in this pool of blood was sufficient to be used as a replacement.

AGM 489 – Existences Above Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants

The crimson-eyed demonic spirit glared balefully at Qin Wentian. It intentionally increased the pressure and crushed Little Rascal onto the ground until blood could be seen.

“I said, release him.” Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered and reappeared in front of the demonic spirit, a sword held in his left hand.

“Peng!” The sharp sword slashed downwards, yet it dealt no damage to the demonic spirit. Its pupils narrowed as it abruptly lunged forward, widening its maw to swallow Qin Wentian whole. However astral light flashed as a gigantic astral Heavenly Hammer appeared in his hands, chopping right down, blasting the maw of the spirit, forcibly slamming it shut.

Qin Wentian’s body was flung backwards into the pool once more. The hunger in his blood got increasingly intense as his eyes gleamed with a terrifying demonic light.

It was unknown how terrifying the demonic energy in the blood pool was. The power of it exceeded even back then when he burned the energy of the demon divinities. Although his bloodline hungered and wanted to devour the entirety of energy within the pool, it was impossible as he was unable to contain the energy. In that case he could only execute the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay to burn the demonic energy of the pool which he had already devoured.

“Let’s fight it out.” The sword intent radiating forth from Qin Wentian felt increasingly fearsome, it felt as though this entire space was enveloped by destructive sword might. The pool of blood turned into a terrifying vortex as it was being frenziedly absorbed into Qin Wentian’s body. And in his body, the excess energy was constantly being burned to provide power to unleash the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay.

“This energy can support it.” Qin Wentian naturally wouldn’t court death mindlessly. If this method doesn’t work, he would rather be grievously injured and forcibly halt this strike. But at this moment, he could clearly feel that the endless power of that demonic energy in the pool of blood was sufficient for him to unleash that single strike.

Little Rascal stared at Qin Wentian, the spirit of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird could be seen flashing through his eyes. The eyes of the Vermilion Bird was filled with love and longing, it was merely a piece of ancient luck back then, and was birthed because of Qin Wentian. In its world, there was only Qin Wentian.

“AROOOO!” The demonic spirit could clearly sense a threat. Howling in madness, it rushed out once again.

Astral light erupted as Qin Wentian executed Stellar Transposition in retreat. Yet, he still remained in that pool of blood. The entire blood in the pool transformed into filaments of blood-colored light as it was being absorbed into his body. This entire space then turned red as an overwhelmingly oppressive sword might enveloped everything.

Qin Wentian's body was trembling, pain and agony was inevitable if he wanted to unleash a sword attack so far above his level.

When the crimson-eyed demonic spirit lunged out once again, Qin Wentian's finger directly stabbed out, that boundless sword might forcibly stopped the demonic spirit in its tracks. The entirety of the sword might in the area bored down onto it, even the space felt as though it was about to be torn about from the sharpness of that sword finger attack.

The crimson-eyed demonic spirit violently twisted as it howled in excruciating pain. The vortex in the blood pool spun around and around and was being drained at an incredible speed. The energy within there were all burned up to power the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay.

Qin Wentian's finger landed once more, stabbing into the demonic spirit. A terrifying wave of destructive sword might swept outwards and ravaged its entire body.

"VANQUISH!" Qin Wentian's body shone with a blood-colored light. That sword of his had completely reap away its life. At this moment, the blood pool had already totally dried up. Over there, a set of skeleton could be seen, and the radiance that was originally glimmering from it, gradually faded away into darkness.

"Plop!" Qin Wentian directly slumped to the ground, devoid of strength. He panted heavily and it was with immense difficulty

before he managed to take out the Blood Shadow Herbs, swallowing the two stalks directly. Despite his exhaustion, a smile could be seen on his face. Success! The energy within this pool of blood was sufficient to execute the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. After that execution, his body felt exceptionally weak, even his internal organs were convulsing from the strain.

However, the demonic bloodline in him was still sending power, circulating around his entire body. The remnants of the energy left behind after executing that sword strike was currently being digested by his blood. Qin Wentian could feel the injuries on his body recovering rapidly.

“RUMBLE!” The earth started trembling, the intensity of the quakes was so powerful that felt as though even the heavens and earth was going to collapse. A sharp glint of light flashed through Qin Wentian’s eyes as he surveyed the surroundings. At this moment, Little Rascal ran to him. Qin Wentian gently cradled it as he said, “Quickly go devour the remains of that demonic spirit.”

With a low sounding bark, Little Rascal turned and sprang towards the demonic spiritual body which Qin Wentian purposely chose not to destroy. At the same time, the surroundings near them started to collapse.

Outside the mine, everywhere was currently undergoing self-destruction as well. The commotion caused several experts who had entered the hidden realm to turn their attentions upon here.

“What’s going on?” From the Royal Camp, Shang Qi turned his attention over as a look of bewilderment flashed past his face.

Earlier there had been a flash of blood-colored light before the area in the distance started collapsing.

“Stone fragments flying around. What’s going on??” Soon after the tremors spreaded everywhere even affecting space. The eyes of everyone stared in astonishment, even those guarding outside the hidden realm started in surprise. The hidden realm itself was collapsing. It transformed, stacking the collapsed parts into incomparably tidy layers.

A few moments later, the entire space was completely shattered. The mountain was no longer a mountain, the lakes and rivers were no longer bodies of water. That incomparable huge expanse of space in the hidden realm was now all visible with a single glance. In fact, the true hidden realm was actually a mountain.

The camps of the various major powers all stood on the mountain. Right now, they could actually see everyone.

“What’s that?” At this moment, the gazes of everyone stared in a certain direction faraway. Over there, there was an ancient tree as tall as the highest peak. It’s branches twisted and intertwined as thick as roots. That ancient tree appeared so tall that it could reach the heavens. Even from this distance, vast amounts of astral energy could be felt emanating forth from it.

“Xie Yu from the Ecliptic Sect and Leng Tu from the Blood Cloud Sect is over there.” The others all then sped towards the area where the ancient tree was located.

And instant, the experts in the hidden realm all gathered there. When they lifted their heads and stared at the towering ancient tree, their hearts involuntarily started trembling.

At this distance, powerful energy from various wills of Mandates could be felt gushing from the tree. Above on the branches, several fruits could be seen, shimmering with pure astral energy.

“Holy shit, this is a Celestial Constellation Tree.” Somebody exclaimed in shock. There was actually such a tree here.

“Celestial Constellation Tree.” The eyes of the experts shone with excitement as they stared at the tree ahead.

“Return to the King Manor and inform the rest.” Shang Qi stared at a subordinate standing behind him. Hints of reluctance could be seen flashing through the subordinate eyes as his countenance turned ashen. He was a little unwilling to miss out on this but upon seeing the cold light gleaming in Shang Ji’s eyes, he still eventually nodded and left with great speed.

All of them naturally understood what the appearance of a Celestial Constellation Tree meant.

“The Celestial Constellation Tree birthed Celestial Constellation Fruits. If there’s a fruit that matches my respective Mandates, it would allow me to comprehend my Mandates several times quicker, aiding my breakthrough to the Perfection Boundary of my second level insights.” In the direction of the Yin Clan? Yin Ting inclined his head as a look akin to madness flashed in his eyes. He

didn't expect that the treasure in this hidden realm would actually be a Celestial Constellation Tree. Not only that it was an extremely matured one, with many fruits already birthed.

Each and every Celestial Constellation Fruit were priceless, especially for those who needed to advance in their respective wills of Mandate.

However right now, Jian Jingtian from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect was repeatedly slashing the ground apart as though he was looking for something.

Such an occurrence caused the eyes of others to flash with sharpness. Of course, they knew from ancient books on why would the Celestial Constellation Tree be birthed. Could the stories be true? Thinking of this hidden realm once more, the hearts of the crowd couldn't help but to violently trembled. The truth was simply unbelievable.

Over here, the hidden realm was actually the burial grounds for a character that has already reached the legendary realm, a realm above Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants.

Legends has it that characters of this realm, all had to condense an immortal foundation in their bodies and could use immortal energy. Just a glance from them was sufficient to destroy an Ascendant, a single ordinary punch could annihilate a group of Ascendants. Regardless of numbers, even if every Ascendants in the world joined their powers, they would still have to die in front of such a character. To these legendary characters, Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants were just like ants whom they could

trample upon any time they wished to.

A powerhouse of the legendary realm would also be the true overlord of the vast and seemingly endless regions of this world.

The sect leader of the Sacred Royal Sect itself was rumored to be precisely a character of such a level. Hence, its position was unassailable and it could be the overlord of this region.

If one day, someone in the Grand Xia Empire also broke through to this realm, their position would instantly elevate upwards, standing on par with Grand Shang, totally breaking free of its control.

Hence, it could well be imagined the tumultuous feelings of excitement they felt when they saw this Celestial Constellation Tree. The remains of a supreme existence was buried underneath somewhere, the records clearly stated that Celestial Constellation Trees would be born only if the blood essence of those legendary characters seeped into the soil, nurturing it for long period of times.

By now, not only Jian Jingtian, everyone was madly hacking apart the surroundings to find the remains of the supreme existence.

The Celestial Constellation Tree was incomparably precious, but a tree was after all still a tree, it would always be here waiting for them. They wanted to see if the supreme existence left any inheritances or treasures behind after he died.

Right at this moment, in one of the collapsed ruins around the area, a hand abruptly burst out of the ground. Everyone halted their movements as a primal fear struck deep in their hearts. Was the legendary character not dead?

“Boom!” The sound of an explosion rang out as the earth around that hand shattered apart. When the silhouette could be clearly seen under the light, the gazes of everyone were all filled with astonishment. Their lips twitched slightly, their nervousness earlier was caused by none other than this person in front of them. Were they all pranked by this guy?

“It’s you?!” Shang Yue’s eyes widened in surprise when she realised it was Qin Wentian.

“You actually didn’t die.” Yin Chen’s countenance turned sinister. Qin Wentian was actually still alive. Also, he had somehow sneaked into the hidden realm and climbed out from a buried ruin. Not only him, beside him, a demonic beast also drilled its way out of the ground and stood beside Qin Wentian, surveying the others.

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath. Even he himself didn’t expect that he would recover so quickly after using the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. Maybe, this recovery rate has something to do with the pool of blood which his bloodline absorbed. Right now, awe could be seen on his face as he stared at the towering ahead. Could the Yuan Meteor Mine they discovered earlier was created to provide nourishment for this ancient tree? Allowing it to absorb the pure astral energy, enabling it to grow even better.

Not only that, the aura emanating forth from the fruits of this tree felt even more terrifying compared to the Great Terra Fruits.

What made Qin Wentian depressed was that he discovered the entire space in the spatial realm earlier had collapsed and right now, he was the target of a multitude of stares, several of which, was emanating a sensation of enmity.

“Brother Qin.” Ji Xue’s voice suddenly sounded out.

Qin Wentian glanced in her direction as he nodded. “What tree is this?”

“Celestial Constellation Tree, only the blood essence of a character in the legendary realm above Celestial Phenomenon would be able to nurture it, allowing it to grow. The mountain transformed from the dried up mine we were in earlier was in fact exhausted Yuan Meteor Stones which turned into ordinary stones and rocks after their energy has been drained. As for that demonic spirit we saw earlier, it should also have been born from the blood essence of that powerhouse.” Ji Xue explained, as she continued, “Also, the fruits of this tree are named Celestial Constellation Fruits. They are also known by another name – Mandate Fruits!”

“Birthed from the blood essence of a character a realm above Celestial Phenomenon Ascendants!” Qin Wentian’s heart involuntarily trembled. That pool of blood... he finally understood why the energy within could sustain the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay as well as why he recovered so rapidly.

Just as Qin Wentian was still in a stunned state, Xie Yu's gaze turned to him as he laughed, "Brother Qin, that demonic spirit that chased after you earlier was something borne from the legendary character's blood essence as well. Now that it has vanished, it must have already been destroyed by you. In the nest of that demonic spirit, did you discover any treasures left behind by that supreme existence?"

As the sound of Xie Yu's voice faded, Ji Xue's beautiful eyes stiffened as her countenance became incredibly unsightly to behold. To think that this Xie Yu changed sides so fast.

The gazes of everyone concentrated on Qin Wentian at the same time as waves of coldness radiated forth from them. Qin Wentian stared at Xie Yu only to see Xie Yu's countenance was as normal as can be. Not only that, there was even a faint smile on his face. It was as though Xie Yu has already forgotten to whom he owes his life to!

AGM 490 – Snatching The Celestial Constellation Fruits

Qin Wentian thought back to the skeletal remains in that pool of blood. However other than that skeletal remains, there wasn't anything else in its surroundings. For such a legendary character to have fallen in this place must have meant that he fought a heaven shaking and earth shattering battle. For the defeated person, how could his opponent not take his treasures away. Not every powerhouse would leave behind treasures or inheritances, for some, it's already very fortunate that they even have a skeletal remains remaining.

Regarding the birth of the Celestial Constellation Tree, it was purely because even after death, the power of that powerhouse was still too strong. After countless years, it nurtured the soil which caused the ancient tree to be birthed.

Xie Yu obviously knew how strong the crimson-eyed demonic spirit was. He was extremely astonished by the fact seeing how Qin Wentian was still able to remain alive. Now that he spoke such a sentence, the attention of these others would undoubtedly be found used on Qin Wentian. In that case, the focus on his ultimate target – the Celestial Constellation Tree, would naturally be lesser.

“Brother Qin was being chased after by that terrifying demonic spirit. How could he have the time to acquire any treasure even there was any? Xie Yu, aren't your words a little too vicious?” Ji Xue glared at Xie Yu, an expression of rage could be seen upon her face. Earlier, were it not for Qin Wentian luring the demonic spirit away, all of them would have already died there.

Now that Qin Wentian was somehow alive, it could be said that he just escaped from a calamity. Regardless how he did it, it definitely wasn't a pleasant experience. According to the promise back then, Xie Yu and the rest were to give Qin Wentian a portion of the treasure if they found any. But right now even before talking about splitting the treasure, Xie Yu directly wanted to push Qin Wentian to the edge of a precipice.

"I'm just casually asking, in any case there were two exits earlier. The path we took led us directly to the bottom of the Celestial Constellation Tree. It isn't strange to assume that there would be some unique treasures in the path Brother Qin took." Xie Yu laughed.

"Shut your trap." Xu Feng coldly hollered, berating Xie. Gleams of sharpness flickered on the tip of his spear as he pointed it at Xie Yu, "The thing I regret most is forming a team with you."

"Brother Xu Feng, do not mistaken my courtesy as being afraid of you. You are merely an external disciple of the Qinghua Mountain. If I want to obtain the same status, it wouldn't be difficult for me to become an external disciple as well." Xie Yu's eyes glimmered with coldness. Truly, with Xie Yu's talent it was possible for him to pass the test as well. However, the Ecliptic Sect Xie Yu was in, was a major power in the Xuan King City, and hence it was a power that pledged alliance to Grand Shang Empire.

The Grand Shang Empire and the Qinghua Mountains didn't had that good of a relationship. However in the Empire, the royal clan was still somewhat stronger. With so many choices of sects and

clans for geniuses to choose, they wasn't in a hurry to make a selection.

“No need to fight any more, we will simply kill this man and we will know if he acquired any of that supreme existence's treasure.” A cold voice drifted over. The one who spoke was none other than Yin Ting, he knew that Qin Wentian was precisely the one who humiliated Yin Cheng back then. Back then he had already relayed his command for Qin Wentian to be killed, but to think that he had survived. But since now he appeared here in front of him, there was no need for Qin Wentian to continue living.

Ji Xue's silhouette flickered and reappeared by Qin Wentian's side. She stared at the other experts and stated, “Brother Qin is in an alliance with me. Whoever dares make a move against him, I will definitely aid him.”

Xu Feng brandished his spear and stared in the direction of Yin Ting. His actions had already expressed his stance, which was an option that caused many to be surprised.

“I owe him my life.” Xu Feng's eyes radiated coldness. No matter what reason Qin Wentian had for luring the demonic spirit away, it didn't matter. What matter was that Qin Wentian saved his life.

“I won't help either side.” Leng Tu made clear his attitude. Wanting him to help Qin Wentian? Impossible. But wanting him to cast a stone when Qin Wentian was down was similarly impossible for him. He wasn't so despicable. He heard that Qin Wentian had offended Jin Zhan and Yin Cheng, most likely, he wouldn't be able to escape death today.

Yin Ting glanced at Xie Yu after he heard Leng Tu's words. How could Xie Yu's plans of distraction fool people adept at scheming like them?

"Bzzz!" A raging wind gusted by as the silence was shattered. Feng Yunhe from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan moved like a Great Roc of the Wind, soaring up the skies, moving towards the Constellation Fruits.

"Hmph." Shang Qi coldly snorted. His silhouette flickered as he turned into a beam of light, similarly making his way towards the Celestial Constellation Fruits.

Upon seeing this scenario, everyone no longer bothered about Qin Wentian. Each of the experts mirrored Shang Qi and Feng Yunhe's actions. They obviously wasn't fooled by Xie Yu's words, if not, they wouldn't have spared Qin Wentian so easily.

No matter was there truly inheritances or treasures left behind by that supreme existence or not, acquiring the Celestial Constellation Fruits in front of them before the other experts outside the hidden realm received the information was the most important.

The Celestial Constellation Fruits could be differentiated by different colors according to how high they were. The fruits hanging at the lowest layer was earthen yellow in color, somewhat similar to the Great Terra Fruits. However, when the cultivators got near to it, they felt themselves being stopped by a

terrifying pressure pressing down on them. They had no way to advance forwards.

Naturally, there were also others who chose other branches to fly to. But sadly, all of them were met with a variety of resistance force.

For example, for a blood-red Constellation Fruit, when they neared it the cultivators over there all felt the blood in their bodies surging out of their control. It was as though their blood was about to explode forth, causing them to die from rupturing of their blood vessels.

The Celestial Constellation Tree was nurtured and birthed from the blood essence from a supreme legendary existence after all, the fruits the tree borne would naturally contain a fearsome will of Mandate. How could it be so easy to obtain the fruits? This was also the reason why Xie Yu, Leng Tu didn't act first earlier. If they could obtain the fruits, how could they have hung around waiting for others to arrive here?

“GO!” Xu Feng glanced at Ji Xue. With his spear in his hands he immediately flew towards a Constellation Fruit. Ji Xue stared at Qin Wentian, “Brother Qin, it would be safer if you left first. It might not be a good idea for you to hang around to contest for the Constellation Fruits.”

After speaking, her silhouette also soared into the skies. From her perspective, if Qin Wentian stayed behind, he might be in danger of losing his life.

The major powers in the hidden realm now all had their own camps. Instantly, the area around the Celestial Constellation Tree were filled with the silhouette of humans.

Qin Wentian's perception stretched out as he contemplated the will of Mandate emanating forth from the fruits on the lowest layer.

That earthen yellow Constellation Fruit should contain the will of the Mandate of Great Earth within.

As for the blood-red fruits, the sensation he felt should have belonged to the will of the Mandate of Blood.

Other than these, he could also sense Constellation Fruits that were emanating demonic energy as well as spatial energy on that Celestial Constellation Tree.

The fruits at the uppermost layer were dark red. As his perception enveloped that, Qin Wentian's heart pounded rapidly. The energy of that fruit felt exactly the same as the energy exuding from the crimson-eyed demonic spirit he fought earlier.

The crimson-eyed demonic beast was birthed from blood essence, but there had been several kinds of unique energy within it that it didn't know how to unleash.

The branches Celestial Constellation Tree was separated into six

layers. Each layer contains a different kind of Constellation Fruit. But regardless of which layer the fruits were at, it wasn't going to be so easy if one wanted to pluck the fruits.

At this moment, that expert who flew towards the uppermost layer could be seen falling down headfirst, slamming into the ground. Evidently, he had already lost his life. Such a scene couldn't help striking fear in the hearts of others.

The price for attempting to pick the fruits, was death.

Qin Wentian patted Little Rascal on its head and whispered, "Those fruits emanating the will of the Mandate of Demons, help me pluck all of them."

Little Rascal's silhouette flickered as it instantly dashed towards those fruits.

Qin Wentian's bloodline started surging as a terrifying demonic qi gushed forth from him. His entire body was cloaked in a layer of blood qi as his aura started climbing upwards.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian stared at the Celestial Constellation Tree. As his aura broke through the limits of his cultivation level, his body soared through the air and landed on the branches of the first layer.

Xie Yu, Yin Ting and Jin Yan, the three chosen from the various major powers were on this layer as well. Other than them, there

were also several powerful Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns here, yet Qin Wentian unhesitatingly walked over.

“Get the fuck down.” Yin Ting slammed out a palm as a thunder palm imprint containing thick pressure pressed down towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian lifted his hands, the demonic qi around him was surging as his Divine Energy bubbled. With a single punch, he shattered the opponent’s thunder palm imprint.

Striding forwards, Qin Wentian used his tyrannical strength to forcibly resist the restrictive forces from the Constellation Fruits. Currently, he was only five steps away to obtain one.

Yet Yin Ting, Xie Yu and Jin Yan were only four steps away, even nearer compared to him. Around Qin Wentian, there were also others experts who were at the distance of five steps. When they saw Qin Wentian approaching, gleams of sharpness flickered through their eyes.

“Seeing that you’ve helped me once, I’ll give you a chance. Scram now and I’ll show mercy.” Xie Yu swept his eyes over as he stared at Qin Wentian. Nine arms appeared out of his body, causing him to resemble a monster.

Jin Yan was a chosen from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan. Earlier, because Qin Wentian had defeated Jin Zhan, he wanted to teach Qin Wentian a lesson. And today, this person actually came forth wanting to content for the Constellation Fruits? Right now

his finger burst into golden flames as his Astral Nova manifested. Strands of terrifying flames were being concentrated, swirling around his finger tip.

Jin Yan pressed his finger towards Qin Wentian as the golden flames gushed out to him. Qin Wentian wavered his palms as a gigantic palm imprint blasted out wanting to nullify the flames yet, the golden flames turned illusory, as though no longer existing in reality, passing through the palm imprint, continuing to pierce towards Qin Wentian.

“Puchi!” The flames directly penetrated into Qin Wentian’s fist as a flame type destructive energy ravaged his entire arm, wanting to incinerate it completely.

“RUMBLE!” A terrifying swarth of demonic energy gushed into his arms, smothering the flames to death. These golden flames were able to turn into something formless and illusory, causing those careless to be easily attacked. But luckily, the power behind the flames weren’t that strong, this was why Qin Wentian could use his energy to totally erase it.

Continued stepping forwards, Qin Wentian withstood that terrible pressure. He was now only four steps away from the earthen yellow Constellation Fruits.

“Overestimating yourself.” Yin Ting icily spat out. An overflowing strength gushed forth from him as thunder clapped down from the heavens. The him right now appeared to be a Divinity of Lightning, staring disdainfully at Qin Wentian while his entire body exuded unmatched might.

Xie Yu's countenance was icy cold as well. Each of his nine arms emitted a roaring sound as they blasted towards Qin Wentian.

However, it appeared as though Qin Wentian didn't see anything. His eyes were fixed on the fruits ahead as he coldly spoke, "With I, Qin, over here, all of you can forget about obtaining these Constellation Fruits."

After speaking, he ignored everything, as well as the threats of these people and continued advancing forward.

AGM 491 – Snatching Food Away From The Mouth Of Tigers

The earthen yellowish fruits containing the will of the Mandate of Great Earth, emanated an aura of heaviness that bore down on the bodies of those approaching. This gravity formed an invisible wall, preventing people from nearing it.

Qin Wentian was proficient in the Mandate of Force and there were great similarities between Force and Great Earth. Right now, his bloodline was surging as the will from his Mandate of Demons erupted forth from him, fortifying his body against that fearsome gravity. Right now, he was only three steps away from obtaining the fruit.

However the three experts currently surrounding him were all chosens of the various major powers in Xuan King City.

Jin Yan, a fearsome demon-level character of the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan.

Yin Ting, one of the core chosens of the Yin Clan.

Xie Yu, a genius from the Ecliptic Sect.

With these three here, how can they allow Qin Wentian to snatch away the fruits? Especially considering how Qin Wentian was, “With I, Qin, over here, all of you can forget about obtaining these Constellation Fruits.”

Even Xu Feng and Ji Xue who were a layer higher, going after the Gold Mandate Fruits couldn't help but have worry flashing through their eyes. Ji Xue wanted Qin Wentian to leave earlier because she was afraid that Qin Wentian would be hunted down after the seizing of the Constellation Fruits was over. Yet not only did Qin Wentian not take the chance to escape, he even participated, offering himself up on a platter. With these chosens here as well, how could they let him have a piece of the pie?

However there were different restrictive forces on different layers. Facing the sharpness emanating from the Gold Mandate Fruits, they completely had no way to aid Qin Wentian. They could only pray for him.

“This fellow is too impetuous. Isn't he looking down a little too much on the demon-level geniuses of Xuan King City?” Ji Xue sighed in her heart. She was perspiring cold sweat on behalf of Qin Wentian. The eyes of those three chosens upon seeing that Qin Wentian was a step nearer to the fruits compared to them, all flashed with sharp glints of cold light.

However how could Qin Wentian allowed them to do as they like? As his foot landed, a formless killing intent manifested into razor sharp sword might sweeping over everything. But still, how could the three genius retreat simply because of this?

A fearsome lightning serpent appeared above Yin Ting's head. This was none other than his Astral Nova.

With a flick of his finger, the serpent shot forth like a bullet, crackling with arcs of lightning as it madly flew towards Qin Wentian. The arcs of lightning around it were filled with terrifying destructive power and at the instant he blasted out this attack, he too took another step forward. Now, he was also only three steps away from the Constellation Fruits.

Qin Wentian stretched out his arms as scales of demonic dragons abruptly covered it. With a loud bellow, a draconic imprint was blasted up, colliding with head on with the lightning serpent.

And at this exact moment, Xie Yu's attack also arrived. The nine arms of Xie Yu blasted out a wave of interconnected fist shadows. Qin Wentian responded with a palm strike, his void vibrational shockwaves gushing out to meet the attack. However the fist shadows multiplied and filled the skies, so many that they could buried the victim within. The Mandate of Fists allowed superpositioning, inter-stacking upon each other to build up strength eventually transforming to a tsunami wave of fist strikes. Qin Wentian didn't retreat, the divine energy within his Yuanfu erupted forth as he slammed out nine palm strikes continuously. Only then did he managed to disperse the destructive might within the fist attacks.

However, Jin Yan's attack also arrived. A golden fiery lotus spiralled over. This time, the flames wasn't illusory, and contained terrifying heat guaranteed to incinerate everything it touches.

Qin Wentian stabbed out with a finger, his sword qi sweeping over everything. However, the lotus didn't seemed to be affected. Only when it was an inch away from striking Qin Wentian did it

finally be destroyed.

Qin Wentian retreated a single step, his entire surroundings were permeated by a towering sword might. It was only because of this did he managed to resist. Also, at the same instant of their attacks, Jin Yan and Xie Yu also borrowed momentum from the power of their attacks to forcibly step a step forward.

The three of them advanced while Qin Wentian was forced to retreat. Now, the three chosens were one step ahead of Qin Wentian.

“Ignorant fool.” Jin Yan coldly spat in disdain, his eyes gleaming with golden fire. “I shall make sure to personally slay you after this matter.”

After speaking, the three of them frenziedly unleashed their own strength as they exchanged glances. After adjusting the energy in their bodies, they took yet another step forwards. However, space trembled at that instant as they quickly circulated their astral energy to resist against the incoming pressure. Right now, they were only two steps away from the Constellation Fruits.

Intense ambition gleamed in the eyes of all three of them. Two more steps remaining, whoever took that step first, they would be obtained the two Constellation Fruits on this layer which contained the Mandate of the Great Earth.

As for Qin Wentian, he was already no longer within their considerations.

Qin Wentian stared at the three of them ahead of him. In that instant, he chose not to advance but rather to retreat, sliding down the branches. However, his eyes didn't show hints of defeat, but rather, they glimmered with a sharpness even more intense than before.

A torrential demonic qi erupted forth as demon-scaled armor fully enveloped his body. Stomping on the ground, he borrowed the power and soared up into the sky once more.

Advancing forwards with the first step, the sword intent he radiated, whistled through the air.

With the second step, the towering sword qi engulfed everything.

With the third step, Qin Wentian's entire body was covered with fearsome halos of sword light.

"GO!" Yin Ting abruptly hollered, his entire body was filled with the terrifying energy of lightning and thunder, destroying the invisible wall of resistance in front as he took another step forward. Right now, he was only one step away.

Jin Yan's body was cloaked in protective golden flames as he summoned all his strength and forced one more step ahead.

Xie Yu's nine arms blasted in all eight directions. He borrowed the power of that explosive impact to push himself one more step

forward as well.

Their eyes were all fixated on the Constellation Fruits ahead. They were only one more step away.

Yet, they all failed to realised that other than that oppressive pressure ahead, the entire space was already filled with the humming of sword keen. As Qin Wentian took his fourth step, his King Sword Astral Aura was already manifested, hovering above him. Around him, countless illusory swords could be seen swaying gently together with the wind.

As his fifth step landed, the entire space was enveloped by two forces – sword qi and gravity. The expressions of the three person ahead all stiffened, their countenances becoming incredibly unsightly. Yin Ting turned his head back to glance at Qin Wentian only to see that Qin Wentian was just one step away from him. Qin Wentian actually dared to return, not only that, that sword qi emanating from him felt exceedingly powerful.

“This fruits are mine.” Yin Ting took the final step forward.

“Nonsense, you are not qualified.” Jin Yan similarly stepped out.

“AGHHH!” Xie Yu howled madly. He ignored the pressure boring down and took the final step out as well. The three of them advanced and simultaneously stretched out their hands towards the same Constellation Fruit. This Constellation Fruit was located at the front of the branch, it was easier to pluck compared to the second one.

However right at this moment, the sword might enveloping this space suddenly descended. Qin Wentian's sixth step landed as the true sword might from the Seven Annihilations Swordplay swept outwards. It felt like millions upon millions streams of sword intent penetrating them through. Their countenances all underwent a drastic change.

"Puchi!" The entire branch which the Constellation Fruits were hanging on was directly severed. The wall of gravity resistance was pierced through by that overwhelming sword qi, causing the branch to fall.

The two Constellation Fruits fell together, the three of them howled in madness and instantly stretched their hands out trying to grab the fruits only to see beams of sword light shooting past, aiming to slice off their hands.

"HOW DARE YOU!" Yin Ting roared in rage. He retracted his hands but he chose to zoomed downwards with his body. The arcs of lightning around him concentrated, forming an interweaving net of lightning that frenziedly zoomed towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian extended his arms and caught the Constellation Fruits. With a intention of will, he kept the fruits in his interspatial ring and directly pierced upwards with his fingers. That towering sword might gathered, blocking against the attack incoming from above, while his body borrowed strength from the impact of that collision to descend even quicker, landing on the ground.

“IMPUDENT!”

The killing intent from the three of them in the air all blasted out madly. They instantly descended to the space just above Qin Wentian, surrounding him.

“You are courting death.” Yin Ting stomped down with his foot, his fury overflowing to the heavens. The ground in the surroundings were all explosively shattered by the overwhelming might of his lightning attacks. Yet Qin Wentian paid no heed to him, instead, he glanced towards the air, watching as many of the Constellation Fruits were pluck away by experts from the other powers.

The gold-colored fruits that emanated the will of the Mandate of Gold, was obtained by Jian Jingtian from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect as well as Xu Feng.

For the Demon Mandate Fruits, one of them were acquired by Feng Yunhe from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan while the other was snatched away by Little Rascal.

As for the Blood Mandate Fruits, both of them were taken by Shang Qi.

That gigantic Celestial Constellation Tree, only the four Constellation Fruits at the two uppermost layer was still intact. Right now, the various experts were all rushing towards there.

Only Yin Ting, Xie Yu and Jin Yan didn't join in. They wanted to kill Qin Wentian. Their killing intent joined together and reached a crescendo as they boiled with fury. Qin Wentian actually dared to snatch away their Constellation Fruits right in front of their eyes? He had to die. Qin Wentian MUST DIE!

Right now, they didn't even have one of the fruits.

“Bzzz!” Right at this moment, the immortal binding chains appeared, zooming towards Yin Ting and the others. Their expressions faltered as they quickly evaded. The immortal binding chains lengthened and a moment later, the silhouette of Ji Xue could be seen standing in the air.

Xu Feng's silhouette also flickered as he appeared here. His hands wielded a long spear, staring at Yin Ting and the other two with a grim expression on his face.

“The three of you are geniuses from the major powers. Yet you guys are joining forces to deal with a single man. Truly laughable.” Ji Xue stared at the three of them, with sarcasm obvious in her tone. She also didn't expect that Qin Wentian could snatch food from the mouth of the tigers and actually succeeded in obtaining the Constellation Fruits.

“Do the two of you wish to interfere in this matter?” Yin Ting coldly asked. In the middle of the air, a group of experts arrived, sealing this entire space off. These experts were none other than members from the Yin Clan as well as the Golden Fire Aristocratic Clan.

“The reputation of Heaven Chosens in the Xuan King City are well deserved indeed. Three people joining forces together yet failing to even obtain a single Constellation Fruit.” Xu Feng brandished his spear, while emitting a fearsome sharpness, his eyes radiating an intense will to battle.

“Xu Feng, if you choose to interfere, even if you are an external disciple of the Qinghua Mountains, I will still slay you with no hesitation.” Yin Ting icily stated.

“For the remaining Constellation Fruits, if you guys don’t want it, don’t waste my time. I’m going to take them.” Qin Wentian’s countenance was as serene as ever. Although these chosens were powerful and had many of their Mandates at the Transformation Boundary of the second level insight, Qin Wentian had no fear because he had some other cards up his sleeves.

Right now, he didn’t have time to waste with them.

The Constellation Fruits were just too important to Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. They could allow one to gain comprehension towards the will of Mandate which they were lacking at, allowing them to faster perfect their Mandates to prepare for nurturing a Constellation. For the four remaining fruits, Qin Wentian wanted them all.

“Xu Feng and Ji Xue, I’m going after the Constellation Fruits.” Qin Wentian transmitted his voice over. After which, he stomped the ground as a flood of astral light inundated the area. Using

Stellar Transposition, his silhouette completely vanished from the original spot he was standing at.

Yin Ting and the two others didn't even have time to blink. They only saw Qin Wentian soaring skywards, towards the place where so many other experts were at.

“Has this fellow gone crazy?” Ji Xue was stunned by shock when she saw Qin Wentian's actions. The remaining four Constellation Fruits are the hardest to obtain, many have tried and failed. Not only that, right now there were so many experts from the various powers all around there, the probability of success was truly too low if Qin Wentian wanted to choose this moment to snatch the fruits. He would also be in an extremely perilous situation.

Yin Ting and the two others all had exceptionally ugly expressions on their countenances when they saw Qin Wentian disregarding them, rushing skywards for the Constellation Fruits. Inclining their heads, they too, soared upwards after him. Their gazes were smouldering with hatred, looking at Qin Wentian as though they were looking at a dead man!

AGM 492 – Snatching Once More

It was unknown how long this ancient towering tree had stayed alive for.

Qin Wentian was currently walking towards its fruits, which emanated the will from the Mandate of Space.

The reason for him wanting these fruits wasn't for himself. He wanted them for Qing'er.

From his journey from the Sky Harmony City up till now, there were several who had helped him before. His foster father Qin Chuan, his esteemed teacher Mustang, his senior sister Luo Huan, and also Fairy Qingmei. Qin Wentian owed a debt of gratitude to these people.

Especially to the ephemeral ice-cold celestial maiden Qing'er. He owed her far too much.

Qing'er wasn't great at conversing, she preferred to remain in silence. She'd always had a cold temperament, but back then because of an order from Fairy Qingmei, she had remained at his side, protecting him from the shadows. Just like that, about seven to eight years had already passed.

Throughout these years, each time he was on the brink of death, the person who appeared was always Qing'er.

After the battle at the Pill Emperor Hall, although he had been grievously injured, he could still remember that during the last hints of his consciousness it was Qing'er who'd appeared and accompanied him the whole time, carrying him all the way to the Celestial Lake Palace. He had no idea how much Qing'er paid to acquire the Great Nirvana Immortal Art for him; he only knew that he definitely had to repay her for this debt of gratitude.

“Qing'er is adept in the Mandate of Space. These Space Mandate Fruits are precisely suited for her. I definitely must obtain them.” Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with an intense determination. Presently, he was surrounded by the various experts that had already gathered by the tree, with the majority wanting to obtain the Space Mandate Fruits.

However, it would be a difficult task to even approach the fruits. The nearer one was, the stronger the sense of misdirection became. For example, if one wanted to advance forwards, they would find themselves moving off in a sideways direction or even appearing in a random location. And to top it off, there also seemed to be a protective wall of space enveloping the fruits. This barrier was the reason why no one had succeeded as of yet. Maybe if an expert skilled in the Mandate of Space were there, he might be able to acquire the fruits with ease.

Below him, Yin Ting and the other two rushed over. The demonic qi gushing forth from Qin Wentian soared in intensity, and he immediately took a step forward as the fluctuations of spatial energy crackled around him, teleporting him elsewhere. Yin Ting's lightning serpent Astral Nova then slammed into nothingness. Qin Wentian had already entered the spatial zone around the Space Mandate Fruits.

In this zone, Qin Wentian could feel the sense of misdirection growing stronger, and sensed terrifying undulations of spatial energy threatening to rend him apart.

“This spatial zone is in a space of its own, with its own laws and directions.” Qin Wentian saw a beam of spatial light zooming his way and abruptly stepped back, before making a sudden dash ahead. The space within this spatial zone was extremely chaotic, yet with his perception, he managed to dodge the spatial laceration and take a step forwards in the correct direction.

Qin Wentian sensed that he was now only a step away from the Space Mandate Fruits, but somehow, there seemed to be several layers of space blocking his way, causing the distance between Qin Wentian and his target to be greatly lengthened.

The spatial zones were destroyed, one after another. Qin Wentian’s blood thrummed with power as he unceasingly advanced forwards with determination in his eyes. A while later, he discovered there were others trapped in this particular spatial zone he’d just broken through to. Among them, there was an extremely beautiful figure; it was none other than the Princess of Xuan King City, Shang Yue.

“It’s you?” Shang Yue stared at Qin Wentian, her eyes radiating cold intent.

Qin Wentian merely gave a casual glance and continued walking forwards. The backlash from the spatial energy laceration

intensified, and the demonic qi he was exuding skyrocketed in response.

“The power of Space is truly tyrannical. If one could nurture and eventually condense a Constellation of the Mandate of Space, its power would be a tier higher compared to ordinary Constellations.” Qin Wentian mused. Although cultivation depended on oneself, and cultivators with the same Mandates might have differing levels of strength, there were still certain Mandates which possessed an advantage.

“Hand over the spatial brush.” A voice rang out behind Qin Wentian. He instantly turned and slammed out with his palms. Howls of demonic dragons tore the void as his aura gushed outwards. Just a simple palm attack by him contained boundless force.

Shang Yue lifted her palms and met the attack. Yet how could she, with a mere cultivation base at the fourth level of Heavenly Dipper, be able to stand against Qin Wentian’s might? The draconic imprint turned into vibrational energy waves, terrifying and formless, that gushed into her body, causing her to cough out blood.

“Bam...” The tyrannical energy jolted Shang Yue so badly that she had no choice but to retreat. Her gaze was stone cold as she stared at Qin Wentian. The clothing covering the area around her throat had already been reduced to tatters from the impact, revealing a beautiful snow-white neck.

“Do you really think that you could obtain the spatial brush just

by fighting me during the Treasure Seizing Assembly? I'll show you how wrong you are." Qin Wentian swept his gaze over to Shang Yue. Shang Yue instantly felt a terrifying energy sinking deep into her sea of consciousness. Her countenance grew incredibly unsightly—right now, Qin Wentian's strength had truly far exceeded her imagination.

"Bzzz!" The instant Qin Wentian turned, Shang Yue's body erupted with a fearsome bloodline power. Instantly, her body was cloaked in a glacial killing energy field as her long hair fluttered in the wind. The pressure she was emanating was so strong that it stifled all others.

Shang Yue was from a branch of the Royal Clan in Grand Shang, and naturally she possessed the power of the Royal Bloodline. Her particular bloodline was known as the vitality bloodline.

As to why was it known as the vitality bloodline, whenever this bloodline limit was activated, the power of her bloodline would permeate her entire body, boosting the vitality of each and every cell. This boost in vital strength granted an overall increase in stats. Even her life force would overflow with energy.

Once the innate potential of every cell was triggered by the power of the bloodline, her attacks would naturally be strengthened many times over. Not only that, her natural defense, resistance, and recovery would all soar to insane heights.

When this kind of bloodline erupted, the user did not experience any particular special effects, however their combat prowess would be significantly augmented..

Qin Wentian turned his head, and upon noting the changes that Shang Yue underwent, he knew that she had activated the power of her bloodline. Shang Yue's previously black pupils were now coated with ice, and her eyes felt as sharp as daggers. He knew that this particular bloodline wasn't weak.

The power of a bloodline was innately bestowed when one was born. It was an exceedingly marvelous ability, and Qin Wentian knew that his first bloodline descended from an exceedingly mighty demon. It enabled him to enter into a berserker state, making him seemingly demonic. In addition to granting a boost in his aura, it enabled him to break through to the next level in cultivation. Just like now, a vast amount of demonic qi towered up to the skies, giving the appearance that he was the overlord of all demons. He who was at the third level of Heavenly Dipper, now exuded an aura similar to the fourth level.

“You think I can't win?” Shang Yue was a genius as well as a princess of Xuan King City. Regardless of talent or beauty, she was outstanding in both aspects. How could she stand for Qin Wentian's contempt?

Her Astral Nova was released—it was actually in the form of a sword. This sword radiated the chill of winter and was as cold as ice. Incomparable sharpness radiated forth as the surrounding temperature plunged rapidly, causing icicles to form in the surroundings. Ice statues appeared one after another with Shang Yue standing in the middle.

Stepping out and slashing with her sword, the surrounding space

felt as though they were about to be frozen solid. In this world, only she and Qin Wentian remained. That intent of coldness surged directly into Qin Wentian's body, and for every inch the sword neared him, the coldness Qin Wentian felt would increase by a few degrees.

Qin Wentian suddenly understood why Shang Yue wanted the spatial brush. Since her Mandate of Icesnow had already reached such a formidable stage, the next Mandate she intended to cultivate was undoubtedly the Mandate of Space. Hence, this was also the reason why she was here now. She wanted to acquire the Space Mandate Fruits.

But regardless what her motives and purposes were, what did it have to do with Qin Wentian? Nobody could stop him from acquiring the Constellation Fruits.

Stepping out, the terrifying aura gushed forth unceasingly. That aura, akin to the overlord of demons, furthered intensified.

“Boom, boom, boom...” Qin Wentian took four deliberate steps forwards. Sword qi radiated forth from him, engulfing the entire Heavens and Earth. His killing intent fused together with his sword-might and zoomed right towards Shang Yue. However, Shang Yue also mirrored his movements. Her icy sword-might shot directly into Qin Wentian's body.

“SCRAM!”

Qin Wentian stabbed his finger downwards; the entire sword-

might within the surrounding area was concentrated on the tip of his finger.

Heaven Breaking Finger, breaking the heavens with a single stab.

As the finger descended, Qin Wentian flicked his sleeves, turning back as he continued advancing. Upon seeing Jian Jingtian already nearing the fruits, his countenance turned heavy. If the constellation fruits landed in the hands of others, it would definitely be even more difficult to retrieve them.

Qin Wentian ignored everything and continued forwards. After which, he waved his hands and an ancient scroll appeared, wrapping around him as Qin Wentian began to emit fluctuations of spatial energy.

“The energy of space, there should be no difference between them. I wonder if I can sense it.” Qin Wentian shut his eyes as his powerful perception drifted outwards. He stood at his original spot and waited. Now, if he were to advance step by step, it would already be too late. He had only a single chance; he had to directly breach all these invisible spatial walls to arrive right in front of the Space Mandate Fruits.

Using the spatial energy, which now emanated forth from him as a form of linkage for him to perceive the fluctuations of this entire space—he could now clearly sense wavy lines of spatial distortions shifting all around him. After a certain period of time passed, he managed to discern the wavy lines stretching and straightening into a straight line. At that very instant, no spatial walls blocked the way towards the constellation fruits. Just for that instant.

Shang Qi and Jian Jingtian stepped out at the same moment breaching the last layer of spatial distortions, their eyes gleaming with the bright glow of excitement.

And in that very instant, Qin Wentian executed Stellar Transposition.

Stellar Transposition wasn't teleportation; it wasn't a spatial related skill. It created a 'burst' of astral energy, borrowing the power from that instant explosion to increase one's speed to the limit. Hence, it would have been useless to use Stellar Transposition earlier on, but now, that was no longer the case...

Qin Wentian's silhouette appeared in front of the Constellation Fruits with unerring accuracy. The fluctuations of the terrifying spatial energy started up once again, the waves beginning to blast towards him. Yet, without hesitation, he still stretched out his hands towards the fruits.

With one grab, the branch where the two Space Mandate Fruits were hanging on, was now in his hands. The terrifying spatial lacerations tore open huge wounds on his arms, almost severing it off completely.

Behind him, Shang Qi's face was frozen in shock as he stared at the silhouette that so abruptly appeared. Only after it was too late did he finally recover, the light of comprehension dawning in his eyes as his countenance visibly contorted with rage.

“DIE!” Shang Qi’s Frenzied Demon Halberd violently pierced out, wanting to annihilate Qin Wentian right where he stood.

“Courting death.” Jian Jingtian was in a similarly stunned state when he saw Qin Wentian suddenly appear before them. However, when he recovered, he instantly slashed out explosively with his sword, one sword shocking the heavens.

Qin Wentian exerted strength with both his hands, plucking the Constellation Fruits and stowing them inside his interspatial ring. The spatial waves of distortion around this area instantly dissipated, the Frenzied Demon Halberd directly pierced towards him, while at the same time, a resplendent sword beam fired over, slashing at him.

“BOOM!” With Stellar Transposition, Qin Wentian soared up the skies. He didn’t choose to retreat but flew skywards instead. Touching his waist gingerly with his fingers, he found them slicked with blood. Earlier, if he had been slower by an instant, that halberd would have already gutted him. Similarly, he felt blood dripping down by the side of his ears—he’d been injured by Jian Jingtian’s sword qi.

Regarding his earlier fight with Shang Yue, she’d been forced backward several steps from defending against Qin Wentian’s Heaven Breaking Finger, and ended up coughing out many mouthfuls of blood. When she finally threw off the impact, Qin Wentian had already snatched away the Constellation Fruits. After which, the invisible walls of resistance vanished as the majority of experts soared upwards, seeking to surround him. Qin Wentian had already become like a thorn in the eyes of many.

This person had snatched away so many Constellation Fruits, wasn't he afraid of death?

And right at this moment, Shang Qi and Jian Jingtian were apoplectic with the intense flames of rage. These Constellation Fruits, they truly wanted to see how qualified Qin Wentian was to retain them.

AGM 493 – One Attack, Overwhelming

Qin Wentian's body soared upwards and stared at the two remaining dark red fruits at the uppermost layer.

Not long ago, Qin Wentian had just personally witnessed an expert plunging to his death in an attempt to pluck these fruits. The victim had no evident external injuries, but it was highly possible these two fruits had the highest degree of difficulty to acquire.

As he neared the them, Qin Wentian felt his heartbeat increasing in intensity. He felt every cell in his body pulsating, to the point where it felt his heart would rupture. Only then did he halt his steps. He glanced up at the dark red fruits and took a deep breath.

Right now on the branch where Qin Wentian was standing on, Jian Jingtian and Shang Qi both landed on the left and right of him. Below him, several other experts were all coldly staring at him.

Other than two Earth Mandate Fruits, Qin Wentian had acquired another two Space Mandate Fruits. Right now in the eyes of others, he was undoubtedly a treasure trove whose value was higher compared to the two dark red fruits at the uppermost layer. After all, Qin Wentian had four fruits, and it would be easier to plunder the fruits directly from him.

“You won't be able to retain the Constellation Fruits. Do you want the fruits or do you want your life?” Shang Qi wielded the

fearsome Frenzied Demon Halberd in his hands as he activated the power of his blood. His halberd glimmered with a resplendent light, radiating sharpness. His whole body also shone with a blood-colored light, projecting a terrifying sight to others.

“Hand the fruits to me, I can guarantee your safe passage out of here,” stated Jian Jingtian, who was on his other side.

At this moment on the branch below, both Xie Yu and Jin Yan also arrived. The killing intent emanating from them was just as stifling, as the four of them encircled Qin Wentian, trapping him where he stood.

“Mad man.” Ji Xue’s face flashed with worry upon seeing Qin Wentian standing alone against so many experts. This fellow disregarded everything in his quest to snatch the Constellation Fruits. Earlier, he’d almost been stabbed by Shang Qi’s halberd, and now he was surrounded by four experts. Didn’t he value his life?

“If you want the Constellation Fruits, come after me.” Qin Wentian stepped out in the air, as his heart lurched violently. It was as though every cell in his body was about to explode. This pulsing energy resonated together with the thumping of his heart; it was too terrifying.

Shang Qi stepped out, but then sent out a palm attack towards Qin Wentian. A gigantic blood-colored palm made a grab for Qin Wentian, its blood-colored glow causing Qin Wentian’s blood to surge wildly, almost to the point of bursting out of his body.

Qin Wentian coldly snorted. Droplets of his blood sank into his palms, and with a wave, he blasted out a bloodcurse imprint, colliding together with the blood-colored palm of Shang Qi, causing a thunderous boom to echo out as a torrent of blood-might permeated the air.

At the same instant, Jian Jingtian, as well as the two below started to move, all of them lunging towards Qin Wentian. Right then, the pressure Qin Wentian felt was too overwhelming; it was as though he had fallen right into a pack of wolves and might be killed at any time.

“Since you guys want these fruits so much, come up and get it.” Qin Wentian continued ascending upwards, bringing him another step closer to the dark red fruits. The pulsing energy magnified, even the sounds of his heart thumping was audible to all.

“No matter what, you shall die here today.” Shang Qi’s voice was ice-cold as he soared upwards as well. Jian Jingtian’s body was protectively enveloped by halos formed from sword light as he too, stepped after Qin Wentian.

Those below weren’t willing to stay passive, and they too tried to challenge the pressure field emitted by these last two Mandate Fruits. And moments later, over ten of the fifth level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns stepped out and flew towards the Mandate Fruits. Or more accurately, they flew towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was just one man, but his actions stirred up all the

experts presently at the Celestial Constellation Tree.

“Thump, thump...” Qin Wentian’s heart pounded unceasingly. He closed his eyes and immersed himself in the sensation of the pulsing energy as though he wanted to acclimatize himself to it. Even the power of his bloodline started pulsing, like the tides of an ocean.

Lifting his foot, Qin Wentian advanced once more. The hearts of the crowd pounded rapidly, and before they could react, Qin Wentian, who wanted to make use of the pressure field generated by the Mandate Fruits to avoid his attackers, was now only two steps away.

Could it be that he also wanted these two remaining fruits that were the hardest to acquire?

The countenances of Shang Qi, Jian Jingtian, and the other geniuses turned heavy, marveling at the guts of this man. In front of all the demon-level characters, Qin Wentian even dared to entertain the notion of solely acquiring over half of the Mandate Fruits for himself?

Ji Xue and Xu Feng were also among the crowd. They found it ridiculous when they stared at the young man who was nearest to the dark red fruits. This person was a mad man— even if Shang Qi himself wanted to solely acquire over half of the Mandate Fruits, he wouldn’t be able to resist the pressure of others turning on him despite his status.

Yet, this young man in white seemed to have no worries at all. Perhaps, he had no idea how the word ‘fear’, was written.

Right now, Qin Wentian was enduring an unprecedented sense of pressure. However, that was not because of the others ganging up on him but rather, it was the pressure field coming from the Mandate Fruits. These fruits were really capable of killing people; his current heartbeat had already intensified to a terrifying rate.

Drawing in deep breaths, Qin Wentian stabilized his heartbeat, causing it to form a resonance to the pulsing force as he took another step upwards. And he wasn’t the only one; the other geniuses behind him could all achieve that. In addition, they could even continue issuing attacks without disorder.

“Pu!” Qin Wentian coughed out a mouthful of blood, yet he forcibly continued standing at his spot, staring at the fruits ahead.

“What kind of Mandate is this?” Qin Wentian mused, he had never seen or felt anything like it.

“One more step remaining.” Shang Yue stared at the white-robed young man standing on the branch, feeling thunderstruck in her heart. This person was a mad man.

Qin Wentian wanted to stabilize his breathing, as well as find his balance. But below him, Xie Yue’s nine hands each held a bow, seven of which were pointed right at Qin Wentian, while the other two were locked on towards Shang Qi and Jian Jingtian.

At this moment, if Qin Wentian were to be disrupted by any external forces his heart would definitely rupture. And if he truly died, his interspatial ring would definitely be taken away.

“Be careful!” Ji Xue called out as she stared at the scene above. Qin Wentian’s perception was so powerful, naturally he’d already sensed that there was an intense killing intent locking onto him from the back. And not just him, Shang Qi and Jian Jingtian both sensed it as well. Their auras erupted forth as they made preparations to strike out with one last attack in this tense situation.

They and Xie Yu shared the same thoughts: if Qin Wentian died, his interspatial ring must definitely go to them.

“Thud, thud, thud!” The sounds of footsteps echoed in the air as the experts moved towards Qin Wentian. Even in the face of mounting pressure, they also wanted to fight for a chance to obtain his interspatial ring.

Qin Wentian didn’t move. From the perspective of others, right now, Qin Wentian’s entire body was tensed up—upon facing that pulsing pressure, as well as enduring the intense pounding of his heart, Qin Wentian couldn’t move at all. Xie Yu’s plan was truly sinister—it was no wonder that among all the demon-level geniuses, he was the one furthest away from the Constellation Fruits. He’d apparently planned this out right from the start, and was preparing to fire his arrows at the most crucial moment.

“That white-robed young man is truly seeking his own death; he actually dared to get so close to the Constellation Fruits. The

nearer one gets to the pressure field, the lesser one's resistance becomes." Some of the weaker experts below mused in their hearts.

This young man had acquired so many Constellation Fruits, but sadly, it seemed that his efforts would only benefit the others in the end.

There was no doubt about it; Qin Wentian would definitely die. If Xie Yu fired his arrows, Qin Wentian had no way to block them, he could only wait for death.

However right at this moment, the crowd only saw Qin Wentian's palms moving, blasting downwards with an almighty force.

"BOOM, BOOM!"

The sounds of bells ringing echoed in the air, however now, the bell chimes were akin to the sound of death. Ancient bells manifested around the air—this was none other than the Heartbreak Echo.

Instantly, Shang Qi and the rest of the geniuses paled. They were the one nearest to the Space Mandate Fruits, and under the pressure field, their heartbeats were already barely under control. Yet right now, with this innate technique unleashed by Qin Wentian, was he actually targeting to rupture their hearts as well?!

“Pu....” Shang Qi felt his heart was already close to the exploding point, he coughed out blood and retreated with explosive speed, channeling his entire strength to protect his heart from rupturing.

“Pu, pu, pu!” By then, it wasn’t just Shang Qi—everyone, including those experts below, were all coughing out blood. The reverberations of those ancient bells somehow borrowed power from the pressure field and were boring down directly onto their hearts. Some of the weaker ones were instantly killed, and as they fell from the skies, they blocked the trajectories of Xie Yu’s arrow. Unless Xie Yu was like Fan Le and could control the direction of his fired arrows, he had no way to hit Qin Wentian amidst the blockage of falling bodies.

However, Xie Yu evidently had no strength to attack. His countenance had also turned pale and he was coughing out blood as well.

That one attack by Qin Wentian caused those who were waiting for his death to be dumbstruck, staring in disbelief at the scene.

No matter if they were geniuses or chosen, they were all affected by that attack. Even demon-level characters like Jian Jingtian and Shang Qi had no way to evade it. That one attack forced everyone to descend back to the ground, not daring to go back up. It was as though these people were here for no other reason than to witness the magnificent scene of that white-robed young man succeeding.

He didn’t hide away from the threat of death, but persisted all the way till the last step. And right at that instant, with a single move, he decimated all his opponents.

He was only one man and made an enemy out of all the geniuses from the major powers. But so what of it?

He alone had already snatched away more than half of the existing Constellation Fruits, was there anything he still didn't dare to do?

Shang Yue's beautiful eyes froze at the scene; she felt a deep rush of impact in her heart. She didn't dare to believe what she saw was real, everything felt like a dream. Utter shock was the only expression that remained on her face.

Ji Xue and Xu Feng also felt their hearts pounding with disbelief as they stared at the young man in white.

"This..." Ji Xue's mouth was slightly agape. He dared to do this because right from the start he'd already had a counter measure planned. He waited for everyone to soar up, advancing towards the Constellation Fruits before unleashing the decisive strike.

Right now, nobody was capable of posing a threat to him.

The young man in white didn't even glance back at the others. Earlier, the instant he felt the pressure field emanated by the Space Mandate Fruits, he already knew that his Heartbreak Echo could be amplified by it, sweeping away all opponents with domineering might.

That white-robed young man took the final step and stowed the two dark-red fruits away into his interspatial ring. Instantly, the pressure field vanished completely, yet the shocking scene that happened earlier was still freshly etched into everyone's minds. Even for Shang Yue, many years later in the future after that young man in white had already become a legend, she would still recall this exact moment right now of him standing dominantly, tall and proud in the air.

AGM 494 – Mowing Down All Resistance

Now that the Celestial Constellation Tree had been totally plucked dry of Constellation Fruits, the invisible pressure dissipated, no longer affecting the cultivators.

Currently, only massive boughs, intertwined branches and a countless number of leaves could be seen. The Constellation Fruits had all disappeared. Qin Wentian alone had obtained six of those fruits, and even his demonic pet also acquired one. This meant that right now, Qin Wentian actually possessed a total of seven Constellation Fruits.

As for this ancient tree, naturally no one sought to damage it. Who knows, it might be able to bear fruits once more, although it was unknown how long that would be in the future. But when it happened, the major powers in Xuan King City would definitely contest for the rights to claim it.

“Plop, plop...” Several figures slammed onto the ground. These were the weaker cultivators whose hearts had ruptured under Qin Wentian’s Heartbreak Echo.

Earlier, their heartbeats were already erratic under the pressure field from the Constellation Fruits, taut like a bow string ready to be fired. The slightest external stimulus could effortlessly collapse that fragile line of balance.

Disregarding them, even Shang Qi with his bloodline limit was pressured to the point where he couldn’t hold on. The moment he

landed on the ground, he stumbled back several steps and immediately popped a medical pill into his mouth to stabilize his thumping heart. The killing intent flashing in his eyes was incomparably terrifying.

Lifting his head and staring at the Celestial Constellation Tree, he only saw Qin Wentian's silhouette flashing by, akin to a great roc as he soared through the air, flying away.

Having sole possession of over six Constellation Fruits? How could he not depart right away? Normally, if one was lucky enough just to obtain two or three, they would have already left without another thought.

“STOP HIM!”

“KILL HIM!”

The voices of Shang Qi and Jian Jingtian rang out at the same instant. Immediately, those experts who were still uninjured all soared up into the air, flying after Qin Wentian.

The one nearest to Qin Wentian was actually Xie Yu now. Previously, he had kept himself as the furthest away from the Constellation, and so he had felt the least amount of pressure. Now, seeing that Qin Wentian was trying to escape, he immediately shot out the arrows he prepared.

Qin Wentian could sense the deadly arrows behind him.

Executing Roc Flash, his silhouette blinked as the fired arrows soared harmlessly above his head.

Little Rascal was right by his side. One man, one beast, they madly rushed towards the mountain range. At this moment, there was no longer a need for them to remain here.

“Where can you go?” A ear-piercing sound rang out. A raging wind gusted, Qin Wentian felt the presence of someone appearing above him. This newcomer was none other than the chosen of the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan, Feng Yunhe. Roc wings could be seen behind his back—his speed was the swiftest out of all the experts present.

Feng Yunhe dashed downwards, stretching out his golden talons and smashed them towards Qin Wentian. The sound of sharp blades slicing through the air loudly echoed out.

“What a powerful attack.” The Divine Energy in Qin Wentian’s body bubbled as his blood surged, blasting out the bloodcurse imprint in response to Feng Yunhe’s attack.

“BOOM!” An intense, thunderous sound of collision rang out. Feng Yunhe could also sense how fearsome Qin Wentian’s attack was. With a flash, he disappeared from sight and reappeared some distance ahead of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian stared at Feng Yunhe who was blocking his path. Feng Yunhe’s eyes appeared slightly demonic, and the wings on his back seemed to be an aspect of his unique bloodline, and not

manifested from any innate techniques.

Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan, the roc flying in the wind—he had the blood of the Wind Roc in his veins. In the Xuan King City, if one were to talk about speed, then not one of the major powers, including experts of the Royal Clan in Xuan King City, would be able to compete against them in speed.

And as a chosen of the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan, Feng Yunhe naturally couldn't be compared to ordinary fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Qin Wentian could kill fifth-level sovereigns, but who said that Feng Yunhe couldn't do so?

And not only was he swift, he was powerful as well. If not, how could he become a chosen of the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan?

“Cough out the fruits,” Feng Yunhe stated imperiously. Within moments, those pursuing from the back were already on the verge of catching up. Qin Wentian naturally wouldn't choose to battle against so many. He immediately jumped onto the transformed Little Rascal and flew off to the side.

“Hmph.” Feng Yunhe coldly snorted. He moved smoothly in the wind like a fish in water. A moment later, golden lances could be seen hovering around him.

A raging wind gusted, many of the golden lances erupted forth, sealing Qin Wentian's path ahead. At the same time, the remaining lances shot towards his body.

Little Rascal immediately dipped downwards and landed on the ground, evading the fired lances. Feng Yunhe flickered as he appeared in front of Qin Wentian once again, blocking his path. If Qin Wentian didn't hand over the fruits today, there was no need for him to even think about living past another day.

The sounds of silhouettes whistling through the air could be heard as the other experts from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan arrived. Golden lances could all be seen in their hands as they stared coldly at Qin Wentian on the ground below them.

Behind them, the experts from the other major powers, including Shang Qi and Jian Jingtian also arrived. The coldness of their killing intent enveloped the entire region, locking onto Qin Wentian.

Ji Xue immediately wanted to dash over, however, Xu Feng held her back. Turning her head, she glanced at Xu Feng. He wasn't looking at her but was instead focusing his gaze at the experts rushing ahead. He shook his head. "I'm the same as you, we both owe him our lives. However, if we fought together with him now, it would only end with our deaths. There would be no meaning to it."

Xu Feng was logical. From the viewpoint of their relations, they should aid Qin Wentian. But from a rational basis, by doing so, this would only lead them to a useless loss of their lives.

Although his words were harsh, it was the truth. Ji Xue's mouth parted slightly, helplessness clear in her eyes. Although she wasn't lacking in strength, it was impossible for her to fight against so

many experts.

“That crimson-eyed demonic spirit has vanished, and there’s a possibility that it died in his hands. In that case, since he dared to snatch so many of the Constellation Fruits, he must have a method to preserve his life.” Xu Feng spoke in a low voice. Although he wasn’t so confident, under such circumstances, his words caused Ji Xue’s eyes to glow. Maybe Qin Wentian truly had a way to survive.

Shang Yue’s silhouette flickered as she followed the end of the crowd. The experts ahead of her were like ravenous wolves lunging at their prey. How could that white-robed young man survive this perilous situation?

At this moment, Qin Wentian calmly stood on the ground as he stared at the silhouettes bearing down on him, as well as the strings of other slower experts flying behind them. If these people launched a collective attack, joining their strength together, he would surely be turned into dust.

“Hand over the Constellation Fruits and I won’t kill you. Maybe then you would still have a chance to live,” Feng Yunhe promised.

Qin Wentian swept a glance over. His blood was thrumming with power as his eyes turned incomparably demonic. Taking a step forward, an overwhelming sword qi engulfed the Heavens and Earth.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!”

Qin Wentian continued stepping out and each of his steps served to strengthen the sword qi that was permeating the air. As his fourth step landed, the amount of sword qi permeating the air was so much that it seemed endless.

“Courting death!” Feng Yunhe hollered in rage. The golden lances in the air shot out, and at the instant of his attack, the other experts from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan similarly launched their attack, causing countless golden lances to pierce towards Qin Wentian.

However, it seemed as though Qin Wentian wasn’t even aware of this. He took a fifth step forwards and the instant his step landed, the figures in the surrounding felt their entire body trembling, as if the endless sword qi had penetrated their bodies. Above Qin Wentian, a resplendent Astral Nova in the form of a king’s sword appeared. That Astral Nova was vibrating furiously, and the entire space around it seemed to transform into a forest of swords.

However, the golden lances had all already erupted his way.

“Bang!” His silhouette disappeared as a bout of astral light flooded the area. In an instant, he safely passed through the gap of the long lances and continued his sixth step.

A humming sword melody enveloped the entire space, as the faces of everyone underwent a drastic change. Retreating explosively, while simultaneously launching an attack, the Astral Novas within their bodies seemed to be trembling as they began to bleed. Somehow, a terrifying sword-might had entered their bodies and was currently ravaging it from within.

Even Feng Yunhe was affected, however the killing intent in his eyes didn't diminished in the slightest.

Qin Wentian's entire body felt tense. The final sword-step was extremely difficult to achieve.

The Seven Annihilations Swordplay consisted of the principle of a step matching with a sword. Each successive step would build upon the sword-might generated from the previous one. Now at his sixth step, he formed an innate connection with Heaven and Earth and borrowed its force to augment his attacks. This was already his limit, and as for the seventh step, it wasn't easy to achieve it.

Shang Qi and the others eventually caught up, and upon feeling that terrifying sword-might permeating the air, their bodies immediately erupted with terrifying auras.

Was this Qin Wentian's trump card? They truly wanted to see how Qin Wentian would die after this.

Jian Jingtian stepped out, and a fearsome sword-might similarly emanated forth from him. His sword Astral Nova manifested, vibrating intently, and with a wave of his hands, that single sword split into two, then into four and so on and so forth... until a row of swords appeared in front of him, with each sword emitting an extremely terrifying sharpness.

"DIE!" Jian Jingtian howled as the row of swords in front of him

penetrated through the void and instantly appeared in front of Qin Wentian.

However, at that exact moment, Qin Wentian's body emitted an absolute force of attraction towards swords. As the swords zoomed towards him, about to penetrate him right through, yet they were all blocked by a mysterious force circulating around him.

“DIE!!” Jian Jingtian howled again, using his astral energy to push the swords with all his might, intending to slay Qin Wentian.

“Peng!” A storm of sword qi ballooned up, as the sharpness in the air became palpable.

Lifting his foot, and with great difficulty, Qin Wentian took the final step. He borrowed the power from Jian Jingtian's attacking swords to accomplish it. As the seventh step landed, the row of sharp swords belonging to Jian Jingtian all shattered, adding to the might of the sword qi storm. Instantly, as the sword qi exploded, a rain of blood dyed the surroundings red. It was unknown how many experts had fallen, all lacerated into nothingness under the sharpness of that explosion.

This time, there were no more injuries. It was an all-out, complete, utter decimation.

Feng Yunhe and Shang Qi retreated with explosive speed, the Astral Novas in their bodies were all shaking underneath this pervading sword-might. In fact, the pressure was so intense that their Astral Novas felt as if they would shatter at any moment.

Right now, an unspeakable terror seized their hearts. Earlier, Qin Wentian used this attack as an area of effect attack, targeting everyone in his surroundings. However, if he were to use this technique on a lone target, how much more devastating would it be?

This final attack consumed the entirety of Qin Wentian's energy in his sword-aligned Yuanfu. The exhaustion rate of the Seven Annihilations Swordplay was too terrifying. However, its effect was just as terrifying—more than half of his earlier pursuers were all either dead or grievously injured.

“Death to those who try to block me,” Qin Wentian coldly spoke. Astral light flashed as his silhouette disappeared once more. Disregarding his expenditure of astral energy, he appeared in front of a cultivator and slammed down with his crimson-colored palm. That cultivator responded with a palm strike and instantly withered due to the bloodcurse imprint. His arms turned to bones as the corrosion effect soon spread to his entire body, causing him to fall from the skies.

“BOOM!” After Qin Wentian killed that cultivator, he disappeared and reappeared in front of another cultivator once again. This time, he blasted out with his Heartbreak Echo, causing that person to clutch his chest as he coughed out fresh blood. It was already too late for him despite his attempts to retreat. After this poor victim's heart had ruptured, Qin Wentian executed Stellar Transposition once more as his sword sealed the throat of yet another cultivator.

Killing people, plundering lives. The area around Qin Wentian became an absolute zone of death!

AGM 495 – One Against All

Qin Wentian was just like a God of Death, his silhouette striking deep terror in people's hearts. In the blink of an eye, over ten Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns had already fallen. These poor victims, with their cultivation bases, they would at least be of the middle management level regardless of which major power they were placed in.

Staring ahead, after carving out a path of slaughter, Qin Wentian's figure stood arrogantly in the air. He was like the overlord of demons, staring disdainfully at all beneath him.

“The Constellation Fruits, whoever wishes to take them from me, just bring it.” Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he shot off in the air again. Little Rascal transformed into his golden battle form as Qin Wentian mounted it. This magnificent scene caused the others to all be thunderstruck with shock, and they didn't immediately chase after him.

“WHERE CAN YOU ESCAPE?” Someone from behind roared out, soaring after Qin Wentian. All of a sudden, a resplendent beam of light shot right out from the center of Qin Wentian's brows. Instantly, the countenance of the man who shouted drastically changed. He found himself sinking into a nightmare where countless demons were rushing over to him.

“Puchi!” The scarlet demon halberd pierced right through his head. Qin Wentian used Stellar Transposition to reverse his trajectory, slaying that man with a single strike.

Qin Wentian pulled out the scarlet demon halberd, and no one dared to meet his gaze directly.

He was too powerful, not even fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns could stand against him. In fact, those victims didn't even have the time to unleash their Astral Novas before they died.

“Scarlet demon halberd.” Shang Qi's expression faltered. Yin Ting also stared at the halberd in Qin Wentian's hands—it was obviously the halberd which the fifth-ranked Grandmaster, Chi Yezi, had forged.

No wonder the scarlet demon halberd vanished, it had been taken away by Qin Wentian.

“To whoever dares to chase me, I shall show no mercy.” Qin Wentian continued flying ahead. This time around, there was nobody who dared make a remark in response. The majority of them were cowed by Qin Wentian's domineering actions. Their hearts were all trembling with fear, those who were killed earlier weren't weaklings. If they continued to give chase, they would basically be in the same boat.

Not only that, this young man had too many crafty attacks and instantaneous movement techniques. This made them unable to join collectively and blast out their attack. If not, Qin Wentian would have already died under their combined strength.

However, right now, they were all dumbstruck by Qin Wentian's merciless slaughtering. The strength Qin Wentian had shown

earlier was too terrifying.

But, so what of it? The crowd might be cowed, but the chosen from the major powers wouldn't give up so easily. Feng Yunhe's silhouette flickered, moving like a roc in the wind, and instantly appeared in the space above Qin Wentian.

“With such a mad dash for survival and that whole show of dominance, the astral energy in his body should have almost run dry,” Xie Yu icily stated, and he similarly soared through the air, flying after Qin Wentian and Feng Yunhe. His words caused the eyes of many to brighten. Indeed, it was a logical conclusion. After such a prolonged fight and the usage of such powerful attacks, the rate of astral energy consumption would be inconceivable. And Qin Wentian was only a third-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Although he exuded an aura similar to the fourth level, that was done by igniting the power of his blood, which in other words, also burned off his energy.

Qin Wentian shouldn't be able to persist for too long, that earlier show of dominance was just an act he'd put up to frighten them away.

Shang Qi, Jian Jingtian, Jin Yan, Yin Ting, they all flew after them as well. Their actions caused the hesitating crowd to stir up once more, following behind the six chosen at a distance. They didn't dare to get too close, the strength of the six chosen was undoubtable, and the shockwaves from their battle with Qin Wentian might spread over to them.

Qin Wentian and Little Rascal continued flying ahead. And as he

sensed the pursuit of Feng Yunhe and the others, Qin Wentian's black eyes flashed with a foreboding glint of cold light. Truly, these people didn't know what was good for them. Most probably, they wouldn't stop until they killed him and seized his Constellation Fruits.

He slowed down and came to a complete halt. Soon after, the six chosen all arrived and surrounded him. Astral Novas and wills of Mandate all blasted out, boring down upon Qin Wentian, and he felt the peril of his situation.

“Bzzz!” The third eye in the center of his brow flashed, as the will from the Mandate of Dreams swept towards the six chosen. His Great Dream Astral Nova rumbled the void as it manifested, as his dream will engulfed the entire space. An instant later, everyone's minds felt heavy as illusions from a dreamscape drifted past their eyes.

“Mandate of Dreams.” The chosen gritted their teeth, and focused their concentration. They must not allow themselves to be affected.

“No matter how powerful you are, you are destined to fall here today.” The countenance of Jian Jingtian was as sharp as a sword. His entire being radiated a fearsome sword-might as his Astral Novas all floated in front of him. With a wave of his hands, the sound of keening swords filled the skies, and a beam of sword light shot forth towards Qin Wentian. This was merely an attack to probe him and wasn't that powerful—Qin Wentian slashed out with the halberd and dissipated the sword beam.

However, Jian Jingtian continued with his attacks. Within moments, the sword qi he exuded concentrated together to form a river of swords, gushing over with powerful currents, and smashing towards Qin Wentian. At the same time, he stepped forwards, and with every step the intensity of the mounting river tides grew even stronger. The sword intent continued to be condensed, as rumbling sounds filled the skies. This was one of his ultimate arts, Heaven Shocking Swordplay! When he executed this, even the mountains and rivers would be stirred because of his attack.

The scarlet demon halberd in Qin Wentian's hands spun intricately around in beautiful arcs, defending against the torrential currents. One mustn't forget that the halberd was a low-tier fifth-ranked divine weapon forged by Grandmaster Chi Yezi before his death. In addition, this fifth-ranked divine weapon was slightly special—it didn't augment the user's attack directly. This weapon was further powered by the soul of Chi Yezi, and that soul remnant had already been transformed into a nightmarish will. It could give birth to illusions of the mind from using the will of the Mandate of Dreams. Qin Wentian wasn't so familiar with the weapon yet and as such, he had no way to unleash its true strength.

But even so, it was easier for him to cause others to sink into a dreamscape when he used the halberd to augment his Mandate of Dreams. In terms of a pure boost to his attack strength, it wasn't that significant, but it was still much more tyrannical compared to ordinary fifth-ranked divine weapons.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as the halberd in his hands explosively slammed out against that incoming river. A terrifying

force permeated within, as the sword intent from Qin Wentian's body surged forth, causing the river of swords to seethe madly in response.

Yin Ting stood in the air. At this moment, his entire body was enveloped by millions of arcs of lightning, appearing akin to a Divinity of Lightning.

His hand stretched out, and endless amounts of electricity gathered there. Finally, a thunderbolt split apart the skies, as his palms slammed downwards, pressing down on Qin Wentian.

Jin Yan fired forth a golden flame lotus that had been compressed to its limits. Shang Qi and Feng Yunhe both unleashed their respective attacks, while Xie Yu, as usual, stayed back and fired his arrows after he saw everyone end their attacks. Nine arrows joined like a string of pearls, fired through the air with incredible speed, instantly sealing all paths of Qin Wentian's retreat.

Although his Stellar Transposition was mighty, it wasn't a true form of teleportation. He couldn't shift space and move, but rather, he moved normally at an insanely quick speed. But once his paths of retreat were sealed off, then it didn't matter how fast he was—he couldn't move away unless he were to stop and break the blows with his own attack.

“The attacks from the chosen are all truly extraordinary. Even if Qin Wentian were to be given wings now, he wouldn't be able to escape.” The spectators all silently mused in their hearts.

But then, Qin Wentian's King Sword Astral Nova also slashed out against the sword river. Boundless amounts of sword-might gathered, infusing his halberd in a bid to defend against that torrential river. At the same time, Qin Wentian's Heavenly Hammer Astral Nova cleaved downwards from the skies, shattering Xie Yu's arrows as he executed Stellar Transposition, then flying in the direction of Xie Yu.

“BANG.....” The tyrannical attacks unleashed by the chosen devastated Qin Wentian's surroundings.

Deep crevices formed as the ground shattered, but all the incoming arrows shot by Xie Yu vibrated into nothingness, just from the vibrational shockwaves of the Heavenly Hammer Astral Nova. Soon after, braving through a storm of attacks, Qin Wentian appeared right in front of Xie Yu.

Visible bleeding wounds could be seen lacerated across his back. His long hair was slightly messy, fluttering in the wind. Earlier, although he executed Stellar Transposition, he was still hit by some of the attacks.

“His Astral Novas are so powerful.” The spectators were all gasping with shock. Qin Wentian's first three Astral Souls were all condensed from the fifth Heavenly Layer. Furthermore, his Astral Novas had been condensed from using Divine Energy, so it would naturally be many times more tyrannical compared to the Astral Novas of others. For ordinary cultivators, their first three astral souls originated mainly from the second to fourth Heavenly Layer. How could it be comparable?

Xie Yu calmly stared at the incomparably large Heavenly Hammer chopping its way over to him. In response, all nine of his arms punched out with blinding speed, emitting a golden light that formed an energy shield to block that attack.

“BOOOM!” Qin Wentian’s Heavenly Hammer bounced back from the impact. However, at the same time, his third eye glowed as the fearsome will from his Mandate of Dreams shot towards Xie Yu. Xie Yu’s entire body started to tremble, he shook his head rapidly in an attempt to stay clear-headed. Yet, it was useless. A countless number of devils and demons were all rushing towards him, and each of them were exceedingly powerful.

“Bzzz!” Qin Wentian’s scarlet demon halberd struck out, further augmenting the power of his dream will.

Xie Yu howled in madness, his Astral Novas all bursting out from the void. A fist-type Astral Nova covered the skies with fist shadows, as the impact from his attack shook the entire earth, destroying the illusions.

“SCRAM!” Xie Yu roared, however he only saw a burst of astral light flooding the area as Qin Wentian’s silhouette vanished again. Xie Yu’s countenance underwent a drastic change. However, with his battle experience, he wasn’t slow to react, and all nine of his arms instantly blasted towards his back.

At the same time, the other experts all unleashed the second round of their attacks. Feng Yunhe’s speed was the fastest—his

golden talons plunged downwards, aiming to tear off Qin Wentian's head.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian focused his attentions on Xie Yu. A towering dream-will gushed frenziedly into Xie Yu's sea of consciousness, causing him to swoon. He could only rely on his basic instincts, and he blocked the halberd with all his strength, without allowing the halberd to land a hit on him.

“As expected of someone who comprehended the Mandate of Great Earth and Mandate of Gold, his defense is truly terrifying,” Qin Wentian silently lamented. He instantly retracted his halberd and angled it, slashing upwards towards Feng Yunhe in one smooth movement. The impact from their attacks caused them both to tremble. At this exact instant, Shang Qi's blood-colored palm imprint blasted over, and Qin Wentian felt himself being buried in a sea of attacks.

“LITTLE RASCAL!” Qin Wentian shouted. Little Rascal, who hadn't been participating in the attacks, instantly jumped onto Qin Wentian's body. At the same time, Qin Wentian's four Astral Novas enveloped him protectively.

With a flick of his sleeves, an ancient scroll emanating with the power of space appeared in his hands.

“DAMN, STOP HIM!” The countenances of the chosen were plastered with fury. That was a spatial transference scroll!

Jian Jingtian shot out with his sword-form Astral Nova, instantly

slashing towards Qin Wentian. However, the scarlet demon halberd similarly lashed out in defense, the impact causing Jian Jingtian's inner organs to vibrate intensely as he coughed out blood.

And simultaneously, the attacks from the others all landed like rain falling down from the skies, yet all failed to penetrate past Qin Wentian's Astral Novas. Soon after, the fluctuations of spatial energy grew increasingly powerful and with a bright flash of light, Qin Wentian completely vanished from the spot!

“RUMBLE!” The ground Qin Wentian was standing at had totally shattered due to the fearsome spatial fluctuations. The six Heaven's Chosen of the various major powers stood there dumbly, staring blankly at thin air.

Qin Wentian had disappeared. Right in front of them, Qin Wentian had escaped, bringing along with him a total of seven Constellation Fruits!

AGM 496 – Unwilling To Give Up

It was unknown how many countless years the Celestial Constellation Tree had to be nurtured for before it had born such a small amount of fruits. For the sake of acquiring these fruits, Xuan King City's strongest powers, including the demon-level geniuses from the various major powers, had all stood up to contend for it.

But in the end, over half of those Constellation Fruits had been taken away by a young man in white whose cultivation base was only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper. Not only that, he did so in a bold and forthright manner, fiercely fighting against the various experts. He killed over half of the experts who went to the hidden realm and even when facing the six chosen from the major powers, he still had the ability to resist.

This matter swiftly circulated through the Xuan King City. This time around, the face and prestige of those chosen had been utterly trashed.

This was simply too humiliating, there were some who failed to even acquire one Constellation Fruit. To them, this was a matter of the greatest shame.

Their eyes stared at the deep crater in the space ahead. Intense waves of anger could be felt gushing forth from all the six chosen.

He escaped! Qin Wentian used a spatial transference scroll to safely retreat.

“Shang Yue!” Shang Qi roared. Shang Yue instantly flew towards him, how could the rush of impact not be intense to her? That young man in white was actually this powerful. Only now did she understand why Qin Wentian didn’t fear to stand against her in the Treasure Seizing Assembly.

Not only was he a Divine Inscriptionist, he was at the level of Grandmaster. Putting that incident into perspective, no wonder he wanted the spatial brush so badly; Qin Wentian had even dared to seize the Constellation Fruits in front of so many demon-level characters. How could the magnitude of him snatching away the spatial brush be compared to this event? Frankly, it wasn’t even worthy of mention.

Standing among the crowd of spectators, Xu Feng and Ji Xue were also stunned into speechlessness. So, it turned out that Qin Wentian could have left long ago. However, he didn’t wish to waste the spatial transference scroll, only using it after slaughtering a large number of experts. Even Xie Yu was almost killed by him at the end.

He saved Xie Yu’s life, but Xie Yu wanted his death. How could he not want to take back Xie Yu’s life before he left? In fact, Qin Wentian had almost succeeded. Xu Feng and Ji Xue were thinking that if the other chosen weren’t also present, Xie Yu would have fallen right there and then, without a doubt.

“Shang Yue, that spatial transference scroll, was it something he created after he acquired that spatial brush?” Shang Qi directed the question to Shang Yue.

“I think so, he’s a Divine Inscriptionist after all.” Shang Yue nodded. The surrounding crowd were all stunned by her words. With such combat prowess, that guy was still a Divine Inscriptionist that was good enough to create spatial transference scrolls?

“In that case, he should have more than one spatial transference scroll on him.” Shang Qi’s countenance turned extremely icy. Evidently, he had no thoughts to spare Qin Wentian. Disregarding their great humiliation, the Constellation Fruits alone were priceless. Where would their reputation go if they gave up now?

However, if Qin Wentian still had more spatial transference scrolls on him, even if they found him again, they had no way to stop him from leaving.

At this moment, Shang Qi and the rest abruptly looked up. The backup from the various major powers had finally arrived. Sadly, they were a step too late—Qin Wentian had already escaped.

“What’s going on?” A middle-aged man had a look of bewilderment on his face. Wasn’t there supposed to be a battle against the other major powers to seize the Constellation Fruits? Why was everyone standing here blankly in a dumbfounded manner?

“Uncle.” Shang Yue stared at the middle-aged man who spoke, as she explained everything to him. Only then did the experts who’d just arrived understand what was going on.

“Don’t the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan have the Ten-Thousand Miles Tracking Mirror?” An expert from the king’s manor inquired another expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan.

That person from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan nodded his head slightly. “We do, but it’s useless even if we can track his movements. He will simply use the spatial transference scroll to teleport away again. To catch him, we must borrow that sealing treasure from the Yin Clan as well.”

“Indeed, if the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan and Yin Clan are both willing to take out their treasures, as long as that white-robed man is still around in this area, he will have no way to escape,” stated an expert from the Heaven Shocking Sword Sect, nodding his head.

However, the eyes of those from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan and Yin Clan all flickered with uncertainty, and soon after, that earlier expert from the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan spoke, “It’s easy to speak of it. However, to borrow the treasures, we have to report this matter up to the respective clan lords of our clan. Also, since we are all fighting for the Constellation Fruits, why would we need the rest of you? My Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan and the Yin Clan will be enough to guarantee our success.”

“How about this? Both the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan and the Yin Clan will acquire two Constellation Fruits each. The other three fruits will belong to the royal clan,” spoke the middle-aged man from the king’s manor.

Those from the Wind Roc Aristocrat and Yin Clan contemplated

for a moment, before nodding in agreement; they weren't too willing to offend the Royal Clan. As for the other major powers, they could only curse in their hearts. With the king's manor making such an offer, didn't that mean that there would be nothing left for them?

“Alright, I would have to trouble the both of you to return to your clans and borrow the treasures,” the middle-aged man stated. The two from the Wind Roc Aristocratic Clan and Yin Clan nodded as they turned and left. Their cultivation base had already reached the upper tier of seventh to ninth level of Heavenly Dipper—the Constellation Fruits could allow their Mandate to reach the Perfection Boundary of the second level insight and would be exceedingly effective for their future cultivation. Hence, this was an opportunity they couldn't afford to miss out.

“Uncle, there's still a Constellation Fruit over here.” At this moment, Shang Qi pointed his finger straight at Xu Feng and Ji Xue. The eyes of the middle-aged man gleamed as he spoke out, “The two of you, stop right there.”

Xu Feng's expression stiffened, he knew that there was no way for them to escape now. Turning around, he stared straight at the middle-aged man and said, “Junior Xu Feng and my junior sister Ji Xue hail from the Qinghua Mountains. This Constellation Fruit in my possession is won through my painstaking efforts. Surely, it wouldn't sound too good if news of a senior forcibly seizing it away from me were to be leaked out.”

“Merely an external disciple of the Qinghua Mountains. Do you even have the qualifications to talk to me? Hand over the fruit and

scram.” The middle-aged man from the king’s manor snorted in disdain. He was a seventh-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereign, and the grandson of the current King of Xuan King City. Although the position of King hadn’t been handed over to him, he was still a direct descendent of the royal bloodline. With his status, how could he even care about an external disciple from the Qinghua Mountain?

Xu Feng’s expression became incredibly ugly to behold, but even so, he had no choice. He reluctantly handed over the fruit.

“Hmph.” Shang Qi snorted as he stowed the fruit away, coldly staring at Xu Feng.

“Senior, farewell.” Xu Feng clasped his hands as he icily spoke. After which, he left the place together with Ji Xue, his heart boiling with an intense hatred.

“Senior, what’s the Ten-Thousand Miles Tracking Mirror they were talking about?” Ji Xue curiously inquired.

“This treasure is able to lock onto a person’s aura, pinpointing their location. Given how recent that battle was earlier, they could use that treasure to lock onto traces of his aura, thus tracking him,” Xu Feng replied, his words causing Ji Xue’s expressions to change. “In that case, isn’t Brother Qin in great danger?”

“Everything will depend on his fate. This time around he snatched away seven Constellation Fruits and even killed many experts from the major powers. How can the major powers of the

Xuan King City not be incensed? They definitely won't spare him." Xu Feng sighed, his words causing worry to bloom in Ji Xue's heart. Could the young man in white survive this incoming calamity?

And as they predicted, Qin Wentian was still within the mountain range. Although he could create spatial transference scrolls, he was still inexperienced and only a fourth-ranked Grandmaster. How far could his created scrolls teleport him? At most, they could only teleport him over a few hundred li away in a random direction, but luckily, it was already sufficient to throw his pursuers off his tail.

Currently, in a place four hundred li away from his pursuers, spatial fluctuations rocked the area as a young man in white appeared.

Right now, his aura was fluctuating wildly. His white robes were stained with blood and he was obviously injured. However, both his eyes shone as bright as torches, flashing with steadfast resolve.

"This place is only a few hundred li away, I have to continue moving or else they'll easily track my movements." Qin Wentian silently mused as he continued moving on ahead.

Although he'd instantly teleported a few hundred li away, with the terrifying speed of fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, it wouldn't be that difficult if they wanted to track him. However, even Qin Wentian himself didn't know which direction he'd been

sent to, let alone where his pursuers were. But still, to be safe, he picked a random direction and continued advancing forward.

A few hours later, Qin Wentian arrived at a barren mountain. He sat there cross-legged, with Little Rascal beside him. Little Rascal gave a bark as he spat out a Constellation Fruit. This was none other than the Demon Mandate Fruit which Qin Wentian asked Little Rascal to pluck for him.

“If this is useful for you, just go ahead and consume it.” Qin Wentian could feel intense fluctuations from the will of the Mandate of Demons emanating from the fruit as he spoke to Little Rascal.

“Yiya!” Little Rascal nodded and then instantly swallowed the Demon Mandate Fruit with a gulp.

Qin Wentian then took out the six other Constellation Fruits. Because these fruits had already been plucked, severing the connection between them and the Celestial Constellation Tree, they no longer radiated waves of pressure.

“These two Space Mandate Fruits shall belong to Qing`er. I will gift them to her next time, but I`m afraid she won`t be able to find me so quickly for now” Qin Wentian kept the Space Mandate fruits and stared at the other four.

These other fruits were none other than the Earth Mandate Fruits as well as the two dark-red fruits at the uppermost layer of the Celestial Constellation Tree.

“Such powerful wills of Mandate within. Although these aren’t the Mandates that I cultivate in, I can still contemplate and try to gain insights from feeling their auras.” But right now, he was totally exhausted from the earlier frenzied battle. This wasn’t the time to contemplate the Constellation Fruits.

“Little Rascal, after you swallowed the crimson-eyed demonic spirit, does it mean that Purgatory will be able to return?” Qin Wentian gently stroked Little Rascal’s fur.

Little Rascal let out a few barks of yiyiyaya as it nodded its head in assurance, causing a gentle smile and a look of anticipation to appear on Qin Wentian’s eyes.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was going to be revived soon.

Taking out a pile of Yuan Meteor Stones, he casually laid on the ground and entered into his dreamscape for his cultivation. In there, his absorption of astral energy was several times faster compared to the real world.

In the blink of an eye, a night passed. The silence in this area was so quiet it was somewhat unnerving.

As Qin Wentian opened his eyes, he saw two silhouettes lying down beside him. Other than Little Rascal, there was also a fiery, dark-red, bird-type demonic beast staring at him. Upon seeing his eyes open, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a long screech as it soared up to the skies, circling above Qin Wentian’s head.

Qin Wentian had a smile on his face when he saw the Purgatory Vermilion Bird in such high spirits. A long moment passed before it finally landed, perching on his shoulders.

“Little Rascal, good job!” Qin Wentian stared at the little puppy in front of him. Little Rascal wagged its tail before jumping onto Qin Wentian’s thigh, with an extremely pleased expression on its face as though it wanted credit.

“Bzzz!” However, right at this moment, a baleful light erupted from Purgatory’s eyes. Its body soared up to the skies once more, letting out a terrible screech of anger as it stared at the horizon.

Qin Wentian frowned and he stretched his perception outwards. Soon after, he noticed several silhouettes currently flying towards his direction.

“Persistent bastards.” An extremely cold light flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes. Who would have thought these people would actually manage to find their way here? His body zoomed forwards, like an arrow leaving its bow, instantly closing the distance between him and the pursuers. Below him, the six chosen had brought along a huge number of experts. All of them were currently inclining their heads to look at him.

“Do you think you can still survive?” Shang Qi coldly spat out. Sword intent radiated forth from Qin Wentian, as the will to fight shone in his eyes. Yet at this moment, a terrifying sealing energy suddenly gushed forth from a middle-aged man.

“Damn...” Qin Wentian’s eyes shifted towards that man. This person had intentionally concealed his cultivation base earlier—and now, Qin Wentian’s perception had sensed that his cultivation base was at the seventh level of Heavenly Dipper. Yet, that wasn’t the reason he was worried; a fearsome sealing energy had filled the air around him and as he surveyed his surroundings, he realized that the entire space had been sealed off by a layer of light—the area had been completely severed from the outside world!

AGM 497 – Forced Into Desperate Straits

Qin Wentian's countenance turned incredibly ugly as he stared at the middle-aged man in front of him. Naturally, he could sense the power of a space sealing treasure on the man's body—this was something the major powers had specially prepared to deal with him.

Explosively retreating, Qin Wentian waved his hands as beams of sword light slammed into the light screen. Fluctuations of energy could be seen upon the slash yet the light screen appeared unharmed.

“It's useless,” Yin Ting icily stated. This sealing treasure was an extremely powerful heirloom of their Yin Clan. They had taken the trouble to request its use, so how could they still allow Qin Wentian to escape?

“I've said it before, you won't be able to escape,” Shang Qi coldly spat, stepping forward. The chosen from the six major powers were all gathered here today, slowly advancing forwards as they stared at Qin Wentian. From their gazes, Qin Wentian could feel an unmasked killing intent.

Obviously, they wanted nothing more than for Qin Wentian to die.

Qin Wentian hadn't expected that these people would be able to find him, and even going so far to prepare such a powerful sealing treasure just for his sake. Evidently, this wasn't just a random

pursuit, but an extremely well-planned one.

The baleful aura from the Vermilion Bird grew increasingly intense as purgatory flames erupted around it. Only then did those experts seriously pay attention to the vermilion bird, feeling extremely shocked in their hearts. This young man's demonic beasts were all extremely strange. He had a puppy that could enlarge at will, able to move at incredible speeds and now, he actually had a vermilion bird as well? Not to mention, the aura of the vermilion bird felt exceedingly powerful.

Qin Wentian glanced at Purgatory, feeling astonished as he sensed the power of its aura. It would seem that after Little Rascal had devoured the crimson-eyed demonic spirit, it acted as a source of nourishment for Purgatory, causing it to grow even stronger.

Little Rascal was extremely intelligent. Right now, it was hiding behind Qin Wentian. It knew that they were facing extreme danger, and hence, it opened its mouth and started to spit out astral light, manifesting a nebula in the sky.

“Hmm?” Upon witnessing this scene, the middle-aged man frowned and stated, “Stop that little beast.”

“Roger.” Behind him, several experts moved towards Little Rascal. Qin Wentian stepped forwards, blocking them with a halberd in his hands. Those experts all wore expressions of fear on their faces; the memory of Qin Wentian slaughtering those fifth-level Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns was still fresh in their minds. They dared not infuriate this god of death.

“You wanna play?” That middle-aged man with a cultivation base at the seventh-level of Heavenly Dipper walked out. Yet, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird gave a shrill shriek as it instantly appeared before Qin Wentian, guarding him protectively. The baleful light in its eyes struck terror in the people’s hearts.

The six chosen also began to move towards Qin Wentian. Right now, their Astral Nova’s were all already unleashed. They would not give Qin Wentian the slightest bit of opportunity in this confrontation.

In the battle yesterday, Xie Yu had almost been slain by Qin Wentian. They couldn’t afford to be careless when facing this man.

“You might have been able to save your little life if you had obediently handed over the fruits yesterday. Now, the only path that awaits you is death,” Feng Yunhe coldly spat out. Facing such a scenario, Qin Wentian could see no way to escape. There was no blood pool in the area, so Qin Wentian couldn’t unleash the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay. His only choice was to transform into a primordial great roc once more, completely annihilating those who’d come after him today.

The nebula in the sky grew increasingly concentrated to the point of it was birthing a constellation. A glint of sharpness flashed through Qin Wentian’s eyes, back then Little Rascal devoured the Vermilion Bird Formation. Now that Purgatory has recovered, could Little Rascal spit out the formation it had devoured and allow Purgatory to control it?

“I must drag this out.” Qin Wentian mused. Upon thinking of this, his blood started surging once more. Truth to be told, the power of his bloodline had not completely recovered after that intense battle yesterday. Now that he was burning his blood once more, Qin Wentian felt an extremely heavy pressure boring down on him. However, he didn’t have a choice, he had to fight or die.

The star light from the manifested nebula gradually landed on the Purgatory Vermilion Bird’s body, causing the purgatory flames around it to soar to an even higher crescendo. Such a scene caused the expressions of the middle-aged man to falter as he swiftly commanded, “I must kill that vile beast.”

As the sound of his voice faded, his silhouette flickered as he sped towards Purgatory. With a grabbing motion, a palm imprint made from lightning and thunder manifested and slammed down with blinding speed, holding the purgatory vermilion bird in his grasp as arcs of lightning sparkled and directly exploded, injuring the vermilion bird.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird issued a wrathful shriek, the purgatory flames from it exploded outwards, blasting against that palm imprint as shockwaves from their collision devastated the surrounding area.

At the same time, the six chosen began attacking Qin Wentian. The rest of the experts similarly moved towards Little Rascal.

Qin Wentian’s Astral Nova’s erupted into being, his demonic blood seething and surging within his body as demon scale armor enveloped his body.

“Whoever dares to move forward shall die.” Qin Wentian roared. Stomping on the ground, a towering sword qi gushed forth from him, engulfing this entire space.

“Why wouldn’t we dare?” Jian Jingtian frowned. Stepping forwards, the sword qi from him grew more and more intense, eventually causing a river of swords to manifest, which then gushed over to Qin Wentian.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian stepped forwards as the sword might from the Seven Annihilations Swordplay soared to its limits.

“DO IT!” Shang Qi commanded, the other experts began unleashing their attacks, aiming for that snowy puppy behind Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian continued stepping forth as the amount of sword qi rose to a terrifying height. His silhouette flickered and vanished, before appearing in the midst of those moving towards Little Rascal and completing the fifth step. An overwhelming sword intent engulfed his surroundings as his King Sword Astral Nova swung left and right. Instantly, blood splattered as the others all rapidly retreated in all directions.

“BOOOM!” The Heartbreak Echo rumbled the hearts of the experts. At the same instant, Qin Wentian completed the sixth step as the surrounding experts all screamed in agony as the sounds of laceration resounded out.

On the other side, Shang Qi and the others dashed towards Little Rascal. Feng Yunhe was the fastest, his sharp talons directly slashed downwards yet Little Rascal still continued what he was doing, spitting out astral light as his body turned shiny golden in color.

“Szzz!” The sharp talons slammed onto his body causing it to be flipped over a few times by the force. However, the stream of astral light issuing from its mouth continued unabated, causing the light from the nebula to grow increasingly stronger as the star light enveloped the purgatory vermilion bird.

“This little bastard is truly tanky indeed.” Xie Yu coldly spoke. His nine arms unleashed a flurry of punches causing the sky to be covered in fist shadows before slamming right into Little Rascal again. The rumbling might of his attacks sank into Little Rascal from all directions, causing Little Rascal to be flung through the air from the impact as it spat out fresh blood.

Little Rascal’s eyes were smouldering with rage. It lifted its head as it continued to issue out streams of astral light. An unbendable resolution resembling Qin Wentian’s could be seen flashing in its eyes.

Qin Wentian’s anger boiled to its limits upon seeing what happened. Stepping out the seventh step, his King Sword Astral Nova containing a boundless fury lashed out in wrath. Those near him all felt sword qi penetrate their bodies and the humming of a sword melody that lacerated their throats. However, the six chosen from the major powers didn’t seemed too concerned when their subordinates fell. They were willing to spend any price to kill Qin

Wentian.

“Can you just die already?” Xie Yu mercilessly unleashed his attacks at Little Rascal once again. Each of his punches contained the vast and ponderous might of the Mandate of Great Earth as well as the sharpness of the Mandate of Gold within them.

How could Qin Wentian endure this? After killing those blocking his path, he immediately executed Stellar Transposition and appeared beside Xie Yu. A resplendent light glimmered at the center of his brows, shooting right into Xie Yu’s sea of consciousness. At the same time, his Astral Nova directly lashed out, wanting to smash Xie Yu’s head apart.

However, Shang Qi directly appeared before him, blocking the strike for Xie Yu. His blood-colored palms shone with a golden light, slamming against Qin Wentian’s King Sword causing him to be forced several steps backwards from the force of that impact. But in that brief instant, Xie Yu’s attacks had all unceasingly slammed into Little Rascal successfully.

Right now, the fluctuations of the sealing energy fluttered as several newly arrived experts entered into the light screen. These people all exuded an extraordinary aura, they were the reserves prepared and had been following behind the chosen from a great distance away.

“Bzzz!” However, before Qin Wentian could do anything, he felt the fluctuations of the sealing energy once more as this entire space was re-sealed again. The pursuers chose an exact moment where he couldn’t afford to be distracted before they tweaked the

seal, allowing the reserves to enter.

Qin Wentian scanned the cultivation bases of these experts, soon after, a look of despair clouded his face.

The weakest among these people had a cultivation base at the sixth level of Heavenly Dipper. There was completely no hope at all.

Torrential amounts of demonic qi exploded forth from him as he stretched his will across the skies. Only through using the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation could he resolve this crisis.

However the next instant, Qin Wentian paled. He had no way to activate the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation technique.

That sealing treasure didn't merely prevent teleportation. It was a complete, absolute sealing of space, separating this area completely from the external world. Qin Wentian had no way to form a connection with the constellations of the demonic divinities in the Heavenly Layers.

Since he knew it was impossible, Qin Wentian immediately discarded the plan. His silhouette flickered as he appeared before Little Rascal. Now that Qin Wentian was trapped, those experts weren't in a hurry to make their move. Their eyes flickered with cruel amusement as they stared at Qin Wentian. They too, also knew that right now, Qin Wentian had no way out.

“Little Rascal, if I die here, bring Purgatory back to Grand Xia.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. There was only one solution left. However, if he unleashed the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay in such a circumstance, he would die without a doubt.

But now, he no longer had a choice.

“AROOOOOOO!” Little Rascal let out a torrent of barks, while frenziedly shaking its head, as the stream of astral light being issued from its mouth continued on at an even faster pace.

“After you die, do you think these two demonic beasts can escape? But I have to say they would truly make good mounts for my royal clan, to think you have something so rare like a vermilion bird with you.” Shang Qi’s eyes gleamed with sharpness. Did Qin Wentian think he could protect these demonic beasts? Wasn’t that a little too laughable?

“Subdue the vermilion bird first, the aura its exuding is getting stronger and stronger.” Upon hearing the command, the experts near the area all dashed towards the vermilion bird.

Right now, the flames around Purgatory has already reached an incredible degree. It was as though with but a thought, it could incinerate everything.

A shrill shriek echoed out as it suddenly turned about, shooting purgatory fireballs towards Shang Qi and the others.

“Careful!” Shang Qi and the rest immediately retreated. The purgatory vermilion bird didn’t chase after them but rather, it sped towards Qin Wentian instead, knocking him down onto the ground. Just as the torrential sword qi from Qin Wentian was about to explode forwards, he found himself interrupted by the vermilion bird. It refused to allow him to unleash the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay.

“PURGATORY!” Qin Wentian raged, only to see the wings of the vermilion bird gently enveloping him protectively within. Right now, the baleful light in its eyes melted, replaced by an intense warmth and a gentleness.

It was born because of Qin Wentian. How could it allow him to die from using that fearsome swordplay just when it was just revived?

It, Purgatory, refused to allow this!

AGM 498 – In This Life, I Will Never Turn My Back Upon You Two

As to why Qin Wentian dared to ignore the consequences and even thought of unleashing the Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay, was because he had cultivated the Great Nirvana Immortal Art. His other true-self was cultivating currently in the royal tomb of Grand Xia. One of his true-self went to Grand Shang to temper himself while the other was constantly cultivating and in mediation, gaining insights of his Mandates.

Hence, even if one of his true-self was killed here, he wouldn't die. But of course, Qin Wentian placed an extremely high regard on his original body. If there were any other alternatives, he didn't wish for it to be killed at all. However, in the face of being surrounded by so many powers, he had no path left before him. In that case, he could only use his death to protect Little Rascal and Purgatory.

Under such a circumstance, he rather chose to die.

However, he was willing to sacrifice himself yet Purgatory refused to allow him to do it. To Purgatory, Qin Wentian was its everything.

Hence, when it knew what Qin Wentian was planning, Purgatory instantly knocked Qin Wentian together with Little Rascal down, pressing them upon the ground as its wings embraced them protectively. Its eyes glimmered with hellfire, staring at the oncoming crowd of experts.

“PURGATORY LET ME OUT!” Qin Wentian howled as he struggled madly. Yet, Purgatory ignored him and continued tightly pressing him down on the ground.

“What a loyal demonic beast, how about following me from now on?” An expert walked over, staring at Purgatory.

The vermilion bird opened its beak and fired a purgatory lotus, shooting it towards that expert. That expert snorted coldly, stretching out his arms as the power of ice collided together with the purgatory lotus, shattering it into fragments.

“Under such circumstances and you are still so protective of your master. As a vermilion bird, you are a descendant of one of the eight demonic divinities. Follow me, I won’t mistreat you.” Another person walked out, wanting to persuade the vermilion bird into accepting him, yet the response he received was similar to the first expert as well.

“Not knowing what’s good for you.” That expert coldly spat, and started his attack.

“Since there’s no way to convince it, we can only kill it. However, its purgatory flames is of use to me.” A powerhouse from the Golden Fire Aristocrat Clan coldly spoke. He stepped out as he blasted an attack towards Purgatory.

At the same time, that expert who excelled in the Mandate of Icesnow also directly slammed his palm downwards, unleashing a

flurry of attacks on the vermilion bird. Purgatory trembled violently from the attacks, yet it refused to budge an inch.

“This demonic beast is truly persistent. Sadly, it’s loyalty would be the cause of its death.” Yet another attack with the force of a million jin slammed down, causing Purgatory to spit out fresh blood.

Even Qin Wentian, despite being shielded by it could feel how powerful the aftershocks of those attacks were.

“Purgatory...” The rims of Qin Wentian’s eyes turned red, as he continued howling madly, struggling to break free. Yet, Purgatory was as though it didn’t hear anything. There was only one thought in his mind, Qin Wentian cannot die.

Little Rascal was also protected by its wings, it continued spitting out astral light. Right now, a fearsome red light could be seen gleaming in its eyes, overwhelmingly feral.

“Kaboom!” A thunderbolt snaked down the skies, the earth in the surrounding all turned into scorched earth. Purgatory coughed out yet another mouthful of blood as a terrifying scar could be seen on its body.

“Foolish beast, it’s actually still trying to resist. How futile.”

A mocking voice echoed out as yet another powerful attack slammed down. Purgatory silently endured the attacks, its injuries

were getting increasingly grievous.

“GET OFF ME!” Qin Wentian used his entire strength trying to push Purgatory away from him, yet he only saw Purgatory looking warmly at him, still refusing to budge an inch.

Its actions were obvious to all who were watching this scene. If one wanted to kill Qin Wentian, they can only do so after stepping over its dead body.

“ARGHHHHH!” Qin Wentian’s roar reverberated in the air as a wave of demonic qi madly gushed forth from him. The power of his demonic bloodline exploded as a terrifying energy permeated the air. At this moment, his Mandate of Demons had just broken through to the Transformation Boundary of the second level of insights.

Yet right now, excitement was the last thing on Qin Wentian’s mind. He only wanted to stop Purgatory, yet despite his increase in strength, it was useless. Purgatory refused to move even if it died.

The experts around them didn’t continue attacking. At this moment, all of them were stunned by Purgatory’s loyalty. Under the face of such fierce attacks, if it were some other demonic beasts, they would have died several times over. Yet, the vermilion bird still continued enduring, guarding its master. This was its conviction – Qin Wentian was even more important compared to its life.

Sensing the weakening of the vermilion bird’s aura, the

countenances of the surrounding experts turned incredibly unsightly. “The defense of this demonic beast is insanely high, it’s the same for that white puppy as well, we can’t even kill it after such a long time.”

In fact, they were all jealous of Qin Wentian, he actually had two such wonderful demonic beast companions with him.

Powerful, and also loyal.

“Let’s continue with our attacks. Since they refused to submit, they can jolly well go to hell.” A cold voice rang out. These experts were in fact, somewhat depressed. Even when joining forces, it was so tough to kill the demonic beasts.

“Mhm.” An expert nodded, his silhouette flickered as he reappeared in front of Purgatory before raising his hands and stabbing forth with a golden-colored finger attack, wanting to penetrate through everything.

At that exact moment, as his fingers descended, a terrifying pressure burst forth from that weakened vermilion bird.

“Bzzzz!” The gigantic silhouette of the vermilion bird stirred, instantly turning its beak as a purgatory lotus of fire directly devoured that expert.

“AHHHHHHHH!” A bloodcurdling scream rang out, that expert retreated with explosive speed, staring in shock at the purgatory

vermilion bird.

In the blink of an eye, his entire body was incinerated into ashes.

Beneath the vermilion bird, it was unknown how much astral light Little Rascal had spat out. Purgatory had been constantly absorbing it, storing its strength. It didn't bother with its defense, unwilling to use even an iota of energy for it. Purgatory would rather concentrate its energy, maximizing its attack.

Right now, the resplendent light shining from the nebula all cascaded down onto Purgatory's body. Qin Wentian slashed open his wrist, before piercing his hand into Purgatory's body, channeling his blood into it, hoping to alleviate its injuries as well as feeding it with the power of his bloodline.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered with a coldness that was birthed by pain. That look of his was sufficient to cause those who match gazes with him to feel as though their bodies had frozen. Just a single glance was sufficient to strike fear in the hearts of these people.

Purgatory inclined its head and shrieked as purgatory flames engulfed this entire space. Yet another victim was burned by the inextinguishable flames, ending up being incinerated into ashes.

“RUN!” A shout jolted the experts awake as all of them rapidly retreated. Yet, they only saw the purgatory vermilion bird rushing out, the purgatory flames shooting all about in this enclosed space. Qin Wentian followed along with it, continuing to channel the

power of his bloodline into it.

The terrible wrath of the vermilion bird swept over everything, the experts from the major powers all covered the respective chosen of their sects and clans, allowing them to retreat.

“UNDO THE SEAL!” A scream echoed out as yet another victim was turned into ashes. The expert from the Yin Clan fumbled but eventually, he succeeded in undoing the spatial seal in this area.

“LEAVE!” Bellowing, the expressions on the experts’ faces were all incredibly ugly to behold as they escaped from this place. They never expected that the weakened vermilion bird was capable of erupting with such prowess right at the end.

Purgatory didn’t chase after them. After the experts escaped, its aura started to rapidly wither away.

Qin Wentian stood below it, the blood in his body surging around madly. Earlier when he entered into a berserk state, he discovered that his demonic bloodline still had a source of unfathomable strength that could be unleashed. Hence, he decided to channel this source of power into the vermilion bird.

However earlier, in order to protect Qin Wentian, Purgatory didn’t use any of his energy to attack. It defended with its bare flesh, ignoring its life and death. At the final moment, it was only because it instantly combusted all the energy in its body in addition to the boost provided by Qin Wentian could it explode forth with such terrifying might.

Yet, Qin Wentian understood that, that act of Purgatory was just like a brilliant and dazzling display of fireworks, lasting only for a moment. Purgatory was utterly spent.

“Pu!” The body of Purgatory flopped over as it landed on the ground, totally devoid of strength. Qin Wentian immediately knelt down and embraced it, only to see a gentle smile in its eyes as it stared right at him.

It accomplished what it had to do, it protected Qin Wentian allowing him to survive. In that case, no matter what price it had to pay, everything was worth it.

Upon seeing the smile in Purgatory’s eyes, Qin Wentian felt extreme pain in his heart.

He lives, it lives.

If he were to die, it rather it died first instead.

Such depth of feelings... In this world, how many could be comparable to it?

The reason for its birth was because of him. In that case, even if it died for him, it would feel no regrets.

Little Rascal flew into Qin Wentians’ arms, its eyes were

reddened with unshed tears. It was extremely intelligent, and similar to humans, Little Rascal was capable of feeling a wide range of emotions.

Purgatory was the same as it, they were both willing to give their lives for him.

Qin Wentian stared at these two demonic beasts companions of his, feeling a warmth as well as an excruciating pain in his heart when he thought of what happened earlier.

“In this life, I shall never turn my back upon both of you.” Qin Wentian vowed as tears began flowing down his face. A warm smile appeared on his face as he spoke to Purgatory. “My blood is extremely beneficial for demons, you can enter and temporarily recuperate in my bloodstream first.”

After he spoke, he gently placed his hands on Purgatory’s body and instantly, the figure of the vermilion bird was actually absorbed by Qin Wentian into his bloodstream.

Little Rascal’s eyes gleamed, it shared Qin Wentian’s sentiment. In this life, it would never turn his back upon the two of them!

“Yiya!” A bark echoed as Little Rascal soared up into the skies. A pair of wings formed behind it, as it hovered in the air. It stared into the horizons as it opened its mouth, “Qin...Wen...Tian...!”

This voice sounded extremely childish, almost like a baby, and

the words were somewhat slurred, not very clear. Yet Qin Wentian's eyes shone with a resplendent light as a smile lit up his face when he stared at Little Rascal. To think that the first words this little puppy uttered would actually be his name – Qin Wentian!

Shifting his gaze over the horizons, in the direction of the Xuan King City, the smile on his face completely vanished, transforming into an icy coldness. “I swear. This debt of revenge shall be repaid by fresh blood!”

AGM 499 – Smile

On top of a desolate mountain, the white robes of the young man were stained with blood. The depth of his eyes shone with a coldness that made the temperature around the surroundings drastically plunge.

The chosen of the Xuan King City, they can just wait for him to return.

His silhouette flickered as he hugged Little Rascal, departing from this area.

Evidently, this area wasn't suitable for them to stay in any longer. And now that Purgatory has entered his bloodstream, it could rest and cultivate in there.

Qin Wentian also didn't understand why his primordial demon blood abruptly manifested a new ability. Maybe, this ability had awakened after he absorbed the blood of an immortal from the blood pool in the hidden realm. The Immortal Vanquishing Swordplay and consumed the majority of the blood there while the remaining excess was absorbed by him. This was also the reason why his Mandate of Demons could reach the Transformation Boundary of the second level insight that quickly.

Lowering his head, staring at the injured Little Rascal in his arms, he only saw the snowy puppy looking up at him and speaking in a baby-voice, "Lit...tle... Ras..cal...!"

“Yup, Little Rascal.” Upon hearing this voice, the dark clouds in Qin Wentian’s heart all seemed to disperse. A gentle smile appeared on his face as he rubbed Little Rascal’s head.

“Don’t...like..!” Little Rascal shook its head in an adorable manner, using human speech to express its discontent for the name Qin Wentian had chosen for it.

“Hahaha, I’ve already called you that for so long that I’ve gotten used to it.” Qin Wentian gently tapped Little Rascal on its head causing the little puppy to frown. Its bright eyes flashed with a touch of grievance. After being able to speak, Little Rascal was adopting more and more human characteristics.

The two of them flew through the air, leaving this area of desolation, venturing even deeper into the depths of the mountain range of the Heavenly Mountain.

And in the Xuan King City, several rumors were circulated around. During the Treasure Seizing Assembly, there was a young man by the surname of Qin. This young man seized Shang Yue’s spatial brush, even going so far as to humiliate Yin Cheng and Jin Zhang. That young man was the epitome of arrogance. And after he did so, he even bested Grandmaster Qiu, killing him via divine inscriptions.

Not only that, there were rumors that a hidden realm appeared. It was said that the major powers all sent their geniuses over there and discovered that it was a burial place of a legendary character. A Celestial Constellation Tree was discovered which resulted in a fierce battle among the geniuses. After that, the young man

surnamed Qin fought against all the experts, killing more than half of them. After snatching over half of the constellation fruits, he faced the combined attacks from the demon-level geniuses, before safely escaping.

And what's even more shocking was that this young man was said to only have a cultivation base at the third level of Heavenly Dipper.

Because of him the Wind Roc Aristocrat Clan brought out their ten-thousand miles tracking mirror, the Yin Clan brought out their sealing treasure. They managed to track the young man in white. But in the end, they were forced to retreat with heavy injuries. Even two experts who were at the seventh to ninth level of Heavenly Dipper had fallen. Nobody knew exactly what happened in the battle, but that young man in white became something like a legend, as though he was an invisible being with three-heads and six-arms.

Right now, the young man in white was in fact, still cultivating in the mountain range of the Heavenly Mountain.

In the depths of the mountain range, a strange scene was currently playing out. Qin Wentian sat atop a mountain peak staring straight ahead. Over there, snow could be seen drifting all about, covering the mountain range ahead, exuding an extremely chilling intent.

The location he was in seemed to be separated into two parts. Firstly, ahead of him was a world of ice and snow, and secondly, the place he was in with no hints of snowing at all.

Qin Wentian sat there cross-legged, both his hands holding on to constellation fruits. One of the fruits were the heart-thumping dark-red fruit while the other was the Earth Mandate Fruit.

He didn't consume them directly. These Mandate Fruits exuded fluctuations respective to their wills of Mandate and was good materials for one to gain comprehension into the insights by mediating over these aura fluctuations. Although if a cultivator consumed them directly, they would be able to enjoy a one-time miraculous effect to aid them to improve their Mandates, there would be nothing left after that. These constellation fruits would be most effective if one consumed them at appropriate moments.

Qin Wentian just sat there silently with the fruits in his hands. His heartbeat increased to a frantic speed, yet there was a strong sense of rhythm. Each beat of his heart caused him to feel that the entire cells in his body were moving together in tandem.

As for the Earth Mandate Fruits, it could enable him to more clearly sense the pulsing of the Great Earth. In fact, he felt as though his heartbeat was akin to the earth's pulse, thumping with power.

Qin Wentian soon entered into a state of self-immersion as he focused fully on the pulsing energy. Following the pulsation of the great earth, his perception continued stretching forth unceasingly.

Gradually, his heartbeat slowed down. Slowing down to the point as though it wanted to thump together with the rhythm of the throbbing pulsation of the great earth.

Such a feeling was as if he were a part of the earth himself. His mind and heart fused together with the earth as one.

As Qin Wentian's cultivation grew stronger, he could comprehend the insights from the Mandate of Great Earth. But because he didn't have an earth-type astral soul, it was impossible for him to condense an astral nova of this attribute. And even if he comprehended it, the strength he gained would also be many times weaker compared to his own Mandates, despite needing a longer period of time to comprehend it.

After all right now, he was using the Mandate Fruits to enable him to enter into such a wondrous state, allowing him to comprehend insights into Mandates that were different from his Astral Souls.

As a period of time passed, Qin Wentian's heartbeat was so slow that it almost stopped.

"Hu..." Exhaling, his eyes opened. Qin Wentian felt totally refreshed after the session, this sensation was too marvelous, being in a state of self-immersion, comprehending insights of the Mandate of Great Earth, feeling as though he was one with the earth itself.

"It's about time my Mandate of Force has a breakthrough." Qin Wentian stood up and walked ahead to the front of a mountain wall in the snowy region. The will from his Mandate of Force coated his fist as he slowly sank his fist into the mountain wall. A

terrifying undulation gushed into the wall from his fist, causing the entire wall to tremble. After which, cracking sounds echoed as line after line akin to a spider-web, dented the surface of the wall.

“Shatter.” Qin Wentian retracted his fist as a rumbling sound thundered in the air. The mountain wall in front of him had instantly shattered into dust.

Qin Wentian had the shadow of a smile on his face, “The Mandate of Force truly shares some similarity with the Mandate of Great Earth. The second level insight which I have comprehended for my Mandate of Force, Void Vibration, isn’t that also a kind of pulsation energy which emits vibrational shockwaves? Right now, my Mandate of Force finally broke through to the Transformation Boundary of the second level insight.”

Right now, of his four Mandates; the Mandate of Force, Mandate of Demons and the Mandate of Swords had already reached the Transformation Boundary of the second level insights. As for his Mandate of Dreams, he had the Great Dream Immortal Art to study and reference from, he could feel that soon enough, his Mandate of Dreams would also be able to break through soon. It wouldn’t be long before all four of his Mandates would be at the Transformation Boundary of the second level insights.

The snow continuously cascaded down, each and every of Qin Wentian’s halberd strike was filled with the entirety of strength he could summon.

When Qin Wentian started cultivation, he learnt the principles behind the Tempered Thousand-Hammer Refinement Technique.

Any innate techniques, as long as one practiced them countless times, they would surely be able to comprehend the essence of that technique.

Right now, he knew many innate techniques, yet it was immensely difficult for him to fuse their essences all into one perfectly. For example, for his halberd arts; previously he created some moves regarding halberd attacks that was extremely well suited for himself. But in his current circumstances, the power of those techniques was far from sufficient to deal with experts at the Heavenly Dipper Realm. But what if... he managed to infuse his will of Mandates completely into it? Wouldn't the power of his attacks be augmented by over tens or even hundreds of times?

However, how could a complete infusion of power from his Mandates be so easy to achieve? He had to create new moves of greater attack power. And considering the fact that this was creation, it meant that he had to continuously test out attacks to see if there would be any chance of success.

The falling snow brought along with it a bone-piercing coldness, yet that young man continued on as though he was incapable of feeling fatigue. With a thin white robe, he struck out strike after strike, seeking nothing but perfection.

One day passed.

Seven days passed.

In the twinkling of an eye, nine days already passed. The young

man in white was still deep in a world of his own. He had already forgotten how many halberd strikes did he had struck out. However right now, he could already attack using his halberd while emitting no traces of his presence. His attacks were totally in silence, completely devoid of sound. This was because his attack speed had already reached a state where it broke past the limits of sound – when the sound of the halberd strike echoed out, his attack would have already landed.

The silhouette of the white-robed young man flickered, his eyes staring at the snow mountain ahead. Stepping out, he lashed out with his halberd, the force of his strike was akin to a tyrannical dragon as his halberd might engulfed the entire mountain.

The halberd landed, yet no sound could be heard. After which, the snow mountain before him collapsed inch by inch as his force permeated into the interior of the mountain. Terrifying rumbling sounds rang out and after some time did the entire mountain collapsed totally, transformed into dust.

“Not strong enough yet, the strongest state of my void vibrational shockwaves should be able to fuse with the pulsation of great earth, instantly destroying this mountain in a single strike.” Qin Wentian frowned, appearing still unsatisfied. After which, he brandished his scarlet demon halberd again and again once more.

Time flowed by, another seven days passed.

On the snowy ground, Little Rascal lazily laid on it, its white fur melding perfectly with the snow.

Behind them, on a snowy peak, a maiden untainted by mortal dust appeared there silently, gazing at the young man in white who was practicing his halberd arts.

A few hours later, the white robed young man stopped once again, but this time, the glimmer of a smile could be seen in his eyes.

“My Mandate of Dreams has finally reached the Transformation Boundary of the second level insight.” Qin Wentian laughed. Right now, all four of my Mandates have reached the Transformation Boundary, if he met with the six chosen once more, Qin Wentian was extremely confident that he could kill them all despite their advantage in numbers.

One must know that a few days ago when he fought against the six chosen, his strongest insurance was his sword as well as the Seven Annihilations Swordplay. Back then, only his Mandate of Sword had reached the Transformation Boundary in his second level insight.

And now, as though he suddenly felt something, Qin Wentian turned and gazed at the silhouette atop that snowy peak. His eyes involuntarily brightened when he saw who was it.

“Qing`er!”

Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered, appearing at the mountain peak where Qing`er stood. That pair of eyes belonging to that ice-

cold silhouette was filled with intelligence as she stared at him. She wasn't somebody with a lot of words.

“These two constellation fruits are Space Mandate Fruits, they should be of use to you.” Qin Wentian passed the fruits over to her, yet Qing`er merely cast a glance at him but didn't show any interest in taking the fruits.

“Qing`er, take them.” Qin Wentian spoke.

“Okay.” Qing`er finally replied, stretching her hands out and accepting the Space Mandate Fruits. Her countenance still remained unchanged, it was unknown what she was thinking about.

“I'm leaving first.” Qin Wentian turned as he appeared below the mountain, walking across the land of ice and snow.

Looking at his back view, Qing`er's countenance finally changed. Her lips were gently curled up in a sweet smile. This smile was filled with such emotions that it was as though it was fully capable of melting all the ice and snow in this world!

AGM 500 – Strange Old Man

Qin Wentian continued with his halberd arts practice, continuously lashing out with it, practicing only a single movement for hundreds of times, or even thousands of times, constantly adjusting his posture, seeking improvement in his stance.

Little Rascal lazily laid on the ground watching him. Qing`er was still standing on the snowy peak in silence, she hadn't participated in the battle. Yet, from Qin Wentian's persistence, she could sense that something had happened.

His love and his hatred, would all transform into motivation, causing him to seek all avenues to improve himself.

Qin Wentian was precisely this kind of human. In this world, other than Qin Yao and Qin Chuan who had accompanied the most when he was before the age of sixteen and unable to cultivate, the other person who has been by his side the longest was none other than Qing`er. Although Qing`er didn't always show herself, he knew that she had always been with him, in the shadows.

Qing`er was too innocent, she didn't understand many things because no one had taught her. But even so, she understood Qin Wentian very well. She understood his habits, she understood his conviction.

Lowering her head and staring at the Space Mandate Fruits in her hands, her beautiful eyes twitched slightly as currents of warmth

flooded her heart. She didn't really have much experience with this kind of feeling but this time around, she did experience it. Everything she had done for him, all seemed to be worth it.

Under his repeated practice, Qin Wentian's halberds art got increasingly perfect, the might he was able to unleash also got stronger and stronger. If there was someone sparring with him now, that sparring partner would even discover that whenever Qin Wentian unleashed a strike, he would be besieged by illusions.

Only after several days passed did Qin Wentian stop his halberd practice. He now sat upon the snowy ground and took out a dark-red constellation fruit. This fruit could affect the heartbeat of others and even allowed him to sense the cells in the bodies of others. The will exuding from it might be from an extremely rare Mandate, the Mandate of the Heart.

"If I can somehow infuse this energy into my Heartbreak Echo, the killing power of my technique would definitely surge explosively." Qin Wentian mused. After which, he closed his eyes and silently contemplated the fluctuations of energy from that Heart Mandate Fruit.

Within the royal tomb of Grand Xia, Di Tian was also cultivating. Both of his true-selves were working hard together, Qin Wentian's speed of improvement was naturally terrifying.

During the night, the white snow unceasingly drifted down from the skies. A white robed young man quietly laid on the snow as resplendent astral light cascaded down from the heavens, unceasingly gushing into the body of that young man as he slowly

nurtured and fortified his astral nova's while cultivating in his dreamscape.

In the morning, he would wake up and continued cultivating. Throughout the days and nights, he simply passed his time by doing so. It was as though there wasn't the word 'fatigue' in his dictionary.

And right now, in a place far away from Qin Wentian, there were a few silhouettes who were currently rushing to some place. The one in the lead was an old man dressed in ordinary robes, appearing to be around fifty years of age. Although there wasn't a hint of aura exuding from him, both his eyes were filled with spirit. With a headful of hair as white as snow, his appearance matched perfectly with this snowy mountain.

"What? There's actually a little boy cultivating here?" The old man murmured to himself. His gaze was as though they could penetrate through space, landing on Qin Wentian who was currently sitting on the snowy ground.

Laughing casually, the old man continued moving forward but moments later, his steps halted once more as an expression of seriousness flashed through his eyes.

"Interesting, his Mandates have all reached the Transformation Boundary of the second level but his cultivation base is only at the third level of Heavenly Dipper." For some reason, that old man, was able to see through Qin Wentian with just a glance. Although he was paying attention to Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian completely had no sense of his existence.

“From his appearance, he should only be around twenty-five years of age, it’s already very incredible that he could cultivate to such a level. What’s more, he’s even stronger compared to those useless fellows in my sect.” The old man shook his head slightly, feeling a little depressed as he continued on his way.

He moved together with the wind, bringing those along with him as they travelled past a location not far away from Qin Wentian.

And at this moment, a frown abruptly creased Qin Wentian’s face. He stopped his practice and brandished the halberd in his hands, his eyes turning in the direction of that old man as he coldly spoke, “Who’s the one in shadows monitoring my movements?”

“Mhm?” The old man blinked, his eyes penetrating through space as a smile appeared on his face. “Truly interesting, a little boy with a cultivation base at only the third level of Heavenly Dipper can actually sense me?”

Taking a step out, his silhouette instantly appeared before Qin Wentian, as he intently stared at Qin Wentian with extreme interest.

Qin Wentian’s countenance faltered slightly. He was now extremely vigilant after the experiences he had a few days ago. Yet, he still failed to detect this old man.

And as his gaze landed on that old man, he felt his heart trembling with terror. He couldn’t see the cultivation base of this

old man at all.

Also, when he looked at him, that old man appeared to be an ordinary old man. There were also two powerful youngsters following him by his side.

In front of such an expert, he completely had no way to resist. He can only pray that this old man wasn't someone sent by the six chosen.

With no hesitation, an ancient scroll appeared in Qin Wentian's hands.

"Such a wary young man, are you afraid that I would eat you up?" The old man laughed, yet Qin Wentian didn't dare to relax in the slightest. Little Rascal was now right by his side and Qing'er was on her way over to here.

"Junior has made too many enemies, I have no choice but to be on my guard. Might I inquire who senior is?" Qin Wentian spoke.

"Haha interesting little boy. If I'm your enemy do you think you would still have a chance to use the spatial transference scroll in your hands?" The old man laughed, stretching out his hand and made a grabbing movement, Qin Wentian's entire body instantly froze, unable to move, as an invisible force directly lifted him upwards.

"Release him." Qing'er stepped out, her eyes coldly staring at the

old man as an intense chill radiated from her.

“Bas...tard...!” Little Rascal’s silhouette flickered as he appeared protectively in front of Qin Wentian, glaring at that old man with a ferocious look on its face that seemed somewhat incongruous with the baby voice it was speaking with.

Yet Qin Wentian was extremely shocked in his heart. This old man was too strong, if he was someone from the six major powers, there was no doubt about it, he would definitely die here today. There was truly no chance for him to use the spatial transference scroll at all.

“Did you just scold me bastard?”

That old man glared at Little Rascal as a murderous look flashed on his face. “It has already been many years since anyone dared to scold this old man. To think that today, a little demon actually did so. You even dared to block my path? Are you not afraid that I will kill the both of you together?”

“Release him.” Qing`er’s voice was as cold as ever, as though she had no inkling of how powerful this old man was.

The old man intently surveyed Qing`er before laughing in a low voice, “Yet another interesting person. Little doll, you are so beautiful and is even proficient in such a rare Mandate. Also, I can feel how strong you are. Why don’t you become my disciple?”

“You are unworthy.” Qin Wentian coldly spat, his words causing the old man to glance at him before laughing, “I’m not worthy? Why not?”

“As a senior, you blatantly bullied the younger generation, tell me how are you qualified to be someone’s master?” Qin Wentian icily retorted, feeling extremely depressed. He was minding his own business cultivating here and somehow, an unknown old man who was so perversely strong, randomly appeared.

“Don’t you know that this world is ruled by strength? Its sufficient if I’m powerful enough.” The old man grinned as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“If the accepting of a disciple depends not on one’s character but based on talent and strength, how can a master with such a narrow heart bear to see his disciple surpass him? And if one was a disciple, only noting their master’s censure but not his kindness, how could he not have hatred festering his heart? It’s only a matter of time before the disciple and master turned against one another. If that’s the case, why is there a need to even acknowledge a master?”

Qin Wentian coldly continued, “As a junior, I was quietly cultivating in this place and have never offended senior before. Why must you subject me to such a humiliation under the basis that you are stronger than me?”

“What a sharp-tongued boy, are you trying to use reverse psychology so I would feel ashamed and release you from my grasp?” The old man was still grinning, his words causing Qin

Wentian's expression to turn somewhat unsightly. It seems that this old man was more shameless than he thought.

“Fine fine, this old man shall release you.” With a wave of his hands, the force holding Qin Wentian vanished. Little Rascal and Qing'er dashed to his side, as the three of them stared at the old man warily.

This old man had such a bizarre temperament. He clearly knew Qin Wentian was using reverse psychology, yet he still released him.

“Since you are able to cause such a powerful demon and beautiful maiden to accompany you, your character shouldn't be too bad. This old man shall give you a chance, enter my sect and become my disciple. How about it?” That old man laughed, staring at Qin Wentian with interest.

“If I reject, would senior make things difficult for me?” Qin Wentian's eyes flickered as he asked.

“Of course not, I won't say anything and will leave immediately. But you ought to know that there's countless people begging me to take them under my name. Most would kill to be given the opportunity I'm giving you now.” That old man narrowed his eyes, projecting the air of a sage, yet his appearance resembled nothing more than an old trickster.

“No, thank you.” Just as the voice of the old man faded, Qin Wentian directly spat out three words, rejecting him, causing an

expression of astonishment to appear on that old man's face.

Staring at Qin Wentian in disbelief, the smile on the old man's face vanished as his countenance turned heavy. How embarrassing, he wanted to accept a disciple yet he was instantly rejected. If news of this matter were to spread out, where could he put his face?

His mouth opened and closed repeatedly, yet he didn't utter a single word. Earlier, he just stated if Qin Wentian rejected, he wouldn't say anything and would leave immediately.

Turning around, that old man actually kept his word and walked away. But after a short while, he suddenly stopped as one of the youngster following behind him turned and spoke to Qin Wentian. "The old man wishes to know the reason why."

Although this was spoken by the youngster, Qin Wentian understood that he was just a mouthpiece of that old man. That old man really loved his 'face', he agreed not to say anything, hence he really didn't utter a single word when Qin Wentian rejected. Yet, he couldn't bear it and eventually transmitted his voice to the youngster, asking him to ask on behalf of him.

"No other reason. I don't need a master, I can cultivate by myself." Qin Wentian replied.

"Is this even a reason? Such an opportunity is sought after by so many others." The old man felt extremely dejected and continued transmitting his voice to the youngster.

“Senior only thinks about yourself, I don’t even know your background. How can I acknowledge you as my master just because you are strong?” Qin Wentian’s voice was emotionless as he continued, “If this is the case, wouldn’t senior look down a little too much on the talents underneath the heavens? Even though senior is immensely powerful, I’ve only cultivated for less than ten years and yet I already achieved my current cultivation base, with all four of my Mandates at the Transformation Boundary of the second level. Junior doesn’t dare to say that I’m outstanding, but I wouldn’t undervalue myself as well. If I lived as long as you have, how can my cultivation base be merely at senior’s current level?”

“Impudent!” This time, the old man involuntarily spoke. However, the instant the sound of his voice faded, he flicked his sleeves and actually departed the area!